BOHN'S EXTRA VOLUME.

COUNT GRAMMONT'S MEMOIRS

OF THE

COURT OF CHARLES THE SECOND,

AND

THE BOSCOBEL NARRATIVES.

BOHN'S EXTRA VOLUME.

THE publisher, doubting the propriety of including Count Grammont's Memoirs in his "Standard Library," thinks it expedient to print them (and at intervals perhaps other works), in a separate series, under the above title. The binding is of a different colour to mark the distinction.

The Memoirs of Grammont, although universally admitted to be among the most witty and entertaining that have ever been written; described by Gibbon as "a classic work, the delight of every man and woman of taste;" praised and edited by Sir Walter Scott; printed in almost every language and every form; and found in every good historical library; are, it must be confessed, too much embued with the leaven of Charles the Second's days to suit the severer code of the present age. The book, however, is full of curious historical information, and must always be a *standard-library* work, under whatever denomination it may be presented; and the prudish reasons which should keep it inaccessible to the great mass of readers, would be equally applicable to nearly all the writers of the Charles-the-Second period, including Pepys; as well as to Ariosto, Fontaine, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Byron, and even Shakspeare and Pope.

But the publisher feels that the subscribers to his "Standard Library," after having been led on by such samples of his intentions as the works of Robert Hall, Roscoe, Schlegel, and Sismondi, with the prospect of others of the same sterling character, have a right to count upon his not altering the tone of that series by including any thing which may not unhesitatingly be put into the hands of the most fastidious; and they have some evidence of his wish to deserve such confidence by the course now pursued.

NELL GWYNNE.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

COURT OF CHARLES THE SECOND,

BY

COUNT GRAMMONT,

WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS, AS EDITED BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ALSO:

THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF CHARLES,

INCLUDING

THE KING'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS ESCAPE AND PRESERVATION AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER, AS DICTATED TO PEPYS.

AND

THE BOSCOBEL TRACTS;

OR, CONTEMPORARY NARRATIVES OF HIS MAJESTY'S ADVENTURES, FROM THE MURDER OF HIS FATHER TO THE RESTORATION.

CAREFULLY EDITED,

WITH ADDITIONAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
1859.

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1859

ADVERTISEMENT.

The justly acquired popularity of the Memoirs of Count Grammont, "which paint the chief characters of the court of Charles the Second with an easy and exquisite pencil," renders it unnecessary for the publisher to say any thing concerning their intrinsic value.

The present edition contains the entire work as revised by Sir Walter Scott, in 1811, with all the notes; and, in addition, a considerable number of illustrative anecdotes, gleaned from the most authentic sources.

The Personal History of Charles the Second has been compiled with care from all previous authorities, and presents, it is believed, in a small compass, the most complete picture of the merry monarch in dishabille, yet given to the public.

The King's Account of his Escape after the Battle of Worcester, as dictated by himself to Pepys, is one of the most romantic pieces of English history we possess. It was first published by Sir David Dalrymple, in 1766, as the King's, on the authority of the Pepys manuscripts, preserved in Magdalen College, Cambridge. The minute and personal character of the narrative, its lively and careless style, and the collation of it with other accounts, concur in proving it

unquestionably genuine. The remarks subjoined are by Mr. Pepys, and include many corrections and additions subsequently obtained from the King, Father Huddlestone, and Colonel Philips. These are inserted in the form of notes, and are respectively distinguished by the initial letters of *K*, *P H*, and *Ph*.

The so-called "BOSCOBEL TRACTS" are contemporary narratives, written in the quaint language of the time, by Thomas Blount, author of the "*Fragmenta Antiquitatis*," or Ancient Tenures of Land, and various other works. As they give curious variations and highly interesting additions to the King's own narrative, and are, to use the words of the Retrospective Review, "now among the most scarce and highly prized historical pamphlets of the seventeenth century," it has been thought desirable to conjoin them.

The publisher permits himself to observe, that the matter now presented in a single volume, could not, in any other shape, be procured for twenty times its present price.

H. G. B.

YORK STREET, *June* 1, 1846.

A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

ANTHONY HAMILTON,

AUTHOR OF

THE GRAMMONT MEMOIRS.

A

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

ANTHONY HAMILTON.

Of Anthony Hamilton, the celebrated author of the Grammont* Memoirs, much cannot now be with certainty known. The accounts prefixed to the different editions of his works, down to the year 1805, are very imperfect; in that year, a new, and, in general, far better edition than any of the preceding ones, was published in Paris, to which a sketch of his life was also added; but it contains rather just criticisms on his works, than any very novel or satisfactory anecdote concerning himself. It is not pretended here to gratify literary curiosity as fully as it ought to be, with regard to this singular and very ingenious man: at the distance of almost ninety years (for so long is it since he died), this is scarcely possible; some effort, however, may be made to communicate a few more particulars relative to him, than the public has hitherto, perhaps, been acquainted with.

Anthony Hamilton was of the noble family of that name: Sir George Hamilton, his father, was a younger son of James,

* For uniformity's sake, the writer of this sketch has followed the Memoirs in the spelling of this name; but he thinks it necessary to observe, that it should be Gramont, not Grammont.

Earl of Abercorn, a native of Scotland. His mother was daughter of Lord Thurles, and sister to James, the first duke of Ormond; his family and connexions, therefore, on the maternal side, were entirely Irish. He was, as well as his brothers and sisters, born in Ireland, it is generally said, about the year 1646; but there is some reason to imagine that it was three or four years earlier. The place of his birth, according to the best family accounts, was Roscrea, in the county of Tipperary, the usual residence of his father, when not engaged by military or public business.* It has been always said, that the family migrated to France when Anthony was an infant; but this is not the fact: "Sir George Hamilton," says Carte, "would have accompanied his brother-in-law, the Marquis of Ormond, to France, in December, 1650; but as he was receiver-general in Ireland, he staid to pass his accounts, which he did, to the satisfaction of all parties, notwithstanding much clamour had been raised against him." When that business was settled, he, in the spring of 1651, took Lady Hamilton and all his family to France, and resided with Lord and Lady Ormond, near Caen, in Normandy,† in great poverty and distress, till the Marchioness of Ormond, a lady whose mind was as exalted as her birth, went over to England, and, after much solicitation, obtained two thousand pounds a year from her own and her husband's different estates in Ireland. This favour was granted her by Cromwell, who always professed

* In September, 1646, Owen O'Neale took Roscrea, and, as Carte says, "put man, woman, and child to the sword, except *Sir George Hamilton's lady*, sister to the Marquis of Ormond, and some few gentlewomen whom he kept prisoners." No family suffered more in those disastrous times than the house of Ormond. Lady Hamilton died in August, 1680, as appears from an interesting and affecting letter of her brother, the Duke of Ormond, dated Carrick, August 25th. He had lost his noble son, Lord Ossory, not three weeks before.

† Hence possibly Voltaire's mistake, in stating that Hamilton was born at Caen, in his Catalogue des Ecrivains du Siécle de Louis XIV.

the greatest respect for her. The Marchioness resided in Ireland, with the younger part of her family, from 1655 till after the Restoration; while the Marquis of Ormond continued for a considerable part of that period with his two sisters, Lady Clancarty and Lady Hamilton, at the Feullatines, in the Fauxbourg St. Jacques, in Paris.

It appears from a letter of the marquis to Sir Robert Southwell, that, although he himself was educated in the Protestant religion, not only his father and mother, but all his brothers and sisters, were bred, and always continued Roman Catholics. Sir George Hamilton also, according to Carte,* was a Roman Catholic; Anthony, therefore, was bred in the religion of his family, and conscientiously adhered to it through life. He entered early into the army of Louis XIV., as did his brothers, George, Richard, and John, the former of whom introduced the company of English gens-d'armes into France, in 1667, according to Le Pere Daniel, author of the History of the French Army, who adds the following short account of its establishment: Charles II., being restored to his throne, brought over to England several Catholic officers and soldiers, who had served abroad with him and his brother, the Duke of York, and incorporated them with his guards; but the parliament having obliged him to dismiss all officers who were Catholics, the king permitted George Hamilton to take such as were willing to accompany him to France, where Louis XIV. formed them into a company of gens-d'armes, and being highly pleased with them, became himself their captain, and made George Hamilton their captain-lieutenant.† Whether Anthony belonged to this corps, I know not; but this is cer-

* That historian states, that the king (Charles I.) deprived several *papists* of their military commissions, and, among others, Sir George Hamilton, who, notwithstanding, served him with loyalty and unvarying fidelity.

† They were composed of English, Scotch, and Irish.

tain, that he distinguished himself particularly in his profession, and was advanced to considerable posts in the French service.*

Anthony Hamilton's residence was now almost constantly in France. Some years previous to this, he had been much in England, and, towards the close of Charles II.'s reign, in Ireland, where so many of his connexions remained.† When James II. succeeded to the throne, the door being then opened to the Roman Catholics, he entered into the Irish army, where we find him, in 1686, a lieutenant-colonel in Sir Thomas Newcomen's regiment. That he did not immediately hold a higher rank there, may, perhaps, be attributed to the recent accession of the king, his general absence from Ireland, the advanced age of his uncle, the Duke of Ormond, and, more than all, perhaps, to his Grace's early disapprobation of James's conduct in Ireland, which displayed itself more fully afterwards, especially in the ecclesiastical promotions.

Henry, Earl of Clarendon, son to the lord-chancellor, was at that time lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and appears, notwithstanding his general distrust and dislike of the Catholics, to have held Anthony Hamilton in much estimation: he speaks of his knowledge of, and constant attention to, the duties of his profession; his probity, and the dependence that was to be placed on him, in preference to others of the same religious persuasion, and, in October, 1686, wrote to the Earl of Sunderland respecting him, as follows: "I have only this one thing more to trouble your lordship with at present, concerning Colonel Anthony Hamilton, to get him a commission to com-

* It is not to be forgotten, that, at this time, John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, served under Marshal Turenne, in the same army.

† Hamilton had three sisters: the Countess of Grammont; another married to Matthew Forde, Esq., of the county of Wexford; and another to Sir Donough O'Brien, ancestor to the present Sir Edward O'Brien — a branch of the Thomond family.

mand as colonel, though he is but lieutenant-colonel to Sir Thomas Newcomen, in regard of the commands *he has had abroad:* and I am told it is often done in France, which makes me hope it will not be counted an unreasonable request. I would likewise humbly recommend to make Colonel Anthony Hamilton a privy counsellor here."* Lord Clarendon's recommendations were ultimately successful: Hamilton was made a privy counsellor in Ireland, and had a pension of 200*l.* a year on the Irish establishment; and was appointed governor of Limerick, in the room of Sir William King, notwithstanding he had strongly opposed the new-modelling of the army by the furious Tyrconnell. In the brief accounts which have been given of his life, it is said that he had a regiment of infantry; but, though this is very probable, there is no mention whatever of his commanding a regiment in the lists published of King James's army, which are supposed to be very accurate: he is indeed set down among the general officers. Lord Clarendon, in one of his letters to the lord-treasurer, states, "That the news of the day was, that Colonel Russell was to be lieutenant-colonel to the Duke of Ormond's regiment, and that Colonel Anthony Hamilton was to have Russell's regiment, and that Mr. Luttrell was to be lieutenant-colonel to Sir Thomas Newcomen, in the place of Anthony Hamilton."†

It is not known whether Anthony was present at the battle of the Boyne, or of Aughrim: his brother John was killed at the latter; and Richard, who was a lieutenant-general, led on the cavalry with uncommon gallantry and spirit at the Boyne; it is to be wished that his candour and integrity had equalled his courage; but he acted with great duplicity; and King William's contemptuous echoing back his word to him, when

* Chapel-Izod, July 11, 1686.
† Dublin Castle, October 23, 1686.

he declared something on *his honour*, is well known.* He is frequently mentioned by Lord Clarendon, but by no means with the same approbation as his brother. After the total overthrow of James's affairs in Ireland, the two brothers finally quitted these kingdoms, and retired to France. Richard lived much with the Cardinal de Bouillon, who was the great protector of the Irish in France, and kept (what must have been indeed highly consolatory to many an emigrant of condition) a magnificent table, which has been recorded in the most glowing and grateful terms, by that gay companion, and celebrated lover of good cheer, Philippe de Coulanges, who occasionally mentions the "amiable Richard Hamilton,"† as one of the Cardinal's particular intimates. Anthony, who was regarded particularly as a man of letters and elegant talents, resided almost entirely at St. Germain: solitary walks in the forest of that place occupied his leisure hours in the morning; and poetical pursuits, or agreeable society, engaged the evening: but much of his time seems to have rolled heavily along; his sister, Madam de Grammont, living more at court, or in Paris, than always suited his inclinations, or his convenience. His great resource at St. Germain was the family of the Duke of Berwick (son of James II.): that nobleman appears to have been amiable in private life, and his attachment to Hamilton was steady and sincere. The Duchess of Berwick was also his friend. It is necessary to mention this lady particularly, as well as her sisters: they were the daughters of Henry Bulkely, son to the first viscount of that name: their father had been master of the household to Charles: their mother was Lady Sophia Stewart, sister to the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, so conspicuous in the Grammont Memoirs. The sisters of the Duchess of Berwick were, Charlotte, married to

* This anecdote has been erroneously recorded of Anthony.

† So Coulanges calls him.

Lord Clare;* Henrietta, and Laura. They all occupy a considerable space in Hamilton's correspondence, and the two last are the ladies so often addressed as the Mademoiselles B.; they are almost the constant subjects of Hamilton's verses; and it is recorded, that he was a particular admirer of Henrietta Bulkely; but their union would have been that of hunger and thirst, for both were very poor and very illustrious: their junction would, of course, have militated against every rule of common prudence. To the influence of this lady, particularly, we are indebted for one or two of Hamilton's agreeable novels: she had taste enough to laugh at the extravagant stories then so much in fashion, "plus Arabes qu'en Arabie"† as Hamilton says; and he, in compliance with her taste, and his own, soon put the fashionable tales to flight, by the publication of the *Quatre Facardins*, and, more especially, *La Fleur d'Epine*. Some of the introductory verses to these productions are written with peculiar ease and grace; and are highly extolled, and even imitated, by Voltaire. La Harpe praises the Fleur d'Epine, as the work of an original genius: I do not think, however, that they are much relished in England, probably because very ill translated. Another of his literary productions was the novel called *Le Belier*, which he wrote on the following occasion: Louis XIV. had presented to the Countess of Grammont (whom he highly esteemed) a remarkably elegant small country house in the park of Versailles: this house became so fashionable a resort, and brought such constant visitors,‡ that the Count de Grammont said, in

* (O'Brien) ancestor to Marshal Thomond. Lord Clare was killed at the battle of Ramillies.

† They were wretched imitations of some of the Persian and Arabian tales, in which every thing was distorted, and rendered absurd and preposterous.

‡ "Le bel air de la cour est d'aller à la jolie maison, que le roi a donnée à la *Comtesse de Gramont* dans le Parc de Versailles. C'est tellement la mode, que c'est une honte de n'y avoir pas été. La Comtesse de Gramont se porte très-bien; il est certain que le roi la traite à merveilles.

his usual way, he would present the king with a list of all the persons he was obliged to entertain there, as more suited to his Majesty's purse than his own: the countess wished to change the name of the place from the vulgar appellation of *Le Moulineau*, into that of *Pentalie;* and Hamilton, in his novel, wrote a history of a giant, an enchantment, and a princess, to commemorate her resolution. It has, however, happened, that the giant *Moulineau* has had the advantage, in the course of time; for the estate, which is situated near Mendon, upon the Seine, retains its original and popular designation.

About the year 1704, Hamilton turned his attention to collecting the memoirs of his brother-in-law, the Count de Grammont, as we may conjecture, from the epistle beginning "Honneur des rives éloignées"* being written towards the close of the above year: it is dated, or supposed to be so, from the banks of the Garonne. Among other authors whom Hamilton at first proposes to Grammont, as capable of writing his life (though, on reflection, he thinks them not suited to it), is Boileau, whose genius he professes to admire; but adds, that his muse has somewhat of malignity; and that such a muse might caress with one hand, and satirize him with the other. This letter was sent by Hamilton to Boileau, who answered him with great politeness; but, at the same time that he highly extolled the epistle to Grammont, he, very naturally, seemed anxious to efface any impression which such a representation of his satiric vein might make on the Count's mind, and accordingly added a few complimentary verses to him: this letter is dated Paris, 8th February, 1705. About the same time another letter was written to Hamilton on the

Paris, le 5 Août, 1703."—*Lettre de Madame de Coulanges à Madame de Grignan.*

* A translation of this epistle, which is a complete sketch of the Grammont Memoirs, is subjoined to this Biographical Sketch of the Author.

subject of the epistle to Grammont, by La Chapelle, who also seemed desirous that his life should be given to the public, but was much perplexed which of the most celebrated ancients to compare the Count to. Mæcenas first presented himself to his imagination: absurdly enough, in my opinion; for there was not a trace of similitude between the two characters. This, however, afforded him some opportunity, as he thought, of discovering a resemblance between Horace and Hamilton, in which he equally failed. Petronius is then brought forward, as affording some comparison to the Count;—a man of pleasure, giving up the day to sleep, and the night to entertainment; but then, adds La Chapelle, it will be suggested, that such is the perpetual activity of the Count of Grammont's mind, he may be said to sleep neither night nor day; and if Petronius died, the Count seems determined never to die at all. (He was at this time about eighty-five years of age.) It may well be supposed that all this, though now perfectly vapid and uninteresting, was extremely flattering to Grammont; and the result was, that he very much wished to have his life, or part of it, at least, given to the public. Hamilton, who had been so long connected with him, and with whose agreeable talents he was now so familiarized, was, on every account, singled out by him as the person who could best introduce him historically to the public. It is ridiculous to mention Grammont as the author of his own memoirs: his excellence, as a man of wit, was entirely limited to conversation. Bussy Rabutin, who knew him perfectly, states, that he wrote almost worse than any one. If this was said, and very truly, of him in his early days, it can hardly be imagined that he would, when between eighty and ninety years of age, commence a regular, and in point of style, most finished composition. Besides, independent of every thing else, what man would so outrage all decorum, as to call himself the admiration of the age? for so is

Grammont extolled in the Memoirs, with a variety of other encomiastic expressions; although, perhaps, such vanity has not been without example. Hamilton, it is true, says that he acts as Grammont's secretary, and only holds the pen, whilst the Count dictates to him such particulars of his life as were the most singular, and least known. This is said with great modesty, and, as to part of the work, perhaps, with great truth: it requires, however, some explanation.—Grammont was more than twenty years older than Hamilton; consequently, the earlier part of his life could only have been known, or was best known, to the latter, from repeated conversations, and the long intimacy which subsisted between them. Whether Grammont formally dictated the events of his younger days, or not, is of little consequence: from his general character, it is probable that he did not. However, the whole account of such adventures as he was engaged in, from his leaving home to his interview with Cardinal Mazarine (excepting the character of Monsieur de Senantes, and Matta, who was well known to Hamilton), the relation of the siege of Lerida, the description of Gregorio Brice, and the inimitable discovery of his own magnificent suit of clothes on the ridiculous bridegroom at Abbeville; all such particulars must have been again and again repeated to Hamilton by Grammont, and may therefore be fairly grounded on the Count's authority. The characters of the court of Charles II., and its history, are to be ascribed to Hamilton: from his residence, at various times, in the court of London, his connection with the Ormond family, not to mention others, he must have been well acquainted with them. Lady Chesterfield, who may be regarded almost as the heroine of the work, was his cousin-german.* But, although the history altogether was

* She was born at the castle of Kilkenny, July, 1640, as appears from Carte's life of her father, the Duke of Ormond.

written by Hamilton, it may not perhaps be known to every reader that Grammont himself sold the manuscript for fifteen hundred livres; and when it was brought to Fontenelle, then censor of the press, he refused to license it, from respect to the character of the count, which, he thought, was represented as that of a gambler, and an unprincipled one too. In fact, Grammont, like many an old gentleman, seems to have recollected the gaieties of his youth with more complaisance than was necessary, and has drawn them in pretty strong colours, in that part of the work which is more particularly his own. He laughed at poor Fontenelle's scruples, and complained to the chancellor, who forced the censor to acquiesce: the license was granted, and the count put the whole of the money, or the best part of it, in his pocket, though he acknowledged the work to be Hamilton's. This is exactly correspondent to his general character: when money was his object, he had little, or rather no delicacy.

The History of Grammont may be considered as an unique: there is nothing like it in any language. For drollery, knowledge of the world, various satire, general utility, united with great vivacity of composition, Gil Blas is unrivalled: but, as a merely agreeable book, the Memoirs of Grammont perhaps deserve that character more than any which was ever written: it is pleasantry throughout, and pleasantry of the best sort, unforced, graceful, and engaging. Some French critic has justly observed, that, if any book were to be selected, as affording the truest specimen of perfect French gaiety, the Memoirs of Grammont would be selected in preference to all others. This has a Frenchman said of the work of a foreigner; but that foreigner possessed much genius, had lived from his youth, not only in the best society of France, but with the most singular and agreeable man that France could produce. Still,

however, though Grammont and Hamilton were of dispositions very different, the latter must have possessed talents peculiarly brilliant, and admirably adapted to coincide with, and display those of his brother-in-law to the utmost advantage. Gibbon extols the "ease and purity of Hamilton's inimitable style;" and in this he is supported by Voltaire, although he adds the censure, that the Grammont Memoirs are, in point of materials, the most trifling; he might also in truth have said, the most improper. The manners of the court of Charles II. were, to the utmost, profligate and abandoned; yet in what colours have they been drawn by Hamilton? The elegance of his pencil has rendered them more seductive and dangerous, than if it had more faithfully copied the originals. From such a mingled mass of grossness of language, and of conduct, one would have turned away with disgust and abhorrence; but Hamilton was, to use the words of his admirer, Lord Orford, "superior to the indelicacy of the court," whose vices he has so agreeably depicted; and that superiority has sheltered such vices from more than half the oblivion which would now have for ever concealed them.

The Count de Grammont died in 1707. Some years after the publication of his Memoirs, Hamilton was engaged in a very different work: he translated Pope's Essay on Criticism into French, and, as it should seem, so much to that great poet's satisfaction, that he wrote a very polite letter of thanks to him, which is inserted in Pope's Correspondence. Hamilton's Essay was, I believe, never printed, though Pope warmly requested to have that permission: the reign of Louis XIV. had now ceased; and, for several years before his death, the character of the old court of that prince had ceased also: profligacy and gaiety had given way to devotion and austerity. Of Hamilton's friends and literary acquaintance few were left;

the Duke of Berwick was employed in the field, or at Versailles: some of the ladies, however, continued at St. Germain: and in their society, particularly that of his niece, the Countess of Stafford (in whose name he carried on a lively correspondence with Lady Mary Wortley Montague), he passed much of his time. He occasionally indulged in poetical compositions of a style suited to his age and character; and when he was past seventy, he wrote that excellent copy of verses, "Sur l'Usage de la Vie dans la Vieillesse;" which, for grace of style, justness, and purity of sentiment, does honour to his memory.

Hamilton died at St. Germain, in April, 1720, aged about 74. His death was pious and resigned. From his poem, entitled "Reflections,"* he appears, like some other authors, to have turned his mind, in old age, entirely to those objects of sacred regard, which, sooner or later, must engage the attention of every rational mind. To poetry he bids an eternal adieu, in language which breathes no diminution of genius, at the moment that he for ever recedes from the poetical character. But he aspired to a better. The following lines are interesting, for they evidently allude to his own situation; and, may every one, who, from a well-directed, or mistaken, but pure and generous zeal, is, through the course of a long life, assailed

* Voltaire, upon slight evidence, had imputed to him, at an earlier period, sentiments of irreligion similar to his own:—

> Aupres d'eux le vif Hamilton,
> Toujours armé d'un trait qui blesse,
> Medisoit de l'humaine espèce,
> Et meme d'un peu mieux, dit-on.

But whether Voltaire had any better foundation for insinuating this charge than the libertine tone of Hamilton's earlier works, joined to his own wish to hold up a man of genius as a partisan of his own opinions, must remain doubtful; while it is certain that Hamilton, in his latter years, sincerely followed the Christian religion.

by the temptations of poverty, find that consolation in an innocence of manners, which Hamilton so well invoked, and, it is to be hoped, not altogether in vain :

Fille du ciel, pure Innocence !
Asile contre tous nos maux,
Vrai centre du parfait repos !
Heureux celui, dont la constance,
Vous conservant dans l'abondance,
Ne vous perd point, dans les travaux
D'une longue, et triste indigence !

Whatever were Hamilton's errors, his general character was respectable. He has been represented as grave, and even dull, in society ; the very reverse, in short, of what he appears in his Memoirs : but this is probably exaggerated. Unquestionably he had not the unequalled vivacity of the Count de Grammont in conversation ; as Grammont was, on the other hand, inferior, in all respects, to Hamilton, when the pen was in his hand ; the latter was, however, though reserved in a large society, particularly agreeable in a more select one. Some of his letters remain, in which he alludes to his want of that facility at impromptu which gave such brilliancy to the conversation of some of his brother wits and contemporaries. But, while we admit the truth of this, let it be remembered at the same time, that when he wrote this, he was by no means young; that he criticized his own defects with severity ; that he was poor, and living in a court which itself subsisted on the alms of another. Amidst such circumstances, extemporary gaiety cannot always be found. I can suppose, that the Duchess of Maine, who laid claim to the character of a patroness of wit, and, like many who assert such claims, was very troublesome, very self-sufficient, and very *exigeante*, might not always have found that general superiority, or even transient lustre, which

she expected in Hamilton's society: yet, considering the great difference of their age and situation, this circumstance will not greatly impeach his talents for conversation. But the work of real genius must for ever remain; and of Hamilton's genius, the Grammont Memoirs will always continue a beauteous and graceful monument. To that monument may also be added, the candour, integrity, and unassuming virtues of the amiable author.

EPISTLE TO THE COUNT DE GRAMMONT,

BY ANTHONY HAMILTON,

*In his own and his Brother's Name.**

O ! Thou, the glory of the shore,
Where Corisanda † saw the day,
The blessed abode of Menodore ;
Thou, whom the fates have doom'd to stray
Far from that pleasant shore away,
On which the sun, at parting, smiles,
Ere, gliding o'er the Pyrenees,
Spain's tawny visages he sees,
And sinks behind the happy isles ;
Thou, who of mighty monarch's court
So long hast shone unerring star,
Unmatch'd in earnest or in sport,
In love, in frolic, and in war !

To you, Sir, this invocation must needs be addressed; for whom else could it suit? But you may be puzzled even to guess who invokes you, since you have heard nothing of us for an age, and since so long an absence may have utterly banished us from your recollection. Yet we venture to flatter ourselves it may be otherwise.

* It is dated from Grammont's villa of Semeac, upon the banks of the Garonne, where it would seem Philibert and Anthony Hamilton were then residing.

† Corisande and Menadaure were both ancestresses of the Count de Grammont, and celebrated for beauty.

For who was e'er forgot by thee?
Witness, at Lérida, Don Brice,*
And Barcelona's lady nice,
Donna Ragueza, fair and free;
Witness, too, Boniface at Breda,
And Catalonia and Gasconne,
From Bourdeaux walls to far Bayonne,
From Perpignan to Pueycreda,
And we your friends of fair Garonne.

Even in these distant and peaceful regions, we hear, by daily report, that you are more agreeable, more unequalled, and more marvellous than ever. Our country neighbours, great news-mongers, apprized by their correspondents of the lively sallies with which you surprise the court, often ask us if you are not the grandson of that famous Chevalier de Grammont, of whom such wonders are recorded in the History of the Civil Wars? Indignant that your identity should be disputed in a country where your name is so well known, we had formed a plan of giving some faint sketch of your merits and history. But who were we, that we should attempt the task? With talents naturally but indifferent, and now rusted by long interruption of all intercourse with the court, how were it possible for us to display taste and politeness, excelling all that is to be found elsewhere, and which yet must be attributes of those fit to make you their theme?

Can mediocrity avail,
To follow forth such high emprize?
In vain our zeal to please you tries,
Where noblest talents well might fail:
Where loftiest bards might yield the pen,
And own 'twere rash to dare,
'Tis meet that country gentlemen
Be silent in despair.

* Don Brice is celebrated in the Memoirs, but Donna Ragueza does not appear there.

We therefore limited our task to registering all the remarkable particulars of your life which our memory could supply, in order to communicate those materials to the most skilful writers of the metropolis. But the choice embarrassed us. Sometimes we thought of addressing our Memoirs to the Academy, persuaded that as you had formerly sustained a logical thesis,* you must know enough of the art to qualify you for being received a member of that illustrious body, and praised from head to foot upon the day of admission. Sometimes, again, we thought, that, as, to all appearance, no one will survive to pronounce your eulogium when you are no more, it ought to be delivered in the way of anticipation, by the reverend Father Massillon or De la Rue. But we considered that the first of these expedients did not suit your rank, and that, as to the second, it would be against all form to swathe you up while alive in the tropes of a funeral sermon. The celebrated Boileau next occurred to us, and we believed at first he was the very person we wanted; but a moment's reflection satisfied us that he would not answer our purpose.

Sovereign of wit, he sits alone,
And joys him in his glory won;
Or if, in history to live,
The first of monarchs' feats he give,
Attentive Phœbus guides his hand,
And Memory's daughters round him stand;
He might consign, and only he,
Thy fame to immortality.
Yet, vixen still, his muse would mix
Her playful but malicious tricks,
Which friendship scarce might smother.
So gambols the ambiguous cat,
Deals with one paw a velvet pat,
And scratches you with t'other.

* I presume, when he was educated for the church.

The next expedient which occurred to us was, to have your portrait displayed at full length in that miscellany which lately gave us such an excellent letter of the illustrious chief of your house. Here is the direction we obtained for that purpose :

Not far from that superb abode
Where Paris bids her monarchs dwell,
Retiring from the Louvre's road,
The office opes its fruitful cell,
In choice of authors nothing nice,
To every work, of every price,
However rhymed, however writ,
Especially to folks of wit,
When by rare chance on such they hit.
From thence each month, in gallant quire,
Flit sonneteers in tuneful sallies,
All tender heroes of their alleys,
By verse familiar who aspire
To seize the honour'd name of poet.
Some scream, on mistuned pipes and whistles,
Pastorals and amorous epistles ;
Some, twining worthless wreath, bestow it
On bards and warriors of their own,
In camp and chronicle unknown.
Here, never rare, though ever new,
Riddle, in veil fantastic screening,
Presents, in his mysterious masque,
A useless, yet laborious task,
To loungers who have nought to do,
But puzzle out his senseless meaning.
'Tis here, too, that, in transports old,
New elegies are monthly moaning ;
Here, too, the dead their lists unfold,
Telling of heirs and widows groaning ;
Telling what sums were left to glad them,
And here in copper-plate they shine,
Shewing their features, rank, and line,
And all their arms, and whence they had them.

We soon saw it would be impossible to crowd you, with

propriety, into so miscellaneous a miscellany; and these various difficulties at length reconciled us to our original intention of attempting the adventure ourselves, despite of our insufficiency, and of calling to our assistance two persons whom we have not the honour to know, but some of whose compositions have reached us. In order to propitiate them by some civilities, one of us (he who wears at his ear that pearl, which, you used to say, his mother had hung there out of devotion), began to invoke them, as you shall hear

O! Thou, of whom the easy strain
  Enchanted by its happy sway,
Sometimes the margin of the Seine,
Sometimes the fair and fertile plain,
  Where winds the Maine her lingering way;
  Whether the light and classic lay
Lie at the feet of fair Climéne;
  Or if, La Fare, thou rather chuse
  The mood of the theatric muse,
And raise again, the stage to tread,
Renowned Greeks and Romans dead;
Attend!—And thou, too, lend thine aid,
Chaulieu! on whom, in raptur'd hour,
Phœbus breath'd energy and power;
Come both, and each a stanza place,
The structure that we raise to grace;
To gild our heavy labours o'er,
Your aid and influence we implore.

The invocation was scarce fairly written out, when we found the theatric muse a little misplaced, as neither of the gentlemen invoked appeared to have written any thing falling under her department. This reflection embarrassed us; and we were meditating what turn should be given to the passage, when behold! there appeared at once, in the midst of the room, a form that surprised without alarming us:—it was

that of your philosopher, the inimitable St. Evremont.* None of the tumult which usually announces the arrival of ghosts of consequence preceded this apparition.

The sky was clear and still o'er head,
No earthquake shook the regions under,
No subterraneous murmur dread,
And not a single clap of thunder.
He was not clothed in rags, or tatter'd,
Like that same grim and grisly spectre,
Who, ere Philippi's contest clatter'd,
The dauntless Brutus came to hector:
Nor was he clad like ghost of Laius,
Who, when against his son he pled,
Nor worse nor better wardrobe had,
Than scanty mantle of Emaeus:
Nor did his limbs a shroud encumber,
Like that which vulgar sprites enfold,
When, gliding from their ghostly hold,
They haunt our couch, and scare our slumber.

By all this we saw the ghost's intention was not to frighten us. He was dressed exactly as when we had first the pleasure of his acquaintance in London. He had the same air of mirth, sharpened and chastened by satirical expression, and even the same dress, which undoubtedly he had preserved for this visit. Lest you doubt it,

His ancient studying-cap he wore,
Well tann'd, of good Morocco hide;†
The eternal double loop before,
That lasted till its master died:

* With whom, as appears from the Memoirs, the Count, while residing in London, maintained the closest intimacy. St. Evremont was delighted with his wit, vivacity, and latitude of principle: he called him his hero; wrote verses in his praise; in short, took as warm an interest in him as an Epicurean philosopher can do in any one but himself.

† One of St. Evremont's peculiarities was, that instead of a wig, the universal dress of the time, he chose to wear his own grey hair, covered with the leathern cap described in the text.

In fine, the self-same equipage,
As when, with lovely Mazarine,
Still boasting of the name of Sage,
He drowned, in floods of generous wine,
The dulness and the frost of age,
And daily paid the homage due,
To charms that seem'd for ever new.

As he arrived un-announced, he placed himself between us without ceremony, but could not forbear smiling at the respect with which we withdrew our chairs, under pretence of not crowding him. I had always heard that it was necessary to question folks of the other world, in order to engage them in conversation; but he soon shewed us the contrary; for, casting his eyes on the paper which we had left on the table,—"I approve," said he, "of your plan, and I come to give you some advice for the execution; but I cannot comprehend the choice you have made of these two gentlemen as assistants. I admit, it is impossible to write more beautifully than they both do; but do you not see that they write nothing but by starts, and that their subjects are as extraordinary as their caprice?

Love-lorn and gouty, one soft swain
Rebels, amid his rhymes profane,
Against specific water-gruel;
Or cherups, in his ill-timed lay,
The joys of freedom and tokay,
When Celimena's false or cruel:
The other, in his lovely strain,
Fresh from the font of Hippocrene,
Rich in the charms of sound and sense,
Throws all his eloquence away,
And vaunts, the live-long lingering day,
The languid bliss of indolence.

"Give up thoughts of them, if you please; for though you have invoked them, they won't come the sooner to your succour: Arrange, as well as you can, the materials you had

collected for others, and never mind the order of time or events: I would advise you, on the contrary, to chuse the latter years of your hero for your principal subject: His earlier adventures are too remote to be altogether so interesting in the present day. Make some short and light observations on the resolution he has formed of never dying, and upon the power he seems to possess of carrying it into execution.*

That art by which his life he has warded,
And death so often has retarded,
'Tis strange to me,
The world's envy
Has ne'er with jaundiced eye regarded:
But mid all anecdotes he tells
Of warriors, statesmen, and of belles,
With whom he fought, intrigued, and slept,
That rare and precious mystery,
His art of immortality,
Is the sole secret he has kept.

"Do not embarrass your brains in seeking ornaments, or turns of eloquence to paint his character: That would resemble strained panegyric; and a faithful portrait will be his best praise. Take care how you attempt to report his stories, or *bons mots:* The subject is too great for you.† Try only, in

* The Count de Grammont, in his old age, recovered, contrary to the expectation of his physicians, and of all the world, from one or two dangerous illnesses, which led him often to say, in his lively manner, that he had formed a resolution never to die. This declaration is the subject of much raillery through the whole epistle.

† Bussi Rabutin assures us, that much of the merit of Grammont's *bons mots* consisted in his peculiar mode of delivering them, although his reputation as a wit was universally established. Few of those which have been preserved are susceptible of translation; but the following may be taken as a specimen:

One day when Charles II. dined in state, he made Grammont remark, that he was served upon the knee; a mark of respect not common at other courts. "I thank your Majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont: "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."—Louis XIV., playing at tric-trac, disputed a throw with

relating his adventures, to colour over his failings, and give relief to his merits.

'Twas thus, by easy route of yore,
My hero to the skies I bore.*
For your part, sketch how beauties tender,
Did to his vows in crowds surrender:
Shew him forth-following the banners
Of one who match'd the goddess-born:
Shew how in peace his active manners
Held dull repose in hate and scorn:
Shew how at court he made a figure,
Taught lessons to the best intriguer,

his opponent: The by-standers were appealed to, and could not decide the cause. It was referred to Grammont, who, from the further end of the gallery, declared against the king. "But you have not heard the case," said Louis. "Ah, Sire," replied the Count, "if your majesty had but a shadow of right, would these gentlemen have failed to decide in your favour?"

* St. Evremont, whose attachment to Grammont amounted to enthusiasm, composed the following epitaph upon him, made, however, long before the Count's death, in which he touches many of the topics which he here is supposed to recommend to Hamilton.

Here lies the Count de Grammont, stranger!
Old Evremont's *eternal* theme:
He who shared Condé's every danger,
May envy from the bravest claim.
Wouldst know his art in courtly life?
It match'd his courage in the strife.
Wouldst ask his merit with the fair?—
Who ever liv'd his equal there?
His wit to scandal never stooping
His mirth ne'er to buffoon'ry drooping:
Keeping his character's marked plan,
As spouse, sire, gallant, and old man.
But went he to confession duly?
At matins, mass, and vespers steady?
Fervent in prayer?—to tell you truly,
He left these cares to my good lady.
We may once more see a Turenne;
Condé himself may have a double;
But to make Grammont o'er again,
Would cost dame nature too much trouble.

Till, without fawning, like his neighbours,
His prompt address foil'd all their labours.
Canvas and colours change once more,
And paint him forth in various light:
The scourge of coxcomb and of bore;
Live record of lampoons in score,
And chronicle of love and fight;
Redoubted for his plots so rare,
By every happy swain and fair;
Driver of rivals to despair;
Sworn enemy to all long speeches;
Lively and brilliant, frank and free;
Author of many a repartee:
Remember, over all, that he
Was most renowned for storming breaches.
Forget not the white charger's prance,
On which a daring boast sustaining,
He came before a prince of France,
Victorious in Alsace campaigning.*
Tell too by what enchanting art,
Or of the head, or of the heart,
If skill or courage gain'd his aim;
When to Saint Alban's foul disgrace,
Despite his colleague's grave grimace,
And a fair nymph's seducing face,
He carried off gay Buckingham.†
Speak all these feats, and simply speak,—
To soar too high were forward freak,—
To keep Parnassus' skirts discreetest;
For 'tis not on the very peak,
That middling voices sound the sweetest.

* Grammont had promised to the Dauphin, then commanding the army in Alsace, that he would join him before the end of the campaign, mounted on a white horse.

† Grammont is supposed to have had no small share in determining the Duke of Buckingham, then Charles the Second's favourite minister, to break the triple alliance; for which purpose he went to France with the Count, in spite of all that the other English ministers, and even his mistress, the celebrated Countess of Shrewsbury, could do to prevent him.

Each tale in easy language dress,
With natural expression closing;
Let every rhyme fall in express;
Avoid poetical excess,
And shun low miserable prosing:
Dont not on modish style, I pray,
Nor yet condemn it with rude passion;
There is a place near the Marais,
Where mimicry of antique lay
Seems to be creeping into fashion.
This new and much-admired way,
Of using Gothic words and spelling,
Costs but the price of Rabelais,
Or Ronsard's sonnets, to excel in.
With half a dozen ekes and ayes,
Or some such antiquated phrase,
At small expense you'll lightly hit
On this new strain of ancient wit.

We assured the spirit we would try to profit by this last advice, but that his caution against falling into the languor of a prosing narration appeared to us more difficult to follow. "Once for all," said he, "do your best; folks that write for the Count de Grammont have a right to reckon on some indulgence. At any rate, you are only known through him, and, apparently, what you are about will not increase the public curiosity on your own account. I must end my visit, he continued, "and by my parting wishes convince my hero that I continue to interest myself in his behalf."

Still may his wit's unceasing charms
Blaze forth, his numerous days adorning;
May he renounce the din of arms,
And sleep some longer of a morning:
Still be it upon false alarms,
That chaplains come to lecture o'er him;*

* De Grammont having fallen seriously ill, at the age of seventy-five, the king, who knew his free sentiments in religious matters, sent Dangeau

Still prematurely, as before,
That all the doctors give him o'er,
And king and court are weeping for him
May such repeated feats convince
The king he lives but to attend him;
And may he, like a grateful prince,
Avail him of the hint they lend him;
Live long as Grammont's age, and longer,
Then learn his art still to grow younger.

Here ceas'd the ghostly Norman sage,
A clerk whom we as well as you rate;
The choicest spirit of his age,
And heretofore your only curate:
Though not a wit, you see, his spectre
Doth, like a buried parson's, lecture.
Then off he glided to the band
Of feal friends that hope to greet you,
But long may on the margin stand,
Of sable Styx, before they meet you.
No need upon that theme to dwell,
Since none but you the cause can tell;
Yet, if, when some half century more,
In health and glee, has glided o'er,
You find you, maugre all your strength,
Stretch'd out in woeful state at length,
And forc'd to Erebus to troop,
There shall you find the joyous group,
Carousing on the Stygian border!
Waiting, with hollo and with whoop,
To dub you brother of their order:
There shall you find Dan Benserade,
Doughty Chapelle and Sarazine,
Voiture and Chaplain, gallants fine,
And he who ballad never made,
Nor rhymed without a flask of wine.

to give him ghostly advice. The Count, finding his errand, turned to his wife, and cried out, "Countess, if you don't look to it, Dangeau will cheat you of my conversion."

Adieu, Sir Count, the world around
Who roam'd in quest of love and battle.
Of whose high merits fame did tattle,
As sturdy tilter, knight renown'd.
Before the warfare of the Fronde,
Should you again review Gironde,
Travelling in coach, by journeys slow,
You'll right hand mark a sweet chateau,
Which has few ornaments to shew,
But deep, clear streams, that moat the spot,
'Tis there we dwell,—forget us not!

Think of us then, pray, Sir, if, by chance, you should take a fancy to revisit your fair mansion of Semeac. In the mean while, permit us to finish this long letter; we have endeavoured in vain to make something of it, by varying our language and style—you see how our best efforts fall below our subject. To succeed, it would be necessary that he whom our fictions conjured up to our assistance were actually among the living. But, alas!

No more shall Evremont incite us,
That chronicler whom none surpasses,
Whether his grave or gay delight us;
That favourite of divine Parnassus
Can find no ford in dark Cocytus:
From that sad river's fatal bourne,
Alone De Grammont can return.

MEMOIRS

OF

COUNT GRAMMONT.

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CHAPTER I.

As those who read only for amusement are, in my opinion, more worthy of attention than those who open a book merely to find fault, to the former I address myself, and for their entertainment commit the following pages to press, without being in the least concerned about the severe criticisms of the latter. I farther declare, that the order of time and disposition of the facts, which give more trouble to the writer than pleasure to the reader, shall not much embarrass me in these memoirs. It being my design to convey a just idea of my hero, those circumstances which most tend to illustrate and distinguish his character, shall find a place in these fragments just as they present themselves to my imagination, without paying any particular attention to their arrangement. For, after all, what does it signify where the portrait is begun, provided the assemblage of the parts form a whole which perfectly expresses the original? The celebrated Plutarch, who treats his heroes as he does his readers, commences the life of the one just as he thinks fit, and diverts the attention of the other with digressions into antiquity, or agreeable passages of literature, which frequently have no reference to

the subject for instance, he tells us, that Demetrius Poliorcetes was far from being so tall as his father, Antigonus; and afterwards, that his reputed father, Antigonus, was only his uncle; but this is not until he has begun his life, with a short account of his death, his various exploits, his good and bad qualities; and at last, out of compassion to his failings, brings forward a comparison between him and the unfortunate Mark Antony.

In the life of Numa Pompilius, he begins by a dissertation upon his preceptor Pythagoras; and, as if he thought the reader would be anxious to know whether it was the ancient philosopher, or one of the same name, who, after being victorious at the Olympic games, went full speed into Italy to teach Numa philosophy, and instruct him in the arts of government, he gives himself much trouble to explain this difficulty, and, after all, leaves it undetermined.

What I have said upon this subject is not meant to reflect upon this historian, to whom, of all the ancients, we are most obliged; it is only intended to authorize the manner in which I have treated a life far more extraordinary than any of those he has transmitted to us. It is my part to describe a man, whose inimitable character casts a veil over those faults which I shall neither palliate nor disguise; a man, distinguished by a mixture of virtues and vices so closely linked together, as in appearance to form a necessary dependence, glowing with the greatest beauty when united, shining with the brightest lustre when opposed.

It is this indefinable brilliancy, which, in war, in love, in gaming, and in the various stages of a long life, has rendered the Count de Grammont the admiration of his age, and the delight of every country wherein he has displayed his engaging wit, dispensed his generosity and magnificence, or practised his inconstancy: it is owing to this that the sallies

of a sprightly imagination have produced those admirable bon mots, which have been with universal applause transmitted to posterity. It is owing to this, that he preserved his judgment free and unembarrassed in the most trying situations, and enjoyed an uncommon presence of mind and facetiousness of temper in the most imminent dangers of war. I shall not attempt to draw his portrait: his person has been described by Bussi and St. Evremond,[1] authors more entertaining than faithful. The former has represented the Chevalier Grammont as artful, fickle, and even somewhat treacherous, in his amours, and indefatigable and cruel in his jealousies. St. Evremond has used other colours to express the genius and describe the general manners of the Count; whilst both, in their different pictures, have done greater honour to themselves than justice to their hero.

It is, therefore, to the Count we must listen, in the agreeable relation of the sieges and battles wherein he distinguished himself under another hero; and it is on him we must rely for the truth of passages the least glorious of his life, and for the sincerity with which he relates his address, vivacity, frauds, and the various stratagems he practised either in love or gaming. These express his true character, and to himself we owe these memoirs, since I only hold the pen, while he directs it to the most remarkable and secret passages of his life.

CHAPTER II.

In those days affairs were not managed in France as at present: Louis XIII.[2] then sat upon the throne, but the Cardinal de Richlieu[3] governed the kingdom; great men commanded little armies, and little armies did great things: the fortune of great men depended solely upon ministerial favour, and blind devotion to the will of the minister was the only sure method of advancement. Vast designs were then laying in the heart of neighbouring states the foundation of that formidable greatness to which France has now risen: the police was somewhat neglected; the highways were impassable by day, and the streets by night; but robberies were committed elsewhere with greater impunity. Young men, on their first entrance into the world, took what course they thought proper: whoever would, was a Chevalier, and whoever could, an Abbé,—I mean a beneficed Abbé: dress made no distinction between them; and, I believe, the Chevalier Grammont was both the one and the other at the siege of Trino.[4]

This was his first campaign, and here he displayed those attractive graces which so favourably prepossess, and require neither friends nor recommendations in any company to procure a favourable reception. The siege was already formed when he arrived, which saved him some needless risks; for a volunteer cannot rest at ease, until he has stood the first fire: he went therefore to reconnoitre the generals, having no occasion to reconnoitre the place. Prince Thomas[5] commanded the army; and as the post of lieutenant-general was not then

known,[6] Du Plessis Pralin[7] and the famous Viscount Turenne[8] were his major-generals. Fortified places were treated with some respect, before a power which nothing can withstand had found means to destroy them by dreadful showers of bombs, and by destructive batteries of hundreds of pieces of cannon. Before these furious storms which drive governors under ground and reduce their garrisons to powder, repeated sallies bravely repulsed, and vigorous attacks nobly sustained, signalized both the art of the besiegers and the courage of the besieged; consequently sieges were of some length, and young men had an opportunity of gaining some knowledge. Many brave actions were performed on each side during the siege of Trino; a great deal of fatigue was endured, and considerable losses sustained; but fatigue was no more considered, hardships were no more felt in the trenches, gravity was at an end with the generals, and the troops were no longer dispirited after the arrival of the Chevalier Grammont. Pleasure was his pursuit, and he made it universal.

Among the officers in the army, as in all other places, there are men of real merit, or pretenders to it. The latter endeavoured to imitate the Chevalier Grammont in his most shining qualities, but without success; the former admired his talents and courted his friendship. Of this number was Matta:[9] he was agreeable in his person, but still more by the natural turn of his wit; he was plain and simple in his manners, but endued with a quick discernment and refined delicacy, and full of candour and integrity in all his actions. The Chevalier Grammont was not long in discovering his amiable qualities; an acquaintance was soon formed, and was succeeded by the strictest intimacy.

Matta insisted that the Chevalier should take up his quarters with him; to which he only consented, on condition of equally contributing to the expense. As they were both

liberal and magnificent, at their common cost they gave the best-designed and most luxurious entertainments that had ever yet been seen. Play was wonderfully productive at first, and the Chevalier restored by a hundred different ways that which he obtained only by one. The generals, being entertained by turns, admired their magnificence, and were dissatisfied with their own officers for not keeping such good tables and attendance. The Chevalier had the talent of setting off the most indifferent things to advantage; and his wit was so generally acknowledged, that it was a kind of disgrace not to submit to his taste. To him Matta resigned the care of furnishing the table and doing its honours; and, charmed with the general applause, persuaded himself that nothing could be more honourable than their way of living, and nothing more easy than to continue it; but he soon perceived that the greatest prosperity is not the most lasting. Good living, bad economy, dishonest servants, and ill-luck, all uniting together to disconcert their house-keeping, their table was going to be gradually laid aside, when the Chevalier's genius, fertile in resources, undertook to support his former credit by the following expedient.

They had never yet conferred about the state of their finances, although the steward had acquainted each separately, that he must either receive money to continue the expenses, or give in his accounts. One day, when the Chevalier came home sooner than usual, he found Matta fast asleep in an easy chair, and, being unwilling to disturb his rest, he began musing on his project. Matta awoke without his perceiving it; and having, for a short time, observed the deep contemplation he seemed involved in, and the profound silence between two persons, who had never held their tongues for a moment when together before, he broke it by a sudden fit of laughter, which increased in proportion as the other stared at him. "A merry

way of waking, and ludicrous enough," said the Chevalier; "What is the matter, and whom do you laugh at?" "Faith, Chevalier," said Matta, "I am laughing at a dream I had just now, which is so natural and diverting, that I must make you laugh at it also. I was dreaming that we had dismissed our maître d'hôtel, our cook, and our confectioner, having resolved, for the remainder of the campaign, to live upon others as others have lived upon us; this was my dream. Now tell me, Chevalier, on what were you musing?" "Poor fellow!" said the Chevalier, shrugging up his shoulders, "you are knocked down at once, and thrown into the utmost consternation and despair at some silly stories, which the maître d'hôtel has been telling you as well as me. What! after the figure we have made in the face of the nobility and foreigners in the army, shall we give it up, and like fools and beggars sneak off, upon the first failure of our money! Have you no sentiments of honour? Where is the dignity of France?" "And where is the money?" said Matta; "for my men say, the devil may take them, if there be ten crowns in the house; and I believe you have not much more, for it is above a week since I have seen you pull out your purse, or count your money, an amusement you were very fond of in prosperity." "I own all this," said the Chevalier, "but yet I will force you to confess, that you are but a mean-spirited fellow upon this occasion. What would have become of you if you had been reduced to the situation I was in at Lyons, four days before I arrived here? I will tell you the story."

CHAPTER III.

"This," said Matta, "smells strongly of romance, except that it should have been your Squire's part to tell your adventures." "True," said the Chevalier; "however, I may acquaint you with my first exploits without offending my modesty; besides, my Squire's style borders too much upon the burlesque for an heroic narrative.

"You must know, then, that upon my arrival at Lyons"—"Is it thus you begin?" said Matta, "pray give us your history a little farther back, the most minute particulars of a life like yours are worthy of relation; but above all, the manner in which you first paid your respects to Cardinal Richlieu: I have often laughed at it. However, you may pass over the unlucky pranks of your infancy, your genealogy, name and quality of your ancestors, for that is a subject with which you must be utterly unacquainted."

"Poh!" said the Chevalier, "you believe that all the world is as ignorant as yourself;—you think that I am a stranger to the Mendores and the Corisandes. So, perhaps I don't know, that it was my father's own fault that he was not the son of Henry IV. The king would by all means have acknowledged him for his son, but the traitor would never consent to it. See what the Grammonts would have been now, but for this cross-grained fellow! They would have had precedence of the Cæsars de Vendôme.[10] You may laugh, if you like, yet it is as true as the gospel: but let us come to the point.

"I was sent to the college of Pau,[11] with the intention of

being brought up to the church; but as I had quite different views, I made no manner of improvement: gaming was so much in my head, that both my tutor and the master lost their labour in endeavouring to teach me Latin. Old Brinon, who served me both as valet-de-chambre and governor, in vain threatened to acquaint my mother. I only studied when I pleased, that is to say, seldom or never: however, they treated me as is customary with scholars of my quality; I was raised to all the dignities of the forms, without having merited them, and left college nearly in the same state in which I entered it; nevertheless I was thought to have more knowledge than was requisite for the abbacy, which my brother had solicited for me. He had just married the niece of a minister, to whom every one cringed: he was desirous to present me to him. I felt but little regret to quit the country, and great impatience to see Paris. My brother having kept me some time with him, in order to polish me, let me loose upon the town to shake off my rustic air, and learn the manners of the world. I so thoroughly gained them, that I could not be persuaded to lay them aside when I was introduced at court in the character of an Abbé. You know what kind of dress was then the fashion. All that they could obtain of me was to put a cassock over my other clothes, and my brother, ready to die with laughing at my ecclesiastical habit, made others laugh too. I had the finest head of hair in the world, well curled and powdered, above my cassock, and below were white buskins and gilt spurs. The Cardinal, who had a quick discernment, could not help laughing. This elevation of sentiment gave him umbrage; and he foresaw what might be expected from a genius that already laughed at the shaven crown and cowl.

"When my brother had taken me home; 'Well, my little parson,' said he, 'you have acted your part to admiration, and

your party-coloured dress of the ecclesiastic and soldier has greatly diverted the court; but this is not all; you must now choose, my little knight. Consider then, whether, by sticking to the church, you will possess great revenues, and have nothing to do; or with a small portion, you will risk the loss of a leg or arm, and be the *fructus belli* of an insensible court, to arrive in your old age at the dignity of a major-general, with a glass eye and a wooden leg.' 'I know,' said I, 'that there is no comparison between these two situations, with regard to the conveniences of life; but, as a man ought to secure his future state in preference to all other considerations, I am resolved to renounce the church for the salvation of my soul, upon condition, however, that I keep my abbacy.' Neither the remonstrances nor authority of my brother could induce me to change my resolution; and he was forced to agree to this last article in order to keep me at the academy. You know that I am the most adroit man in France, so that I soon learned all that is taught at such places, and, at the same time, I also learnt that which gives the finishing stroke to a young fellow's education, and makes him a gentleman, viz., all sorts of games, both at cards and dice; but the truth is, I thought, at first, that I had more skill in them than I really had, as experience proved. When my mother knew the choice I had made, she was inconsolable; for she reckoned, that had I been a clergyman I should have been a saint; but now she was certain that I should either be a devil in the world, or be killed in the wars. And indeed I burned with impatience to be a soldier; but being yet too young, I was forced to make a campaign at Bidache[12] before I made one in the army. When I returned to my mother's house, I had so much the air of a courtier, and a man of the world, that she began to respect me, instead of chiding me for my infatuation towards the army. I became her favourite, and finding me

inflexible, she only thought of keeping me with her as long as she could, while my little equipage was preparing. The faithful Brinon, who was to attend me as valet-de-chambre, was likewise to discharge the office of governor and equerry, being, perhaps, the only Gascon who was ever possessed of so much gravity and ill-temper. He passed his word for my good behaviour and morality, and promised my mother that he would give a good account of my person in the dangers of the war; but I hope he will keep his word better as to this last article, than he has done to the former.

"My equipage was sent away a week before me. This was so much time gained by my mother to give me a good advice. At length, after having solemnly enjoined me to have the fear of God before my eyes, and to love my neighbour as myself, she suffered me to depart, under the protection of the Lord and the sage Brinon. At the second stage we quarrelled. He had received four hundred louis d'ors for the expenses of the campaign: I wished to have the keeping of them myself, which he strenuously opposed. 'Thou old scoundrel,' said I, 'is the money thine, or was it given thee for me? You suppose I must have a treasurer, and receive no money without his order.' I know not whether it was from a presentiment of what afterwards happened, that he grew melancholy; however, it was with the greatest reluctance, and the most poignant anguish, that he found himself obliged to yield. One would have thought that I had wrested his very soul from him. I found myself more light and merry after I had eased him of his trust; he, on the contrary, appeared so overwhelmed with grief, that it seemed as if I had laid four hundred pounds of lead upon his back, instead of taking away these four hundred louis. He went on so heavily, that I was forced to whip his horse myself, and turning to me, now and then, 'Ah! Sir,' said he, 'my lady

did not think it would be so.' His reflections and sorrows were renewed at every stage; for, instead of giving a shilling to the post-boy, I gave him half-a-crown.

"Having, at last, reached Lyons, two soldiers stopped us at the gate of the city, to carry us before the governor. I took one of them to conduct me to the best inn, and delivered Brinon into the hands of the other, to acquaint the commandant with the particulars of my journey, and my future intentions.

"There are as good taverns at Lyons as at Paris; but my soldier, according to custom, carried me to a friend of his own, whose house he extolled, as having the best accommodations, and the greatest resort of good company in the whole town. The master of this hotel was as big as a hogshead, his name Cerise; a Swiss by birth, a poisoner by profession, and a thief by custom. He shewed me into a tolerably neat room, and desired to know, whether I pleased to sup by myself or at the ordinary. I chose the latter, on account of the beau-monde which the soldier had boasted of.

"Brinon, who was quite out of temper at the many questions which the governor had asked him, returned more surly than an old ape; and seeing that I was dressing my hair, in order to go down stairs: 'What are you about now, Sir?' said he; 'are you going to tramp about the town? No, no: have we not had tramping enough ever since the morning? Eat a bit of supper, and go to bed betimes, that you may get on horseback by daybreak.' 'Mr. Comptroller,' said I, 'I shall neither tramp about the town, nor eat alone, nor go to bed early. I intend to sup with the company below.' 'At the ordinary!' cried he, 'I beseech you, Sir, do not think of it! Devil take me, if there be not a dozen brawling fellows playing at cards and dice, who make noise enough to drown the loudest thunder!'

"I was grown insolent since I had seized the money; and being desirous to shake off the yoke of a governor, 'Do you know, Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'that I don't like a blockhead to set up for a reasoner? do you go to supper, if you please, but take care that I have post-horses ready before daybreak.' The moment he mentioned cards and dice, I felt the money burn in my pocket. I was somewhat surprised, however, to find the room where the ordinary was served filled with odd-looking creatures. My host, after presenting me to the company, assured me, that there were but eighteen or twenty of those gentlemen who would have the honour to sup with me. I approached one of the tables where they were playing, and thought I should have died with laughing: I expected to have seen good company and deep play; but I only met with two Germans playing at backgammon. Never did two country loobies play like them; but their figures beggared all description. The fellow near whom I stood was short, thick, and fat, and as round as a ball, with a ruff, and a prodigious high-crowned hat. Any one, at a moderate distance, would have taken him for the dome of a church, with the steeple on the top of it. I inquired of the host, who he was. 'A merchant from Basle,' said he, 'who comes hither to sell horses; but from the method he pursues, I think he will not dispose of many; for he does nothing but play.' 'Does he play deep?' said I. 'Not now,' said he; 'they are only playing for their reckoning, while supper is getting ready; but he has no objection to play as deep as any one.' 'Has he money?' said I. 'As for that,' replied the treacherous Cerise, 'would to God you had won a thousand pistoles of him, and I went your halves; we should not be long without our money.' I wanted no farther encouragement to meditate the ruin of the high-crowned hat. I went nearer him, in order to take a closer survey; never was such

a bungler, he made blots upon blots; God knows, I began to feel some remorse at winning of such an ignoramus, who knew so little of the game. He lost his reckoning; supper was served up; and I desired him to sit next me. It was a long table, and there were at least five-and-twenty in company, notwithstanding the landlord's promise. The most execrable repast that ever was begun being finished, all the crowd insensibly dispersed, except the little Swiss, who still kept near me, and the landlord, who placed himself on the other side of me. They both smoked like dragons; and the Swiss was continually saying in bad French, 'I ask your pardon, Sir, for my great freedom;' at the same time blowing such whiffs of tobacco in my face as almost suffocated me. Mr. Cerise, on the other hand, desired he might take the liberty of asking me, whether I had ever been in his country; and seemed surprised I had so genteel an air, without having travelled in Switzerland.

"The little chub I had to encounter was full as inquisitive as the other. He desired to know whether I came from the army in Piedmont; and having told him I was going thither, he asked me, whether I had a mind to buy any horses? that he had about two hundred to dispose of, and that he would sell them cheap. I began to be smoked like a gammon of bacon; and being quite wearied out, both with their tobacco and their questions, I asked my companion, if he would play for a single pistole at backgammon, while our men were supping; it was not without great ceremony that he consented, at the same time asking my pardon for his great freedom.

"I won the game; I gave him his revenge, and won again. We then played double or quit; I won that too, and all in the twinkling of an eye; for he grew vexed, and suffered himself to be taken in, so that I began to bless my stars for my good fortune. Brinon came in about the end of the

third game, to put me to bed. He made a great sign of the cross, but paid no attention to the signs I made him to retire. I was forced to rise to give him that order in private. He began to reprimand me for disgracing myself by keeping company with such a low-bred wretch. It was in vain that I told him, he was a great merchant, that he had a great deal of money, and that he played like a child. 'He a merchant!' cried Brinon. 'Do not believe that, Sir. May the devil take me, if he is not some conjurer.' 'Hold your tongue, old fool,' said I; 'he is no more a conjurer than you are, and that is decisive; and, to prove it to you, I am resolved to win four or five hundred pistoles of him before I go to bed.' With these words I turned him out, strictly enjoining him not to return, or in any manner to disturb us.

"The game being done, the little Swiss unbuttoned his pockets, to pull out a new four-pistole piece, and presenting it to me, he asked my pardon for his great freedom, and seemed as if he wished to retire. This was not what I wanted. I told him we only played for amusement; that I had no design upon his money; and that, if he pleased, I would play him a single game for his four pistoles. He raised some objections; but consented at last, and won back his money. I was piqued at it. I played another game; fortune changed sides; the dice ran for him, he made no more blots. I lost the game; another game, and double or quit; we doubled the stake, and played double or quit again. —I was vexed; he, like a true gamester, took every bet I offered, and won all before him, without my getting more than six points in eight or ten games. I asked him to play a single game for one hundred pistoles; but as he saw I did not stake, he told me it was late; that he must go and look after his horses; and went away, still asking my pardon for his great freedom. The cool manner of his refusal, and the

politeness with which he took his leave, provoked me to such a degree, that I almost could have killed him. I was so confounded at losing my money so fast, even to the last pistole, that I did not immediately consider the miserable situation to which I was reduced.

"I durst not go up to my chamber for fear of Brinon. By good luck, however, he was tired with waiting for me, and had gone to bed. This was some consolation, though but of short continuance. As soon as I was laid down, all the fatal consequences of my adventure presented themselves to my imagination. I could not sleep. I saw all the horrors of my misfortune, without being able to find any remedy; in vain did I rack my brain; it supplied me with no expedient. I feared nothing so much as daybreak: however, it did come, and the cruel Brinon along with it. He was booted up to the middle, and cracking a cursed whip, which he held in his hand: 'Up, Monsieur le Chevalier,' cried he, opening the curtains, 'the horses are at the door, and you are still asleep. We ought by this time to have rid two stages; give me money to pay the reckoning.' 'Brinon,' said I, in a dejected tone, 'draw the curtains.' 'What!' cried he, 'draw the curtains! Do you intend then to make your campaign at Lyons? You seem to have taken a liking to the place. And for the great merchant, you have stripped him, I suppose. No, no, Monsieur le Chevalier, this money will never do you any good. This wretch has, perhaps, a family; and it is his children's bread that he has been playing with, and that you have won. Was this an object to sit up all night for? What would my lady say, if she knew what a life you lead?' 'Mr. Brinon,' said I, 'pray draw the curtains.' But instead of obeying me, one would have thought that the devil had prompted him to use the most pointed and galling terms to a person under such misfortunes. 'And how much have you

won?' said he: 'five hundred pistoles? what must the poor man do? Recollect, Monsieur le Chevalier, what I have said: this money will never thrive with you. It is, perhaps, but four hundred? three? two? Well, if it be but one hundred louis d'ors,' continued he, seeing that I shook my head at every sum which he had named, 'there is no great mischief done; one hundred pistoles will not ruin him, provided you have won them fairly.' 'Friend Brinon,' said I, fetching a deep sigh, 'draw the curtains; I am unworthy to see daylight.' Brinon was much affected at these melancholy words: but I thought he would have fainted, when I told him the whole adventure. He tore his hair, made grievous lamentations, the burden of which still was, 'What will my lady say?' And, after having exhausted his unprofitable complaints, 'What will become of you now, Monsieur le Chevalier?' said he, 'what do you intend to do?' 'Nothing,' said I, 'for I am fit for nothing.' After this, being somewhat eased after making him my confession, I thought upon several projects, to none of which could I gain his approbation. I would have had him post after my equipage, to have sold some of my clothes. I was for proposing to the horse-dealer, to buy some horses of him at a high price on credit, to sell again cheap. Brinon laughed at all these schemes, and after having had the cruelty of keeping me upon the rack for a long time, he at last extricated me. Parents are always stingy towards their poor children; my mother intended to have given me five hundred louis d'ors, but she had kept back fifty, as well for some little repairs in the abbey, as to pay for praying for me. Brinon had the charge of the other fifty, with strict injunctions not to speak of them, unless upon some urgent necessity. —And this, you see, soon happened."

"Thus you have a brief account of my first adventure. Play has hitherto favoured me; for, since my arrival, I have had, at one time, after paying all my expenses, fifteen hundred louis d'ors. Fortune is now again become unfavourable: we must mend her. Our cash runs low; we must, therefore, endeavour to recruit."

"Nothing is more easy," said Matta; "it is only to find out such another dupe as the horse-dealer at Lyons; but now I think on it, has not the faithful Brinon some reserve for the last extremity? Faith, the time is now come, and we cannot do better than to make use of it."

"Your raillery would be very seasonable," said the Chevalier, "if you knew how to extricate us out of this difficulty. You must certainly have an overflow of wit, to be throwing it away upon every occasion as at present. What the devil! will you always be bantering, without considering what a serious situation we are reduced to? Mind what I say, I will go to-morrow to the head-quarters, I will dine with the Count de Cameran, and I will invite him to supper." "Where?" said Matta. "Here," said the Chevalier. "You are mad, my poor friend," replied Matta. "This is some such project as you formed at Lyons: you know we have neither money nor credit; and, to re-establish our circumstances, you intend to give a supper."

"Stupid fellow!" said the Chevalier, "is it possible that, so long as we have been acquainted, you should have learned no more invention? The Count de Cameran plays at quinze, and so do I; we want money; he has more than he knows what to do with; I will bespeak a splendid supper, he shall pay for it. Send your maître d'hôtel to me, and trouble yourself no farther, except in some precautions, which it is necessary to take on such an occasion." "What are they?

said Matta. "I will tell you," said the Chevalier; "for I find one must explain to you things that are as clear as noon-day.

"You command the guards that are here, don't you? As soon as night comes on, you shall order fifteen or twenty men under the command of your serjeant La Place, to be under arms, and to lay themselves flat on the ground, between this place and the head-quarters." "What the devil!" cried Matta, "an ambuscade? God forgive me, I believe you intend to rob the poor Savoyard. If that be your intention, I declare I will have nothing to say to it." "Poor devil!" said the Chevalier, "the matter is this; it is very likely that we shall win his money. The Piedmontese, though otherwise good fellows, are apt to be suspicious and distrustful. He commands the horse; you know you cannot hold your tongue, and are very likely to let slip some jest or other that may vex him. Should he take it into his head that he is cheated, and resent it, who knows what the consequences might be; for he is commonly attended by eight or ten horsemen. Therefore, however he may be provoked at his loss, it is proper to be in such a situation as not to dread his resentment."

"Embrace me, my dear Chevalier," said Matta, holding his sides and laughing, "embrace me, for thou art not to be matched. What a fool was I to think, when you talked to me of taking precautions, that nothing more was necessary than to prepare a table and cards, or perhaps to provide some false dice! I should never have thought of supporting a man who plays at quinze by a detachment of foot: I must, indeed, confess that you are already a great soldier."

The next day every thing happened as the Chevalier Grammont had planned it; the unfortunate Cameran fell into the snare. They supped in the most agreeable manner possible: Matta drank five or six bumpers to drown a few

scruples, which made him somewhat uneasy. The Chevalier de Grammont shone as usual, and almost made his guest die with laughing, whom he was soon after to make very serious; and the good-natured Cameran eat like a man whose affections were divided between good cheer and a love of play; that is to say, he hurried down his victuals, that he might not lose any of the precious time which he had devoted to quinze.

Supper being done, the serjeant La Place posted his ambuscade, and the Chevalier de Grammont engaged his man. The perfidy of Cerise, and the high-crowned hat, were still fresh in remembrance, and enabled him to get the better of a few grains of remorse, and conquer some scruples which arose in his mind. Matta, unwilling to be a spectator of violated hospitality, sat down in an easy chair, in order to fall asleep, while the Chevalier was stripping the poor Count of his money.

They only staked three or four pistoles at first, just for amusement; but Cameran having lost three or four times, he staked high, and the game became serious. He still lost, and became outrageous; the cards flew about the room, and the exclamations awoke Matta.

As his head was heavy with sleep, and hot with wine, he began to laugh at the passion of the Piedmontese, instead of consoling him. "Faith, my poor Count," said he, "if I was in your place, I would play no more." "Why so?" said the other. "I don't know," said he, "but my heart tells me that your ill-luck will continue." "I will try that," said Cameran, calling for fresh cards. "Do so," said Matta, and fell asleep again: it was but for a short time. All cards were equally unfortunate for the loser. He held none but tens or court cards; and if by chance he had quinze, he was sure to be the younger hand, and therefore lost it.

Again he stormed. "Did not I tell you so?" said Matta, starting out of his sleep: "all your storming is in vain; as long as you play you will lose. Believe me, the shortest follies are the best. Leave off, for the devil take me, if it is possible for you to win." "Why?" said Cameran, who began to be impatient. "Do you wish to know?" said Matta; "why, faith, it is, because we are cheating you."

The Chevalier de Grammont, provoked at so ill-timed a jest, more especially as it carried along with it some appearance of truth; "Mr. Matta," said he, "do you think it can be very agreeable for a man, who plays with such ill-luck as the Count, to be pestered with your insipid jests? For my part, I am so weary of the game, that I would desist immediately, if he was not so great a loser." Nothing is more dreaded by a losing gamester, than such a threat; and the Count, in a softened tone, told the Chevalier, that Mr. Matta might say what he pleased, if he did not offend him; that, as to himself, it did not give him the smallest uneasiness.

The Chevalier de Grammont gave the Count far better treatment than he himself had experienced from the Swiss at Lyons; for he played upon credit as long as he pleased; which Cameran took so kindly, that he lost fifteen hundred pistoles, and paid them the next morning. As for Matta, he was severely reprimanded for the intemperance of his tongue. All the reason he gave for his conduct was, that he made it a point of conscience, not to suffer the poor Savoyard to be cheated, without informing him of it; "Besides," said he, "it would have given me pleasure to have seen my infantry engaged with his horse, if he had been inclined to mischief."

This adventure having recruited their finances, fortune

favoured them the remainder of the campaign, and the Chevalier de Grammont, to prove that he had only seized upon the Count's effects by way of reprisal, and to indemnify himself for the losses he had sustained at Lyons, began from this time to make the same use of his money, that he has been known to do since upon all occasions. He found out the distressed, in order to relieve them; officers, who had lost their equipage in the war, or their money at play; soldiers, who were disabled in the trenches; in short, every one felt the influence of his benevolence: but his manner of conferring a favour exceeded even the favour itself.

Every man, possessed of such amiable qualities, must meet with success in all his undertakings. The soldiers knew his person, and adored him. The generals were sure to meet him in every scene of action, and sought his company at other times. As soon as fortune declared for him, his first care was to make restitution, by desiring Cameran to go his halves in all parties where the odds were in his favour.

An inexhaustible fund of vivacity and good-humour gave a certain air of novelty to whatever he either said or did. I know not on what occasion it was that Monsieur de Turenne, towards the end of the siege, commanded a separate body. The Chevalier de Grammont went to visit him at his new quarters, where he found fifteen or twenty officers. M. de Turenne was naturally fond of merriment, and the Chevalier's presence was sure to inspire it. He was much pleased with this visit, and by way of acknowledgment, would have engaged him to play. The Chevalier de Grammont, in returning him thanks, said, that he had learned from his tutor, that when a man went to see his friends, it was neither prudent to leave his own money behind him, nor civil to carry off theirs. "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "you will

find neither deep play, nor much money among us; but, that it may not be said that we suffered you to depart without playing, let us stake every one a horse."

The Chevalier de Grammont agreed. Fortune, who had followed him to a place where he did not think he should have any need of her, made him win fifteen or sixteen horses, by way of joke; but, seeing some countenances disconcerted at the loss, "Gentlemen," said he, "I should be sorry to see you return on foot from your general's quarters; it will be enough for me if you send me your horses to-morrow, except one, which I give for the cards.'

The valet-de-chambre thought he was bantering. "I speak seriously," said the Chevalier, "I give you a horse for the cards; and what is more, take whichever you please, except my own." "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "I am vastly pleased with the novelty of the thing; for I don't believe that a horse was ever before given for the cards."

Trino surrendered at last. The Baron de Batteville, [3] who had defended it valiantly, and for a long time, obtained a capitulation worthy of such a resistance. I do not know whether the Chevalier de Grammont had any share in the capture of this place; but I know very well, that during a more glorious reign, and with armies ever victorious, his intrepidity and address have been the cause of taking others since, even under the eye of his master, as we shall see in the sequel of these memoirs.

CHAPTER IV.

Military glory is at most but one half of the accomplishments which distinguish heroes. Love must give the finishing stroke, and adorn their character by the difficulties they encounter, the temerity of their enterprises, and finally, by the lustre of success. We have examples of this, not only in romances, but also in the genuine histories of the most famous warriors, and the most celebrated conquerors.

The Chevalier de Grammont and Matta, who did not think much of these examples, were, however, of opinion, that it would be very agreeable to refresh themselves after the fatigues of the siege of Trino, by forming some other sieges, at the expense of the beauties and the husbands of Turin. As the campaign had finished early, they thought they should have time to perform some exploits before the bad weather obliged them to repass the mountains.

They sallied forth, therefore, not unlike Amadis de Gaul, or Don Galaor, after they had been dubbed knights, eager in their search after adventures in love, war, and enchantments. They were greatly superior to those two brothers, who only knew how to cleave in twain giants, to break lances, and carry off fair damsels behind them on horseback, without saying a single word to them; whereas our heroes were adepts at cards and dice, of which the others were totally ignorant.

They went to Turin, met with an agreeable reception, and were greatly distinguished at court. Could it be otherwise? They were young and handsome; they had wit at command,

and spent their money liberally. In what country will not a man succeed, possessing such advantages? As Turin was at that time the seat of gallantry and of love, two strangers of this description, who were always cheerful, brisk, and lively, could not fail to please the ladies of the court.

Though the men of Turin were extremely handsome, they were not, however, possessed of the art of pleasing. They treated their wives with respect, and were courteous to strangers. Their wives, still more handsome, were full as courteous to strangers, and less respectful to their husbands.

Madame Royale,[14] a worthy daughter of Henry IV., rendered her little court the most agreeable in the world. She inherited such of her father's virtues, as compose the proper ornament of her sex; and with regard to what are termed the foibles of great souls, her highness had in no wise degenerated.

The Count de Tanes was her prime minister. It was not difficult to conduct affairs of state during his administration. No complaints were alleged against him; and the princess, satisfied with his conduct herself, was, above all, glad to have her choice approved by her whole court, where people lived nearly according to the manners and customs of ancient chivalry.

The ladies had each a professed lover, for fashion's sake, besides volunteers, whose numbers were unlimited. The declared admirers wore their mistresses' liveries, their arms, and sometimes even took their names. Their office was, never to quit them in public, and never to approach them in private; to be their squires upon all occasions, and, in justs and tournaments, to adorn their lances, their housings, and their coats, with the cyphers and the colours of their dulcineas.

Matta was far from being averse to gallantry; but would have liked it more simple than as it was practised at Turin. The ordinary forms would not have disgusted him; but he found here a sort of superstition in the ceremonies and worship of love, which he thought very inconsistent: however, as he had submitted his conduct in that matter to the direction of the Chevalier de Grammont, he was obliged to follow his example, and to conform to the customs of the country.

They enlisted themselves at the same time in the service of two beauties, whose former squires gave them up immediately from motives of politeness. The Chevalier de Grammont chose Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, and told Matta to offer his services to Madame de Senantes. Matta consented, though he liked the other better; but the Chevalier de Grammont persuaded him, that Madame de Senantes was more suitable for him. As he had reaped advantage from the Chevalier's talents in the first projects they had formed, he resolved to follow his instructions in love, as he had done his advice in play.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain was in the bloom of youth; her eyes were small, but very bright and sparkling, and like her hair were black; her complexion was lively and clear, though not fair: she had an agreeable mouth, two fine rows of teeth, a neck as handsome as one could wish, and a most delightful shape; she had a particular elegance in her elbows, which, however, she did not shew to advantage; her hands were rather large and not very white; her feet, though not of the smallest, were well shaped; she trusted to Providence, and used no art to set off those graces which she had received from nature; but notwithstanding her negligence in the embellishment of her charms, there was something so lively in her person, that the Chevalier de Grammont was caught at

first sight; her wit and humour corresponded with her other qualities, being quite easy and perfectly charming; she was all mirth, all life, all complaisance and politeness, and all was natural, and always the same without any variation.

The Marchioness de Senantes[15] was esteemed fair, and she might have enjoyed, if she had pleased, the reputation of having red hair, had she not rather chosen to conform to the taste of the age in which she lived, than to follow that of the ancients: she had all the advantages of red hair without any of the inconveniences; a constant attention to her person served as a corrective to the natural defects of her complexion. After all, what does it signify, whether cleanliness be owing to nature or to art? it argues an invidious temper, to be very inquisitive about it. She had a great deal of wit, a good memory, more reading, and a still greater inclination towards tenderness.

She had a husband, whom it would have been criminal even in chastity to spare. He piqued himself upon being a Stoic, and gloried in being slovenly and disgusting in honour of his profession. In this he succeeded to admiration; for he was very fat, so that he perspired almost as much in winter as in summer. Erudition and brutality seemed to be the most conspicuous features of his character, and were displayed in his conversation, sometimes together, sometimes alternately, but always disagreeably: he was not jealous, and yet he was troublesome; he was very well pleased to see attentions paid to his wife, provided more were paid to him.

As soon as our adventurers had declared themselves, the Chevalier de Grammont arrayed himself in green habiliments, and dressed Matta in blue, these being the favourite colours of their new mistresses. They entered immediately upon duty: the Chevalier learned and practised all the ceremonies of this species of gallantry, as if he always had been accus-

tomed to them; but Matta commonly forgot one half, and was not over perfect in practising the other. He never could remember, that his office was to promote the glory, and not the interest, of his mistress.

The Duchess of Savoy gave the very next day an entertainment at La Venerie,[16] where all the ladies were invited. The Chevalier was so agreeable and diverting, that he made his mistress almost die with laughing. Matta, in leading his lady to the coach, squeezed her hand, and at their return from the promenade he begged of her to pity his sufferings. This was proceeding rather too precipitately, and, although Madame de Senantes was not destitute of the natural compassion of her sex, she nevertheless was shocked at the familiarity of this treatment; she thought herself obliged to shew some degree of resentment, and, pulling away her hand, which he had pressed with still greater fervency upon this declaration, she went up to the royal apartments without even looking at her new lover. Matta, never thinking that he had offended her, suffered her to go, and went in search of some company to sup with him: nothing was more easy for a man of his disposition; he soon found what he wanted, sat a long time at table to refresh himself after the fatigues of love, and went to bed completely satisfied that he had performed his part to perfection.

During all this time the Chevalier de Grammont acquitted himself towards Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain with universal applause; and, without remitting his assiduities, he found means to shine, as they went along, in the relation of a thousand entertaining anecdotes, which he introduced in the general conversation. Her Royal Highness heard them with pleasure, and the solitary Senantes likewise attended to them. He perceived this, and quitted his mistress to inquire what she had done with Matta. "I!" said she, "I have done nothing with him; but I don't know what he would have done with me, if

I had been obliging enough to listen to his most humble solicitations." She then told him in what manner his friend had treated her the very second day of their acquaintance.

The Chevalier could not forbear laughing at it: he told her Matta was rather too urceremonious, but yet she would like him better as their intimacy more improved, and for her consolation he assured her, that he would have spoken in the same manner to her Royal Highness herself; however, he would not fail to give him a severe reprimand. He went the next morning into his room for that purpose; but Matta had gone out early in the morning on a shooting party, in which he had been engaged by his supper companions in the preceding evening. At his return he took a brace of partridges and went to his mistress. Being asked whether he wished to see the marquis, he said no; and the Swiss telling him his lady was not at home, he left his partridges, and desired him to present them to his mistress from him.

The marchioness was at her toilet, and was decorating her head with all the grace she could devise to captivate Matta, at the moment he was denied admittance: she knew nothing of the matter; but her husband knew every particular. He had taken it in dudgeon, that the first visit was not paid to him, and as he was resolved that it should not be paid to his wife, the Swiss had received his orders, and had almost been beaten for receiving the present which had been left. The partridges, however, were immediately sent back; and Matta, without examining into the cause, was glad to have them again. He went to court without ever changing his clothes, or in the least considering he ought not to appear there without his lady's colours. He found her becomingly dressed; her eyes appeared to him more than usually sparkling, and her whole person altogether divine. He began from that day to be

much pleased with himself for his complaisance to the Chevalier de Grammont; however, he could not help remarking that she looked but coldly upon him. This appeared to him a very extraordinary return for his services, and, imagining that she was unmindful of her weighty obligations to him, he entered into conversation with her, and severely reprimanded her for having sent back his partridges with so much indifference.

She did not understand what he meant; and highly offended that he did not apologize, after the reprimand which she concluded him to have received, told him, that he certainly had met with ladies of very complying dispositions in his travels, as he seemed to give himself airs that she was by no means accustomed to endure. Matta desired to know, wherein he could be said to have given himself any. "Wherein?" said she: "the second day that you honoured me with your attentions, you treated me as if I had been your humble servant for a thousand years: the first time that I gave you my hand, you squeezed it as violently as you were able. After this commencement of your courtship, I got into my coach, and you mounted your horse; but, instead of riding by the side of the coach, as any reasonable gallant would have done, no sooner did a hare start from her form, than you immediately galloped full speed after her: having regaled yourself, during the promenade, by taking snuff, without ever deigning to bestow a thought on me, the only proof you gave me, on your return, that you recollected me, was by soliciting me to surrender my reputation in terms polite enough, but very explicit. And now you talk to me of having been shooting of partridges, and of some visit or other, which, I suppose, you have been dreaming of, as well as of all the rest."

The Chevalier de Grammont now advanced, to the inter-

ruption of this whimsical dialogue. Matta was rebuked for his forwardness, and his friend took abundant pains to convince him, that his conduct bordered more upon insolence than familiarity. Matta endeavoured to exculpate himself, but succeeded ill. His mistress took compassion upon him, and consented to admit his excuses for the manner, rather than his repentance for the fact, and declared, that it was the intention alone, which could either justify or condemn, in such cases; that it was very easy to pardon those transgressions which arise from excess of tenderness, but not such as proceeded from too great a presumption of success. Matta swore, that he only squeezed her hand from the violence of his passion, and that he had been driven, by necessity, to ask her to relieve it; that he was yet a novice in the arts of solicitation; that he could not possibly think her more worthy of his affection, after a month's service, than at the present moment; and that he entreated her to cast away an occasional thought upon him when her leisure admitted. The marchioness was not offended: she saw very well, that she must not require an implicit conformity to the established rule of decorum, when she had to deal with such a character; and the Chevalier de Grammont, after this sort of reconciliation, went to look after his own affair with Mademoiselle de St. Germain.

His concern was not the offspring of mere good nature, nay it was the reverse; for no sooner did he perceive, that the marchioness looked with an eye of favour upon him, than this conquest, appearing to him more easy than the other, he thought it was prudent to take advantage of it, for fear of losing the opportunity, and that he might not have spent all his time to no purpose, in case he should prove unsuccessful with the little St. Germain.

In the mean time, in order to maintain that authority

which he had usurped over the conduct of his friend, he, that very evening, notwithstanding what had been already said, reprimanded him for presuming to appear at court in his morning suit, and without his mistress's badge ; for not having had the wit or prudence to pay his first visit to the Marquis de Senantes, instead of consuming his time to no purpose, in inquiries for the lady ; and, to conclude, he asked him what the devil he meant by presenting her with a brace of miserable red partridges. "And why not?" said Matta : "ought they to have been blue, too, to match the cockade and sword-knots you made me wear the other day? Plague not me with your nonsensical whimsies: my life on it, in one fortnight your equal in foppery and folly will not be found throughout the confines of Turin ; but, to reply to your questions, I did not call upon Monsieur de Senantes, because I had nothing to do with him, and because he is of a species of animals which I dislike, and always shall dislike : as for you, you appear quite charmed with being decked out in green ribands, with writing letters to your mistress, and filling your pockets with citrons, pistachios, and such sort of stuff, with which you are always cramming the poor girl's mouth, in spite of her teeth : you hope to succeed by chanting ditties, composed in the days of Corisande and of Henry IV. which you will swear yourself have made upon her: happy in practising the ceremonials of gallantry, you have no ambition for the essentials. Very well : every one has a particular way of acting, as well as a particular taste : yours is to trifle in love ; and, provided you can make Mademoiselle de St. Germain laugh, you are satisfied : as for my part, I am persuaded that women here are made of the same materials as in other places ; and I do not think that they can be mightily offended, if one sometimes leaves off trifling, to come to the point : how-

ever, if the Marchioness is not of this way of thinking, she may e'en provide herself elsewhere; for I can assure her, that I shall not long act the part of her squire."

This was an unnecessary menace; for the Marchioness in reality liked him very well, was nearly of the same way of thinking herself, and wished for nothing more than to put his gallantry to the test. But Matta proceeded upon a wrong plan; he had conceived such an aversion for her husband, that he could not prevail upon himself to make the smallest advance towards his good graces. He was given to understand, that he ought to begin by endeavouring to lull the dragon to sleep, before he could gain possession of the treasure; but this was all to no purpose, though, at the same time, he could never see his mistress but in public. This made him impatient, and as he was lamenting his ill-fortune to her one day: "Have the goodness, Madam," said he, "to let me know where you live: there is never a day that I do not call upon you, at least three or four times, without ever being blessed with a sight of you." "I generally sleep at home," replied she, laughing; "but I must tell you, that you will never find me there, if you do not first pay a visit to the Marquis: I am not mistress of the house. I do not tell you," continued she, "that he is a man, whose acquaintance any one would very impatiently covet for his conversation: on the contrary, I agree that his humour is fantastical, and his manners not of the pleasing cast; but there is nothing so savage and inhuman, which a little care, attention, and complaisance, may not tame into docility. I must repeat to you some verses upon the subject: I have got them by heart, because they contain a little advice, which you may accommodate, if you please, to your own case."

RONDEAU.

Keep in mind these maxims rare,
You who hope to win the fair;
Who are, or would esteemed be,
The quintessence of gallantry,

That fopp'ry, grinning, and grimace
And fertile store of common-place;
That oaths as false as dicers swear,
And iv'ry teeth, and scented hair;
That trinkets, and the pride of dress,
Can only give your scheme success.
Keep in mind.

Has thy charmer e'er an aunt?
Then learn the rules of woman's cant,
And forge a tale, and swear you read it,
Such as, save woman, none would credit:
Win o'er her confidante and pages,
By gold, for this a golden age is;
And should it be her wayward fate,
To be incumbered with a mate,
A dull, old dotard should he be,
That dulness claims thy courtesy.
Keep in mind.

"Truly," said Matta, "the song may say what it pleases, but I cannot put it in practice: your husband is far too exquisite a monster for me. Why what a plaguy odd ceremony do you require of us in this country if we cannot pay our compliments to the wife without being in love with the husband?"

The Marchioness was much offended at this answer; and as she thought she had done enough in pointing out to him the path which would conduct him to success, if he had deserved it, she did not think it worth while to enter into any farther explanation; since he refused to cede, for her sake, so trifling an objection: from this instant she resolved to have done with him.

The Chevalier de Grammont had taken leave of his mistress nearly at the same time: the ardour of his pursuit was extinguished. It was not that Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain was less worthy than hitherto of his attentions: on the contrary, her attractions visibly increased: she retired to her pillow with a thousand charms, and ever rose from it with additional beauty; the phrase of increasing in beauty as she increased in years, seemed to have been purposely made for her. The Chevalier could not deny these truths, but yet he could not find his account in them: a little less merit, with a little less discretion, would have been more agreeable. He perceived that she attended to him with pleasure, that she was diverted with his stories as much as he could wish, and that she received his billets and presents without scruple; but then he also discovered that she did not wish to proceed any farther. He had exhausted every species of address upon her, and all to no purpose: her attendant was gained; her family, charmed with the music of his conversation and his great attention, were never happy without him: in short, he had reduced to practice the advice contained in the Marchioness's song, and every thing conspired to deliver the little Saint-Germain into his hands, if the little Saint-Germain had herself been willing: but alas! she was not inclined. It was in vain he told her the favour he desired would cost her nothing; and that since these treasures were rarely comprised in the fortune a lady brings with her in marriage, she would never find any person, who, by unremitting tenderness, unwearied attachment, and inviolable secrecy, would prove more worthy of them than himself. He then told her, no husband was ever able to convey a proper idea of the sweets of love, and that nothing could be more different than the passionate fondness of a lover, always tender, always affectionate, yet always respectful, and the careless indifference of a husband.

Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, not wishing to take the matter in a serious light, that she might not be forced to resent it, answered, that since it was generally the custom in her country to marry, she thought it was right to conform to it, without entering into the knowledge of those distinctions, and those marvellous particulars which she did not very well understand, and of which she did not wish to have any further explanation; that she had submitted to listen to him this one time, but desired he would never speak to her again in the same strain, since such sort of conversation was neither entertaining to her, nor could be serviceable to him. Though no one was ever more facetious than Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain, she yet knew how to assume a very serious air, whenever occasion required it. The Chevalier de Grammont soon saw that she was in earnest; and finding it would cost him a great deal of time to effect a change in her sentiments, he was so far cooled in this pursuit, that he only made use of it to hide the designs he had upon the Marchioness de Senantes.

He found this lady much disgusted at Matta's want of complaisance; and his seeming contempt for her erased every favourable impression which she had once entertained for him. While she was in this humour, the Chevalier told her, that her resentment was just; he exaggerated the loss which his friend had sustained; he told her that her charms were a thousand times superior to those of the little Saint-Germain, and requested that favour for himself which his friend did not deserve. He was soon favourably heard upon this topic, and as soon as they were agreed, they consulted upon two measures necessary to be taken, the one to deceive her husband, the other his friend, which was not very difficult: Matta was not at all suspicious; and the stupid Senantes, towards whom the Chevalier had already behaved as Matta had refused to do, could not be easy without him. This was much more than

was wanted; for as soon as ever the Chevalier was with the Marchioness, her husband immediately joined them out of politeness; and on no account would have left them alone together, for fear they should grow weary of each other without him.

Matta, who all this time was entirely ignorant that he was disgraced, continued to serve his mistress in his own way. She had agreed with the Chevalier de Grammont, that to all appearance every thing should be carried on as before; so that the court always believed that the Marchioness only thought of Matta and that the Chevalier was entirely devoted to Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain.

There were very frequently little lotteries for trinkets; the Chevalier de Grammont always tried his fortune, and was sometimes fortunate; and under pretence of the prizes he had won, he bought a thousand things which he indiscreetly gave to the Marchioness, and which she still more indiscreetly accepted: the little Saint-Germain very seldom received any thing. There are meddling whisperers everywhere; remarks were made upon these proceedings, and the same person that made them communicated them likewise to Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain. She pretended to laugh, but in reality was piqued. It is a maxim religiously observed by the fair sex, to envy each other those indulgences which themselves refuse. She took this very ill of the Marchioness. On the other hand, Matta was asked, if he was not old enough to make his own presents himself to the Marchioness de Senantes, without sending them by the Chevalier de Grammont. This roused him; for, of himself, he would never have perceived it: his suspicions, however, were but slight, and he was willing to have them removed. "I must confess," said he to the Chevalier de Grammont, "that they make love here quite in a new style: a man serves here without reward; he addresses

himself to the husband when he is in love with the wife, and makes presents to another man's mistress, to get into the good graces of his own. The Marchioness is much obliged to you for"——"It is you who are obliged," replied the Chevalier, "since this was done on your account: I was ashamed to find you had never yet thought of presenting her with any trifling token of your attention. Do you know that the people of this court have such extraordinary notions, as to think that it is rather owing to inadvertency that you never yet have had the spirit to make your mistress the smallest present? For shame! how ridiculous it is, that you can never think for yourself!"

Matta took this rebuke, without making any answer, being persuaded that he had in some measure deserved it; besides, he was neither sufficiently jealous, nor sufficiently amorous, to think any more of it; however, as it was necessary for the Chevalier's affairs, that Matta should be acquainted with the Marquis de Senantes, he plagued him so much about it, that at last he complied. His friend introduced him, and his mistress seemed pleased with this proof of complaisance, though she was resolved that he should gain nothing by it; and the husband, being gratified with a piece of civility which he had long expected, determined, that very evening, to give them a supper at a little country seat of his, on the banks of the river, very near the city.

The Chevalier de Grammont answering for them both, accepted the offer; and as this was the only one Matta would not have refused from the Marquis, he likewise consented. The Marquis came to convey them in his carriage at the hour appointed; but he found only Matta. The Chevalier had engaged himself to play, on purpose that they might go without him; Matta was for waiting for him, so great was his fear of being left alone with the Marquis; but the Chevalier

having sent to desire them to go on before, and that he would be with them as soon as he had finished his game, poor Matta was obliged to set out with the man, who, of all the world, was most offensive to him. It was not the Chevalier's intention quickly to extricate Matta out of this embarrassment; he no sooner knew that they were gone, than he waited on the Marchioness, under pretence of still finding her husband, that they might all go together to supper.

The plot was in a fair way; and as the Marchioness was of opinion that Matta's indifference merited no better treatment from her, she made no scruple of acting her part in it: she therefore waited for the Chevalier de Grammont with intentions so much the more favourable, as she had for a long time expected him, and had some curiosity to receive a visit from him in the absence of her husband. We may therefore suppose that this first opportunity would not have been lost, if Mademoiselle de Saint-Germain had not unexpectedly come in, almost at the same time with the Chevalier.

She was more handsome and more entertaining that day than she had ever been before; however, she appeared to them very ugly, and very tiresome: she soon perceived that her company was disagreeable, and being determined that they should not be out of humour with her for nothing, after having passed above a long half-hour in diverting herself with their uneasiness, and in playing a thousand monkey tricks, which she plainly saw could never be more unseasonable, she pulled off her hood, scarf, and all that part of her dress which ladies lay aside, when in a familiar manner they intend to pass the day anywhere. The Chevalier de Grammont cursed her in his heart, while she continued to torment him for being in such ill-humour in such good company. At last the Marchioness, who was as much vexed as he was, said, rather drily, that she was obliged to wait on her Royal Highness: Made-

moiselle de Saint-Germain told her, that she would have the honour to accompany her, if it would not be disagreeable. She took not the smallest notice of her offer; and the Chevalier finding that it would be entirely useless to prolong his visit at that time, retired with a good grace.

As soon as he had left the house, he sent one of his scouts to desire the Marquis to sit down to table with his company, without waiting for him, because the game might not perhaps be finished so soon as he expected, but that he would be with him before supper was over. Having despatched this messenger, he placed a sentinel at the Marchioness's door, in hopes that the tedious Saint-Germain might go out before her; but this was in vain, for his spy came and told him, after an hour's impatience and suspense, that they were gone out together. He found there was no chance of seeing her again that day; every thing falling out contrary to his wishes: he was forced therefore to leave the Marchioness, and go in quest of the Marquis.

While these things were going on in the city, Matta was not much diverted in the country: as he was prejudiced against the Marquis, all that he said displeased him. He cursed the Chevalier heartily for the *tête-à-tête* which he had procured him; and he was upon the point of going away, when he found that he was to sit down to supper without any other company.

However, as his host was very choice in his entertainments, and had the best wine and the best cook in all Piedmont, the sight of the first course appeased him; and eating most voraciously, without paying any attention to the Marquis, he flattered himself that the supper would end without any dispute; but he was mistaken.

When the Chevalier de Grammont was at first endeavouring to bring about an intercourse between the Marquis and

Matta, he had given a very advantageous character of the latter, to make the former more desirous of his acquaintance; and in the display of a thousand other accomplishments, knowing what an infatuation the Marquis had for the very name of erudition, he assured him that Matta was one of the most learned men in Europe.

The Marquis, therefore, from the moment they sat down to supper, had expected some stroke of learning from Matta, to bring his own into play; but he was much out in his reckoning. No one had read less, no one thought less, and no one had ever spoken so little at an entertainment as he had done: as he did not wish to enter into conversation, he opened his mouth only to eat, or ask for wine.

The other, being offended at a silence which appeared to him affected, and wearied with having uselessly attacked him upon other subjects, thought he might get something out of him by changing the discourse to love and gallantry; and therefore, to begin the subject, he accosted him in this manner:—

"Since you are my wife's gallant"—"I!" said Matta, who wished to carry it discreetly: "those who told you so, told a damned lie." "Zounds, Sir," said the Marquis, "you speak in a tone which does not at all become you; for I would have you to know, notwithstanding your contemptuous airs, that the Marchioness de Senantes is perhaps as worthy of your attentions as any of your French ladies, and that I have known some, greatly your superiors, who have thought it an honour to serve her." "Very well," said Matta; "I think she is very deserving, and since you insist upon it, I am her servant and gallant, to oblige you."

"You think, perhaps," continued the other, "that the same custom prevails in this country as in your own, and that the ladies have lovers, with no other intentions than to grant

them favours: undeceive yourself, if you please, and know likewise, that even if such events were frequent in this court, I should not be at all uneasy." "Nothing can be more civil," said Matta, "but wherefore would you not?" "I will tell you why," replied he: "I am well acquainted with the affection my wife entertains for me; I am acquainted with her discretion towards all the world; and what is more, I am acquainted with my own merit."

"You have a most uncommon acquaintance then," replied Matta; "I congratulate you upon it; I have the honour to drink it in a bumper." The Marquis pledged him; but seeing that the conversation dropped on their ceasing to drink, after two or three healths, he wished to make a second attempt, and attacked Matta on his strong side, that is to say, on his learning.

He desired him, therefore, to tell him, at what time he thought the Allobroges came to settle in Piedmont. Matta, who wished him and his Allobroges at the devil, said, "that it must be in the time of the civil wars." "I doubt that," said the other. "Just as you like," said Matta. "Under what consulate?" replied the Marquis. "Under that of the League," said Matta, "when the Guises brought the Lansquenets into France; but what the devil does that signify?"

The Marquis was tolerably warm, and naturally savage, so that God knows how the conversation would have ended, if the Chevalier de Grammont had not unexpectedly come in to appease them. It was some time before he could find out what their debate was; for the one had forgotten the questions, and the other the answers, which had disobliged him, in order to reproach the Chevalier with his eternal passion for play, which made him always uncertain. The Chevalier, who knew that he was still more culpable than they thought, bore it all with patience, and condemned himself more than they desired.

This appeased them; and the entertainment ended with greater tranquillity than it had begun. The conversation was again reduced to order; but he could not enliven it as he usually did. He was in very ill humour, and as he pressed them every minute to rise from table, the Marquis was of opinion that he had lost a great deal. Matta said, on the contrary, that he had won; but for want of precautions had made perhaps an unfortunate retreat; and asked him if he had not stood in need of Sergeant La Place, with his ambuscade.

This piece of history was beyond the comprehension of the Marquis, and being afraid that Matta might explain it, the Chevalier changed the discourse, and was for rising from table; but Matta would not consent to it. This effected a reconciliation between him and the Marquis, who thought this was a piece of civility intended for him; however, it was not for him, but for his wine, to which Matta had taken a prodigious liking.

The Duchess, who knew the character of the Marquis, was charmed with the account which the Chevalier de Grammont gave her of the entertainment and conversation; she sent for Matta to know the truth of it from himself; he confessed, that before the Allobroges were mentioned the Marquis was for quarrelling with him, because he was not in love with his wife.

Their acquaintance having begun in this manner, all the esteem which the Marquis had formerly expressed for the Chevalier seemed now directed towards Matta. He went every day to pay Matta a visit, and Matta was every day with his wife. This did not at all suit the Chevalier. He repented of his having chid Matta, whose assiduity now interrupted all his schemes; and the Marchioness was still more embarrassed. Whatever wit a man may have, it will never

please where his company is disliked; and she repented that she had been formerly guilty of some trifling advances towards him.

Matta began to find charms in her person, and might have found the same in her conversation, if she had been inclined to display them; but it is impossible to be in good humour with persons who thwart our designs. While his passion increased, the Chevalier de Grammont was solely occupied in endeavouring to find out some method, by which he might accomplish his intrigue; and this was the stratagem which he put in execution, to clear the coast, by removing at one and the same time both the lover and the husband.

He told Matta, that they ought to invite the Marquis to supper at their lodgings, and he would take upon himself to provide every thing proper for the occasion. Matta desired to know if it was to play at quinze, and assured him that he should take care to render abortive any intention he might have to engage in play, and leave him alone with the greatest blockhead in all Europe. The Chevalier de Grammont did not entertain any such thought, being persuaded that it would be impossible to take advantage of any such opportunity, in whatever manner he might take his measures, and that they would seek for him in every corner of the city rather than allow him the least repose: his whole attention was therefore employed in rendering the entertainment agreeable, in finding out means of prolonging it, in order ultimately to kindle some dispute between the Marquis and Matta. For this purpose he put himself in the best humour in the world, and the wine produced the same effect on the rest of the company.

The Chevalier de Grammont expressed his concern, that he had not been able to give the Marquis a little concert, as he had intended in the morning; for the musicians had been

all pre-engaged. Upon this the Marquis undertook to have them at his country-house the following evening, and invited the same company to sup with him there. Matta asked what the devil they wanted with music, and maintained, that it was of no use on such occasions but for women, who had something to say to their lovers, while the fiddles prevented them from being overheard; or for fools, who had nothing to say when the music ended. They ridiculed all his arguments: the party was fixed for the next day, and the music was voted by the majority of voices. The Marquis, to console Matta, as well as to do honour to the entertainment, toasted a great many healths: Matta was more ready to listen to his arguments on this topic than in a dispute; but the Chevalier, perceiving that a little would irritate them, desired nothing more earnestly than to see them engaged in some new controversy. It was in vain that he had from time to time started some subject of discourse with this intention; but having luckily thought of asking what was his lady's maiden name, Senantes, who was a great genealogist, as all fools are who have good memories, immediately began by tracing out her family, by an endless confused string of lineage. The Chevalier seemed to listen to him with great attention; and perceiving that Matta was almost out of patience, he desired him to attend to what the Marquis was saying, for that nothing could be more entertaining. "All this may be very true," said Matta; "but for my part, I must confess, if I were married, I should rather choose to inform myself who was the real father of my children, than who were my wife's grandfathers." The Marquis, smiling at this rudeness, did not leave off until he had traced back the ancestors of his spouse, from line to line, as far as Yolande de Senantes; after this, he offered to prove, in less than half an hour, that the Grammonts came originally from Spain. "Very well,"

said Matta, "and pray what does it signify to us from whence the Grammonts are descended? Do not you know, Sir, that it is better to know nothing at all than to know too much?"

The Marquis maintained the contrary with great warmth, and was preparing a formal argument to prove that an ignorant man is a fool; but the Chevalier de Grammont, who was thoroughly acquainted with Matta, saw very clearly that he would send the logician to the devil before he should arrive at the conclusion of his syllogism: for which reason, interposing as soon as they began to raise their voices, he told them, it was ridiculous to quarrel about an affair in itself so trivial, and treated the matter in a serious light, that it might make the greater impression. Thus supper terminated peaceably, owing to the care he took to suppress all disputes, and to substitute plenty of wine in their stead.

The next day Matta went to the chase, the Chevalier de Grammont to the bagnio, and the Marquis to his country-house. While the latter was making the necessary preparations for his guests, not forgetting the music, and Matta pursuing his game to get an appetite, the Chevalier was meditating on the execution of his project.

As soon as he had regulated his plan of operations in his own mind, he privately sent anonymous intelligence to the officer of the guard at the palace, that the Marquis de Senantes had had some words with Monsieur de Matta the preceding night at supper; that the one had gone out in the morning, and that the other could not be found in the city.

Madame Royale, alarmed at this advice, immediately sent for the Chevalier de Grammont: he appeared surprised when her Highness mentioned the affair: he confessed, indeed, that some high words had passed between them, but that he did not believe either of them would have remembered them the next day. He said, that if no mischief had yet taken place,

the best way would be to secure them both until the morning, and that if they could be found, he would undertake to reconcile them, and to obliterate all grievances: in this there was no great difficulty. On inquiry at the Marquis's, they were informed that he was gone to his country-house: there certainly he was, and there they found him; the officer put him under an arrest, without assigning any reason for so doing, and left him in very great surprise.

Immediately upon Matta's return from hunting, her Royal Highness sent the same officer to desire him to give her his word that he would not stir out that evening. This compliment very much surprised him, more particularly as no reason was assigned for it. He was expected at a good entertainment, he was dying with hunger, and nothing appeared to him more unreasonable than to oblige him to stay at home, in a situation like the present; but he had given his word, and not knowing to what this might tend, his only resource was to send for his friend; but his friend did not come to him until his return from the country. He had there found the Marquis in the midst of his fiddlers, and very much vexed to find himself a prisoner in his own house on account of Matta, whom he was waiting for in order to feast him. He complained of him bitterly to the Chevalier de Grammont: he said that he did not believe that he had offended him; but that, since he was very desirous of a quarrel, he desired the Chevalier to acquaint him, if he felt the least displeasure on the present occasion, he should, on the very first opportunity, receive what is called satisfaction. The Chevalier de Grammont assured him, that no such thought had ever entered the mind of Matta; that, on the contrary, he knew that he very greatly esteemed him; that all this could alone arise from the extreme tenderness of his lady, who being alarmed upon the report of the servants

who waited at table, must have gone to her Royal Highness, in order to prevent any unpleasant consequences; that he thought this the more probable, as he had often told the Marchioness, when speaking of Matta, that he was the best swordsman in France; for in truth, the poor gentleman had never fought without having the misfortune of killing his man.

The Marquis, being a little pacified, said, he was very much obliged to him; that he would severely chide his wife for her unseasonable tenderness, and that he was extremely desirous of again enjoying the pleasure of his dear friend Matta's company.

The Chevalier de Grammont assured him that he would use all his endeavours for that purpose, and at the same time gave strict charge to his guard not to let him escape without orders from the court, as he seemed fully bent upon fighting, and they would be responsible for him: there was no occasion to say more to have him strictly watched, though there was no necessity for it.

One being thus safely lodged, his next step was to secure the other. He returned immediately to town; and as soon as Matta saw him: "What the devil," said he, "is the meaning of this farce which I am obliged to act? For my part, I cannot understand the foolish customs of this country: how comes it that they make me a prisoner upon my parole?" "How comes it?" said the Chevalier de Grammont; "it is because you yourself are far more unaccountable than all their customs: you cannot help disputing with a peevish fellow, whom you ought only to laugh at: some officious footman has no doubt been talking of your last night's dispute: you were seen to go out of town in the morning, and the Marquis soon after: was not this sufficient to make her Royal Highness think herself obliged to take

these precautions? The Marquis is in custody; they have only required your parole; so far, therefore, from taking the affair in the sense you do, I should send very humbly to thank her Highness for the kindness she has manifested towards you, in putting you under arrest, since it is only on your account that she interests herself in the affair. I shall take a walk to the palace, where I will endeavour to unravel this mystery; in the mean time, as there is but little probability that the matter should be settled this evening, you would do well to order supper; for I shall come back to you immediately."

Matta charged him not to fail to express to her Royal Highness the grateful sense he had of her favour, though in truth he as little feared the Marquis as he loved him; and it is impossible to express the degree of his fortitude in stronger terms.

The Chevalier de Grammont returned in about half an hour, with two or three gentlemen whom Matta had got acquainted with at the chase, and who, upon the report of the quarrel, waited upon him, and each offered him separately his services against the unassisted and pacific Marquis. Matta having returned them his thanks, insisted upon their staying supper, and put on his *robe de chambre.*

As soon as the Chevalier de Grammont perceived that every thing coincided with his wishes, and that towards the end of the entertainment the toasts went merrily round, he knew he was sure of his man till next day. Then taking him aside, with the permission of the company, and making use of a false confidence in order to disguise a real treachery, he acquainted him, after having sworn him several times to secrecy, that he had at last prevailed upon the little Saint-Germain to grant him an interview that night; for which reason he would take his leave, under pretence of going to play at court; he

therefore desired him fully to satisfy the company that he would not have left them on any other account, as the Piedmontese are naturally mistrustful. Matta promised he would manage this point with discretion; that he would make an apology for him, and that there was no occasion for his personally taking leave. Then, after congratulating him upon the happy posture of his affairs, he sent him away with all the expedition and secrecy imaginable; so great was his fear lest his friend should lose the present opportunity.

Matta then returned to the company, much pleased with the confidence which had been placed in him, and with the share he had in the success of this adventure. He put himself into the best humour imaginable in order to divert the attention of his guests; he severely satirized those, whose rage for gaming induced them to sacrifice to it every other consideration; he loudly ridiculed the folly of the Chevalier upon this article, and secretly laughed at the credulity of the Piedmontese, whom he had deceived with so much ingenuity.

It was late at night before the company broke up, and Matta went to bed, very well satisfied with what he had done for his friend; and, if we may credit appearances, this friend enjoyed the fruit of his perfidy. The amorous Marchioness received him like one who wished to enhance the value of the favour she bestowed. Her charms were far from being neglected; and if there are any circumstances in which we may detest the traitor, while we profit by the treason, this was not one of them. And however successful the Chevalier de Grammont was in his intrigues, it was not owing to him that the contrary was not believed; but be that as it may, being convinced, that in love whatever is gained by address, is gained fairly, it does not appear that he ever shewed the smallest degree of repentance for this trick. But it is now time for us to take him from the court of Savoy, to see him shine in that of France.

CHAPTER V.

The Chevalier de Grammont, upon his return to France, sustained, with the greatest success, the reputation he had acquired abroad. Alert at play, active and vigilant in love; sometimes successful, and always feared, in his intrigues; in war alike prepared for the events of good or ill fortune; possessing an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry in the former, and full of expedients and dexterity in the latter.

Zealously attached to the Prince de Condé[17] from inclination, he was a witness, and, if we may be allowed to say it, his companion, in the glory he had acquired at the celebrated battles of Lens, Norlinguen, and Fribourg;[18] and the details he so frequently gave of them were far from diminishing their lustre.

So long as he had only some scruples of conscience, and a thousand interests to sacrifice, he quitted all to follow a man, whom strong motives and resentments, which in some manner appeared excusable, had withdrawn from the paths of rectitude. He adhered to him in his first disgrace, with a constancy of which there are few examples; but he could not submit to the injuries which he afterwards received, and which such an inviolable attachment so little merited. Therefore, without fearing any reproach for a conduct which sufficiently justified itself, as he had formerly deviated from his duty, by entering into the service of the Prince de Condé, he thought he had a right to leave him to return again to his duty.

His peace was soon made at court, where many, far more culpable than himself, were immediately received into favour.

when they desired it; for the Queen,[19] still terrified at the dangers into which the civil wars had plunged the state at the commencement of her regency, endeavoured by lenient measures to conciliate the minds of the people. The policy of the minister[20] was neither sanguinary nor revengeful. His favourite maxim was rather to appease the minds of the discontented by lenity, than to have recourse to violent measures; to be content with losing nothing by the war, without being at the expense of gaining any advantage from the enemy; to suffer his character to be very severely handled, provided he could amass much wealth, and to spin out the minority to the greatest possible extent.

His avidity to heap up riches was not alone confined to the thousand different means, with which he was furnished by his authority, and the situation in which he was placed. His whole pursuit was gain. He was naturally fond of gaming; but he only played to enrich himself, and therefore, whenever he found an opportunity, he cheated.

As he found the Chevalier de Grammont possessed a great deal of wit, and a great deal of money, he was a man according to his wishes, and soon became one of his set. The Chevalier soon perceived the artfulness and dishonesty of the Cardinal, and thought it was allowable in him to put in practice those talents which he had received from nature, not only in his own defence, but even to attack him whenever an opportunity offered. This would certainly be the place to mention these particulars; but who can describe them with such ease and elegance, as may be expected by those who have heard his own relation of them? Vain is the attempt to endeavour to transcribe these entertaining anecdotes, their spirit seems to evaporate upon paper; and in whatever light they are exposed, the delicacy of their colouring, and their beauty are lost.

It is then enough to say, that upon all occasions where address was reciprocally employed, the Chevalier gained the advantage; and that if he paid his court badly to the minister, he had the consolation to find, that those who suffered themselves to be cheated, in the end gained no great advantage from their complaisance; for they always continued in an abject submission, while the Chevalier de Grammont, on a thousand different occasions, never put himself under the least restraint; of which the following is one instance.

The Spanish army, commanded by the Prince de Condé and the Archduke,[21] besieged Arras. The court was advanced as far as Peronne.[22] The enemy, by the capture of this place, would have procured a reputation for their army, of which they were in great need; as the French, for a considerable time past, had evinced a superiority in every engagement.

The Prince supported a tottering party, as far as their usual inactivity and irresolution permitted him; but as in the events of war it is necessary to act independently on some occasions, which, if once suffered to escape, can never be retrieved; for want of this power it frequently happened that his great abilities were of no avail. The Spanish infantry had never recovered itself since the battle of Rocroy;[23] and he who had ruined them by that victory, by fighting against them, was the only man who now, by commanding their army, was capable of repairing the mischief he had done them. But the jealousy of the generals, and the distrust attendant upon their counsels, tied up his hands.

Nevertheless the siege of Arras[24] was vigorously carried on. The Cardinal was very sensible how dishonourable it would be to suffer this place to be taken under his nose, and almost in sight of the King. On the other hand, it was very hazardous to attempt its relief, the Prince de Condé being a man who never neglected the smallest precaution for the security of his

lines; and if lines are attacked, and not forced, the greatest danger threatens the assailants; for the more furious the assault, the greater is the disorder in the retreat; and no man in the world knew so well as the Prince de Condé how to make the best use of an advantage. The army, commanded by Monsieur de Turenne, was considerably weaker than that of the enemy; it was likewise the only resource they had to depend upon. If this army was defeated, the loss of Arras was not the only misfortune to be dreaded.

The Cardinal, whose genius was happily adapted to such junctures where deceitful negotiations could extricate him out of difficulties, was filled with terror at the sight of imminent danger, or of a decisive event. He was of opinion to lay siege to some other place, the capture of which might prove an idemnification for the loss of Arras; but Monsieur de Turenne, who was altogether of a different opinion from the Cardinal, resolved to march towards the enemy, and did not acquaint him with his intentions until he was upon his march. The courier arrived in the midst of his distress, and redoubled his apprehensions and alarms; but there was then no remedy.

The Marshal, whose great reputation had gained him the confidence of the troops, had determined upon his measures before an express order from the court could prevent him. This was one of those occasions, in which the difficulties you encounter heighten the glory of success. Though the general's capacity, in some measure, afforded comfort to the court, they nevertheless were upon the eve of an event, which in one way or other must terminate both their hopes and their fears. While the rest of the courtiers were giving various opinions concerning the issue, the Chevalier de Grammont determined to be an eye-witness of it; a resolution which greatly surprised the court; for those, who had seen as many

actions as he had, seemed to be exempted from such eagerness; but it was in vain that his friends opposed his resolutions.

The King was pleased with his intention; and the Queen appeared no less satisfied. He assured her, that he would bring her good news; and she promised to embrace him, if he was as good as his word. The Cardinal made the same promise. To the latter, however, he did not pay much attention; yet he believed it sincere, because the keeping of it would cost him nothing.

He set out in the dusk of the evening with Caseau, whom Monsieur de Turenne had sent express to their Majesties. The Duke of York[25] and the Marquis d'Humieres[26] commanded under the Marshal. The latter was upon duty when the Chevalier arrived, it being scarce daylight. The Duke of York did not at first recollect him; but the Marquis d'Humieres, running to him with open arms, "I thought," said he, "if any man came from court to pay us a visit upon such an occasion as this, it would be the Chevalier de Grammont. Well," continued he, "what are they doing at Peronne?" "They are in great consternation," replied the Chevalier. "And what do they think of us?" "They think," said he, "that if you beat the Prince, you will do no more than your duty; if you are beaten, they will think you fools and madmen, thus to have risked every thing, without considering the consequences." "Truly," said the Marquis, "you bring us very comfortable news. Will you now go to Monsieur de Turenne's quarters, to acquaint him with it; or will you choose rather to repose yourself in mine? for you have been riding post all last night, and perhaps did not experience much rest in the preceding." "Where have you heard, that the Chevalier de Grammont had ever any occasion for sleep?" replied he; "only order me a horse, that I may have the

honour to attend the Duke of York; for, most likely, he is not in the field so early, except to visit some posts."

The advanced guard was only at cannon-shot from that of the enemy. As soon as they arrived there, "I should like," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "to advance as far as the sentry which is posted on that eminence; I have some friends and acquaintance in their army, whom I should wish to inquire after; I hope the Duke of York will give me permission." At these words he advanced. The sentry, seeing him come forward directly to his post, stood upon his guard; the Chevalier stopped as soon as he was within shot of him. The sentry answered the sign which was made to him, and made another to the officer, who had begun to advance as soon as he had seen the Chevalier come forward, and was soon up with him; but seeing the Chevalier de Grammont alone, he made no difficulty to let him approach. He desired leave of this officer to inquire after some relations he had in their army, and at the same time asked if the Duke d'Arscot was at the siege. "Sir," said he, "there he is, just alighted under those trees, which you see on the left of our grand guard; it is hardly a minute since he was here with the Prince d'Aremberg, his brother, the Baron de Limbec, and Louvigny." "May I see them upon parole?" said the Chevalier. "Sir," said he, "if I were allowed to quit my post, I would do myself the honour of accompanying you thither; but I will send to acquaint them, that the Chevalier de Grammont desires to speak to them." And, after having despatched one of his guard towards them, he returned. "Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "may I take the liberty to inquire how I came to be known to you?" "Is it possible," said the other, "that the Chevalier de Grammont should forget La Motte, who had the honour to serve so long in his regiment?"

"What! is it you, my good friend, La Motte? Truly, I was to blame for not remembering you, though you are in a dress very different from that which I first saw you in at Bruxelles, when you taught the Duchess of Guise to dance the triolets; and I am afraid your affairs are not in so flourishing a condition as they were the campaign after I had given you the company you mention." They were talking in this manner, when the Duke d'Arscot, followed by the gentlemen above mentioned, came up on full gallop. The Chevalier de Grammont was saluted by the whole company before he could say a word. Soon after arrived an immense number of others of his acquaintance, with many people, out of curiosity, on both sides, who, seeing him upon the eminence, assembled together with the greatest eagerness; so that the two armies, without design, without truce, and without fraud, were going to join in conversation, if, by chance, Monsieur de Turenne had not perceived it at a distance. The sight surprised him. He hastened that way; and the Marquis d'Humieres acquainted him with the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont, who wished to speak to the sentry before he went to the head-quarters. He added, that he could not comprehend how the devil he had managed to assemble both armies around him, for it was hardly a minute since he had left him. "Truly," said Monsieur de Turenne, "he is a very extraordinary man; but it is only reasonable, that he should let us now have a little of his company, since he has paid his first visit to the enemy." At these words he despatched an aide-de-camp, to recall the officers of his army, and to acquaint the Chevalier de Grammont with his impatience to see him.

This order arrived at the same time, with one of the same nature, to the enemy's officers. The Prince de Condé, being informed of this peaceable interview, was not the least surprised at it, when he heard that it was occasioned by the arri-

val of the Chevalier de Grammont. He only gave Lussan orders to recall the officers, and to desire the Chevalier to meet him at the same place the next day; which the Chevalier promised to do, provided Monsieur de Turenne should approve of it, as he made no doubt he would.

His reception in the King's army was equally agreeable as that which he had experienced from the enemy. Monsieur de Turenne esteemed him no less for his frankness than for the poignancy of his wit: he took it very kindly that he was the only courtier who came to see him in a time so critical as the present: the questions which he asked him about the court, were not so much for information, as to divert himself with his manner of relating their different apprehensions and alarms. The Chevalier de Grammont advised him to beat the enemy, if he did not choose to be answerable for an enterprise which he had undertaken without consulting the Cardinal. Monsieur de Turenne promised him he would exert himself to the utmost to follow his advice, and assured him, that if he succeeded, he would make the Queen keep her word with him; and concluded with saying, that he was not sorry the Prince de Condé had expressed a desire to see him. His measures were taken for an attack upon the lines: on this subject he discoursed in private with the Chevalier de Grammont, and concealed nothing from him except the time of execution: but this was all to no purpose; for the Chevalier had seen too much, not to judge, from his own knowledge, and the observations he had made, that from the situation of the army, the attack could be no longer deferred.

He set out the next day for his rendezvous, attended by a trumpet, and found the Prince at the place which Monsieur de Lussan had described to him the evening before. As soon as he alighted, "Is it possible," said the Prince, embracing him, "that this can be the Chevalier de Grammont, and that

I should see him in the contrary party?" "It is you, my Lord, whom I see there," replied the Chevalier, "and I refer it to yourself, whether it was the fault of the Chevalier de Grammont, or your own, that we now embrace different interests." "I must confess," said the Prince, "that if there are some who have abandoned me like base, ungrateful wretches, you have left me, as I left myself, like a man of honour, who thinks himself in the right: but let us forget all cause of resentment, and tell me what was your motive for coming here, you, whom I thought at Peronne with the court." "Must I tell you?" said he; "why, faith then, I came to save your life. I know that you cannot help being in the midst of the enemy in a day of battle; it is only necessary for your horse to be shot under you, and to be taken in arms, to meet with the same treatment from this Cardinal, as your uncle Montmorency[27] did from the other. I come, therefore, to hold a horse in readiness for you, in case of a similar misfortune, that you may not lose your head." "It is not the first time," said the Prince, smiling, "that you have rendered me this service, though the being taken prisoner at that time could not have been so dangerous to me as now."

From this conversation, they passed to more entertaining subjects. The Prince asked him many questions concerning the court, the ladies, play, and about his amours; and returning insensibly to the present situation of affairs, the Chevalier having inquired after some officers of his acquaintance, who had remained with him, the Prince told him that if he chose, he might go to the lines, where he would have an opportunity not only of seeing those whom he inquired after, but likewise the disposition of the quarters and entrenchments. To this he consented, and the Prince, having shewn him all the works, and attended him back to their rendezvous, "Well, Chevalier," said he, "when do you think we shall see you again?"

"Faith," replied he, "you have used me so handsomely, that I shall conceal nothing from you. Hold yourself in readiness an hour before daybreak; for, you may depend upon it, we shall attack you to-morrow morning. I would not have acquainted you with this, perhaps, had I been intrusted with the secret: but, nevertheless, in the present case you may believe me." "You are still the same man," said the Prince, again embracing him. The Chevalier returned to Monsieur de Turenne's camp towards night: every preparation was then making for the attack of the lines, and it was no longer a secret among the troops.

"Well, Monsieur le Chevalier, were they all very glad to see you?" said Monsieur de Turenne; "the Prince, no doubt, received you with the greatest kindness, and asked a great number of questions." "He has shewn me all the civility imaginable," replied the Chevalier, "and, to convince me he did not take me for a spy, he led me round the lines and entrenchments, and shewed me the preparations he had made for your reception." "And what is his opinion?" said the Marshal. "He is persuaded that you will attack him to-night, or to-morrow by daybreak; for you great captains," continued the Chevalier, "see through each other's designs in a wonderful manner."

Monsieur de Turenne, with pleasure, received this commendation from a man who was not indiscriminately accustomed to bestow praise. He communicated to him the disposition of the attack; and at the same time acquainted him, that he was very happy that a man who had seen so many actions was to be present at this; and that he esteemed it no small advantage to have the benefit of his advice: but as he believed that the remaining part of the night would be hardly sufficient for his repose, after having passed the former without any refreshment, he consigned him to the Mar-

quis d'Humieres, who provided him with a supper and a lodging.

The next day the lines of Arras were attacked, wherein Monsieur de Turenne, being victorious, added additional lustre to his former glory; and the Prince de Condé, though vanquished, lost nothing of his former reputation.

There are so many accounts of this celebrated battle, that to mention it here would be altogether superfluous. The Chevalier de Grammont, who, as a volunteer, was permitted to go into every part, has given a better description of it than any other person. Monsieur de Turenne reaped great advantage from that activity which never forsook the Chevalier either in peace or war; and that presence of mind which enabled him to carry orders, as coming from the general, so very a-propos, that Monsieur de Turenne, otherwise very particular in such matters, thanked him, when the battle was over, in the presence of all his officers, and despatched him to court with the first news of his success.

All that is generally necessary in these expeditions is, to be accustomed to hard riding, and to be well provided with fresh horses: but he had a great many other obstacles to surmount. In the first place, the parties of the enemy were dispersed over all the country, and obstructed his passage. Then he had to prepare against greedy and officious courtiers, who, on such occasions, post themselves in all the avenues, in order to cheat the poor courier out of his news. However, his address preserved him from the one, and deceived the others.

He had taken eight or ten troopers, commanded by an officer of his acquaintance, to escort him half-way to Bapaume;[28] being persuaded that the greatest danger would lie between the camp and the first stage. He had not proceeded a league before he was convinced of the truth of what he suspected,

and turning to the officer, who followed him closely, "If you are not well mounted," said he, "I would advise you to return to the camp; for my part, I shall set spurs to my horse, and make the best of my way." "Sir," said the officer, "I hope I shall be able to keep you company, at whatever rate you go, until you are out of all danger." "I doubt that," replied the Chevalier, "for those gentlemen there seem prepared to pay us a visit." "Don't you see," said the officer, "they are some of our own people who are grazing their horses?" "No," said the Chevalier; "but I see very well that they are some of the enemy's troopers." Upon which, observing to him that they were mounting, he ordered the horsemen that escorted him to prepare themselves to make a diversion, and he himself set off full speed towards Bapaume.

He was mounted upon a very swift English horse; but having entangled himself in a hollow way where the ground was deep and miry, he soon had the troopers at his heels, who, supposing him to be some officer of rank, would not be deceived, but continued to pursue him without paying any attention to the others. The best mounted of the party began to draw near him; for the English horses, swift as the wind on even ground, proceeding but very indifferently in bad roads, the trooper presented his carbine, and cried out to him, at some distance, "Good quarter." The Chevalier de Grammont, who perceived that they gained upon him, and that whatever efforts his horse made in such heavy ground, he must be overtaken at last, immediately quitted the road to Bapaume, and took a causeway to the left, which led quite a different way: as soon as he had gained it, he drew up, as if to hear the proposal of the trooper, which afforded his horse an opportunity of recovering himself; while his enemy, mistaking his intention, and thinking that he only waited to surrender,

immediately exerted every effort, that he might take him before the rest of his companions, who were following, could arrive, and by this means almost killed his horse.

One minute's reflection made the Chevalier consider what a disagreeable adventure it would be, thus coming from so glorious a victory, and the dangers of a battle so warmly disputed, to be taken by a set of scoundrels who had not been in it, and, instead of being received in triumph, and embraced by a great queen for the important news with which he was charged, to see himself stripped by the vanquished.

During this short meditation, the trooper who followed him was arrived within shot, and still presenting his carbine, offered him good quarter: but the Chevalier de Grammont, to whom this offer, and the manner in which it was made, were equally displeasing, made a sign to him to lower his piece; and perceiving his horse to be in wind, he lowered his hand, rode off like lightning, and left the trooper in such astonishment that he even forgot to fire at him.

As soon as he arrived at Bapaume, he changed horses: the commander of this place shewed him the greatest respect, assuring him that no person had yet passed; that he would keep the secret, and that he would retain all that followed him, except the couriers of Monsieur de Turenne.

He now had only to guard against those who would be watching for him about the environs of Peronne, to return as soon as they saw him, and carry his news to court, without being acquainted with any of the particulars. He knew very well that Marshal du Plessis, Marshal de Villeroy and Gaboury, had boasted of this to the Cardinal before his departure. Wherefore, to elude this snare, he hired two well-mounted horsemen at Bapaume, and as soon as he had got a league from that place, and after giving them each two louis d'ors, to secure their fidelity, he ordered them to ride on before,

to appear very much terrified, and to tell all those who should ask them any questions, "That all was lost; that the Chevalier de Grammont had stopped at Bapaume, having no great inclination to be the messenger of ill news; and that as for themselves, they had been pursued by the enemy's troopers, who were spread over the whole country since the defeat.

Every thing succeeded to his wish: the horsemen were intercepted by Gaboury, whose eagerness had outstripped the two marshals; but whatever questions were asked them, they acted their parts so well, that Peronne was already in consternation, and rumours of the defeat were whispered among the courtiers, when the Chevalier de Grammont arrived.

Nothing so much enhances the value of good news, as when a false alarm of bad has preceded; yet, though the Chevalier's was accompanied with this advantage, none but their Majesties received it with that transport of joy it deserved.

The queen kept her promise to him in the most fascinating manner: she embraced him before the whole court; the king appeared no less delighted; but the cardinal, whether with the view of lessening the merit of an action which deserved a handsome reward, or whether it was from a return of that insolence which always accompanied him in prosperity, appeared at first not to pay any attention to what he said, and being afterwards informed that the lines had been forced, that the Spanish army was beaten, and that Arras was relieved: "Is the Prince de Condé taken?" said he. "No," replied the Chevalier de Grammont. "He is dead, then, I suppose?" said the cardinal. "Not so, neither," answered the Chevalier. "Fine news indeed," said the cardinal, with an air of contempt; and at these words he went into the queen's cabinet with their Majesties. And happy it was for the Chevalier that he did so, for without doubt he would have given him

some severe reply,[29] in resentment for those two fine questions, and the conclusion he had drawn from them.

The court was filled with the cardinal's spies: the Chevalier, as is usual on such an occasion, was surrounded by a crowd of courtiers and inquisitive people, and he was very glad to ease himself of some part of the load which lay heavy on his heart, within the hearing of the cardinal's creatures, and which he would perhaps have told him to his face. "Faith, gentlemen," said he, with a sneer, "there is nothing like being zealous and eager in the service of kings and great princes; you have seen what a gracious reception his Majesty has given me; you are likewise witnesses in what an obliging manner the queen kept her promise with me; but as for the cardinal, he has received my news as if he gained no more by it than he did by the death of Peter Mazarine."[30]

This was sufficient to terrify all those who were sincerely attached to him; and the best-established fortune would have been ruined at some period by a jest much less severe: for it was delivered in the presence of witnesses, who were only desirous of having an opportunity of representing it in its utmost malignancy, to make a merit of their vigilance with a powerful and absolute minister. Of this the Chevalier de Grammont was thoroughly convinced; yet whatever detriment he foresaw might arise from it, he could not help being much pleased with what he had said.

The spies very faithfully discharged their duty: however, the affair took a very different turn from what they expected. The next day, when the Chevalier de Grammont was present while their Majesties were at dinner, the cardinal came in, and coming up to him, every body making way for him out of respect: "Chevalier," said he, "the news which you have brought is very good, their Majesties are very well satisfied with it; and to convince you it is more advantageous to me

than the death of Peter Mazarine, if you will come and dine with me we will have some play together; for the queen will give us something to play for, over and above her first promise."

In this manner did the Chevalier de Grammont dare to provoke a powerful minister, and this was all the resentment which the least vindictive of all statesmen expressed on the occasion. It was indeed very unusual for so young a man to reverence the authority of ministers no farther than as they were themselves respectable by their merit: for this, his own breast, as well as the whole court, applauded him, and he enjoyed the satisfaction of being the only man who durst preserve the least shadow of liberty, in a general state of servitude; but it was perhaps owing to the cardinal's passing over this insult with impunity, that he afterwards drew upon himself some difficulties, by other rash expressions less fortunate in the event.

In the mean time the court returned: the cardinal, who was sensible that he could no longer keep his master in a state of tutelage, being himself worn out with cares and sickness, and having amassed treasures he knew not what to do with, and being sufficiently loaded with the weight of public odium, he turned all his thoughts towards terminating, in a manner the most advantageous for France, a ministry which had so cruelly shaken that kingdom. Thus, while he was earnestly laying the foundations of a peace so ardently wished for, pleasure and plenty began to reign at court.

The Chevalier de Grammont experienced for a long time a variety of fortune in love and gaming: he was esteemed by the courtiers, beloved by beauties whom he neglected, and a dangerous favourite of those whom he admired; more successful in play than in his amours; but the one indemnifying him for want of success in the other, he was always full of life and

spirits; and in all transactions of importance, always a man of honour.

It is a pity that we must be forced here to interrupt the course of his history, by an interval of some years, as has been already done at the commencement of these memoirs: in a life where the most minute circumstances are always singular and diverting, we can meet with no chasm which does not afford regret; but whether he did not think them worthy of holding a place among his other adventures, or that he has only preserved a confused idea of them, we must pass to the parts of these fragments which are better ascertained, that we may arrive at the subject of his journey to England.

The peace of the Pyrenees,[31] the king's marriage,[32] the return of the Prince de Condé,[33] and the death of the cardinal, gave a new face to the state. The eyes of the whole nation were fixed upon their king, who, for nobleness of mien, and gracefulness of person, had no equal; but it was not then known that he was possessed of those superior abilities, which, filling his subjects with admiration, in the end made him so formidable to Europe. Love and ambition, the invisible springs of the intrigues and cabals of all courts, attentively observed his first steps: pleasure promised herself an absolute empire over a prince who had been kept in ignorance of the necessary rules of government, and ambition had no hopes of reigning in the court except in the minds of those who were able to dispute the management of affairs; when men were surprised to see the king on a sudden display such brilliant abilities, which prudence, in some measure necessary, had so long obliged him to conceal.

An application, inimical to the pleasures which generally attract that age, and which unlimited power very seldom refuses, attached him solely to the cares of government. all

admired this wonderful change, but all did not find their account in it: the great lost their consequence before an absolute master; and the courtiers approached with reverential awe the sole object of their respects, and the sole master of their fortunes: those who had conducted themselves like petty tyrants in their provinces, and on the frontiers, were now no more than governors: favours, according to the king's pleasure, were sometimes conferred on merit, and sometimes for services done to the state; but to importune, or to menace the court, was no longer the method to obtain them.

The Chevalier de Grammont regarded his master's attention to the affairs of state as a prodigy: he could not conceive how he could submit, at his age, to the rules he prescribed himself, or that he should give up so many hours of pleasure, to devote them to the tiresome duties, and laborious functions of government; but he blessed the Lord that henceforward no more homage was to be paid, no more court to be made, but to him alone, to whom they were justly due. Disdaining as he did the servile adoration usually paid to a minister, he could never crouch before the power of the two cardinals who succeeded each other: he neither worshipped the arbitrary power of the one, nor gave his approbation to the artifices of the other: he had never received any thing from Cardinal Richelieu but an abbey, which, on account of his rank, could not be refused him; and he never acquired any thing from Mazarine but what he won of him at play.

By many years' experience under an able general he had acquired a talent for war; but this, during a general peace, was of no farther service to him: he therefore thought, that, in the midst of a court flourishing in beauties, and abounding in wealth, he could not employ himself better, than in endeavouring to gain the good opinion of his master, in making

the best use of those advantages which nature had given him for play, and in putting in practice new stratagems in love.

He succeeded very well in the two first of these projects, and as he had from that time laid it down as the rule of his conduct, to attach himself solely to the king in all his views of preferment; to have no regard for favour unless when it was supported by merit; to make himself beloved by the courtiers, and feared by the minister; to dare to undertake any thing in order to do good, and to engage in nothing at the expense of innocence; he soon became one in all the king's parties of pleasure, without gaining the ill-will of the courtiers. In play he was successful, in love unfortunate; or, to speak more properly, his restlessness and jealousy overcame his natural prudence, in a situation wherein he had most occasion for it. La Motte Houdancourt was one of the maids of honour to the queen dowager, and, though no sparkling beauty, she had drawn away lovers from the celebrated Meneville.[34] It was sufficient in those days, for the king to cast his eye upon a young lady of the court to inspire her with hopes, and often with tender sentiments; but if he spoke to her more than once, the courtiers took it for granted, and those who had either pretensions to, or love for her, respectfully withdrew both the one and the other, and afterwards only paid her respect; but the Chevalier de Grammont thought fit to act quite otherwise, perhaps to preserve a singularity of character, which upon the present occasion was of no avail.

He had never before thought of her; but as soon as he found that she was honoured with the king's attention, he was of opinion that she was likewise deserving of his: having attached himself to her, he soon became very troublesome, without convincing her he was much in love: she grew

weary of his persecutions; but he would not desist, neither on account of her ill-treatment, nor of her threats. This conduct of his at first made no great noise, because she was in hopes that he would change his behaviour; but finding him rashly persist in it, she complained of him: and then it was that he perceived that if love renders all conditions equal, it is not so between rivals. He was banished the court, and not finding any place in France which could console him for what he most regretted, the presence and sight of his prince, after having made some slight reflections upon his disgrace, and bestowed a few imprecations against her who was the cause of it, he at last formed the resolution of visiting England.

CHAPTER VI.

Curiosity to see a man equally famous for his crimes and his elevation, had once before induced the Chevalier de Grammont to visit England. Reasons of state assume great privileges: whatever appears advantageous is lawful; and every thing that is necessary is honourable in politics. While the king of England sought the protection of Spain in the Low Countries, and that of the States-general in Holland, other powers sent splendid embassies to Cromwell.

This man, whose ambition had opened him a way to sovereign power by the greatest crimes, maintained himself in it by accomplishments which seemed to render him worthy of it by their lustre. The nation, of all Europe the least submissive, patiently bore a yoke which did not even leave her the shadow of that liberty of which she is so jealous; and Cromwell, master of the commonwealth, under the title of Protector, feared at home, but yet more dreaded abroad, was at his highest pitch of glory when he was seen by the Chevalier de Grammont; but the Chevalier did not see any appearance of a court. One part of the nobility proscribed, the other removed from employments; an affectation of purity of manners, instead of the luxury which the pomp of courts displays, all taken together, presented nothing but sad and serious objects in the finest city in the world; and therefore the Chevalier acquired nothing by this voyage, but the idea of some merit in a profligate man, and the admiration of some concealed beauties he had found means to discover.

Affairs wore quite a different appearance at his second voy-

age. The joy for the restoration of the royal family still appeared in all parts: the nation, fond of change and novelty, tasted the pleasure of a natural government, and seemed to breathe again after a long oppression. In short, the same people, who, by a solemn abjuration, had excluded even the posterity of their lawful sovereign, exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.[35]

The Chevalier de Grammont arrived about two years after the restoration: the reception he met with in this court soon made him forget the other; and the engagements he in the end contracted in England, lessened the regret he had in leaving France.

This was a desirable retreat for an exile of his disposition: every thing flattered his taste; and if the adventures he had in this country were not the most considerable, they were at least the most agreeable of his life. But before we relate them, it will not be improper to give some account of the English court, as it was at that period.

The necessity of affairs had exposed Charles II. from his earliest youth, to the toils and perils of a bloody war: the fate of the king, his father, had left him for inheritance nothing but his misfortunes and disgraces: they overtook him everywhere; but it was not until he had struggled with his ill-fortune to the last extremity, that he submitted to the decrees of Providence.

All those who were either great on account of their birth or their loyalty, had followed him into exile; and all the young persons of the greatest distinction, having afterwards joined him, composed a court worthy of a better fate.

Plenty and prosperity, which are thought to tend only to corrupt manners, found nothing to spoil in an indigent and wandering court. Necessity, on the contrary, which produces a thousand advantages whether we will or no, served them

for education; and nothing was to be seen among them but an emulation in glory, politeness, and virtue.

With this little court, in such high esteem for merit, the king of England returned two years prior to the period we mention, to ascend a throne, which to all appearances he was to fill as worthily as the most glorious of his predecessors. The magnificence displayed on this occasion was renewed at his coronation.[36] The death of the Duke of Gloucester,[37] and of the Princess Royal,[38] which followed soon after, had interrupted the course of this splendour, by a tedious mourning, which they quitted at last to prepare for the reception of the Infanta of Portugal.[39]

It was in the height of the rejoicings they were making for this new queen, in all the splendour of a brilliant court, that the Chevalier de Grammont arrived to contribute to its magnificence and diversions.

Accustomed as he was to the grandeur of the court of France, he was surprised at the politeness and splendour of the court of England. The king was inferior to none either in shape or air;[40] his wit was pleasant; his disposition easy and affable; his soul, susceptible of opposite impressions, was compassionate to the unhappy, inflexible to the wicked, and tender even to excess; he shewed great abilities in urgent affairs, but was incapable of application to any that were not so: his heart was often the dupe, but oftener the slave, of his engagements.

The character of the Duke of York[41] was entirely different: he had the reputation of undaunted courage, an inviolable attachment for his word, great economy in his affairs, hauteur, application, arrogance, each in their turn: a scrupulous observer of the rules of duty and the laws of justice; he was accounted a faithful friend, and an implacable enemy.

His morality and justice, struggling for some time with

prejudice, had at last triumphed, by his acknowledging for his wife Miss Hyde,[42] maid of honour to the Princess Royal, whom he had secretly married in Holland. Her father,[43] from that time prime minister of England, supported by this new interest, soon rose to the head of affairs, and had almost ruined them: not that he wanted capacity, but he was too self-sufficient.

The Duke of Ormond[44] possessed the confidence and esteem of his master: the greatness of his services, the splendour of his merit and his birth, and the fortune he had abandoned in adhering to the fate of his prince, rendered him worthy of it: nor durst the courtiers even murmur at seeing him grand steward of the household, first lord of the bedchamber, and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He exactly resembled the Marshal de Grammont, in the turn of his wit and the nobleness of his manners, and like him was the honour of his master's court.

The Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of St. Albans[45] were the same in England as they appeared in France: the one, full of wit and vivacity, dissipated, without splendour, an immense estate upon which he had just entered:[46] the other, a man of no great genius, had raised himself a considerable fortune from nothing, and by losing at play, and keeping a great table, made it appear greater than it was.

Sir George Berkley,[47] afterwards Earl of Falmouth, was the confidant and favourite of the king: he commanded the Duke of York's regiment of guards, and governed the duke himself. He had nothing very remarkable either in his wit, or his person; but his sentiments were worthy of the fortune which awaited him, when, on the very point of his elevation, he was killed at sea. Never did disinterestedness so perfectly characterize the greatness of the soul: he had no views but what tended to the glory of his master: his credit was never

employed but in advising him to reward services, or to confer favours on merit: so polished in conversation, that the greater his power, the greater was his humility; and so sincere in all his proceedings, that he would never have been taken for a courtier.

The Duke of Ormond's sons and his nephews had been in the king's court during his exile, and were far from diminishing its lustre after his return. The Earl of Arran[48] had a singular address in all kinds of exercises, played well at tennis and on the guitar, and was pretty successful in gallantry. His elder brother, the Earl of Ossory,[49] was not so lively, but of the most liberal sentiments, and of great probity.

The elder of the Hamiltons,[50] their cousin, was the man who of all the court dressed best: he was well made in his person, and possessed those happy talents which lead to fortune, and procure success in love: he was a most assiduous courtier, had the most lively wit, the most polished manners, and the most punctual attention to his master imaginable: no person danced better, nor was any one a more general lover: a merit of some account in a court entirely devoted to love and gallantry. It is not at all surprising, that with these qualities he succeeded my Lord Falmouth in the king's favour; but it is very extraordinary that he should have experienced the same destiny, as if this sort of war had been declared against merit only, and as if this sort of combat was fatal to none but such as had certain hopes of a splendid fortune. This, however, did not happen till some years afterwards.

The beau Sidney,[51] less dangerous than he appeared to be, had not sufficient vivacity to support the impression which his figure made; but little Jermyn was on all sides successful in his intrigues. The old Earl of Saint Albans, his uncle, had for a long time adopted him, though the youngest of all his nephews. It is well known what a table the good man kept

at Paris, while the king his master was starving at Brussels, and the queen dowager, his mistress, lived not over well in France.[52]

Jermyn,[53] supported by his uncle's wealth, found it no difficult matter to make a considerable figure upon his arrival at the court of the Princess of Orange: the poor courtiers of the king her brother could not vie with him in point of equipage and magnificence; and these two articles often produce as much success in love as real merit: there is no necessity for any other example than the present; for though Jermyn was brave, and certainly a gentleman, yet he had neither brilliant actions, nor distinguished rank, to set him off; and as for his figure, there was nothing advantageous in it. He was little; his head was large and his legs small; his features were not disagreeable, but he was affected in his carriage and behaviour. All his wit consisted in expressions learnt by rote, which he occasionally employed either in raillery or in love. This was the whole foundation of the merit of a man so formidable in amours.

The Princess Royal was the first who was taken with him:[54] Miss Hyde seemed to be following the steps of her mistress: this immediately brought him into credit, and his reputation was established in England before his arrival. Prepossession in the minds of women is sufficient to find access to their hearts: Jermyn found them in dispositions so favourable for him, that he had nothing to do but to speak.

It was in vain they perceived that a reputation so lightly established, was still more weakly sustained: the prejudice remained: the Countess of Castlemaine,[55] a woman lively and discerning, followed the delusive shadow; and though undeceived in a reputation which promised so much, and performed so little, she nevertheless continued in her infatuation: she even persisted in it, until she was upon the point of embroiling

herself with the king; so great was this first instance of her constancy.

Such were the heroes of the court. As for the beauties, you could not look anywhere without seeing them: those of the greatest reputation were this same Countess of Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, Lady Chesterfield, Lady Shrewsbury,[56] the Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Middleton, the Miss Brooks,[57] and a thousand others, who shone at court with equal lustre; but it was Miss Hamilton and Miss Stewart who were its chief ornaments.[58] The new queen gave but little additional brilliancy to the court, either in her person, or in her retinue, which was then composed of the Countess de Panétra, who came over with her in quality of lady of the bedchamber; six frights, who called themselves maids of honour, and a duenna, another monster, who took the title of governess to those extraordinary beauties.

Among the men were Francisco de Melo, brother to the Countess de Panétra; one Taurauvédez, who called himself Don Pedro Francisco Correo de Silva, extremely handsome, but a greater fool than all the Portuguese put together: he was more vain of his names than of his person; but the Duke of Buckingham, a still greater fool than he, though more addicted to raillery, gave him the additional name of Peter of the Wood. He was so enraged at this, that, after many fruitless complaints and ineffectual menaces, poor Pedro de Silva was obliged to leave England, while the happy duke kept possession of a Portuguese nymph more hideous than the queen's maids of honour, whom he had taken from him, as well as two of his names. Besides these, there were six chaplains, four bakers, a Jew perfumer, and a certain officer, probably without an office, who called himself her highness's barber. Katharine de Braganza was far from appearing with splendour in the charming court where she came to reign; however, in

the end she was pretty successful.[59] The Chevalier de Grammont, who had been long known to the royal family, and to most of the gentlemen of the court, had only to get acquainted with the ladies; and for this he wanted no interpreter: they all spoke French enough to explain themselves, and they all understood it sufficiently to comprehend what he had to say to them.

The queen's court was always very numerous; that of the duchess was less so, but more select. This princess[60] had a majestic air, a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that, whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished by her: an air of grandeur in all her actions made her be considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne. The queen dowager returned after the marriage of the Princess Royal, and it was in her court that the two others met.[61]

The Chevalier de Grammont was soon liked by all parties: those who had not known him before, were surprised to see a Frenchman of his disposition. The king's restoration having drawn a great number of foreigners from all countries to the court, the French were rather in disgrace; for, instead of any persons of distinction having appeared among the first who came over, they had only seen some insignificant puppies, each striving to outdo the other in folly and extravagance, despising every thing which was not like themselves, and thinking they introduced the *bel air*, by treating the English as strangers in their own country.

The Chevalier de Grammont, on the contrary, was familiar with every body: he gave in to their customs, eat of every thing, and easily habituated himself to their manner of living, which he looked upon as neither vulgar nor barbarous; and as he shewed a natural complaisance, instead of the im-

pertinent affectation of the others, all the nation was charmed with a man, who agreeably indemnified them for what they had suffered from the folly of the former.

He first of all made his court to the king, and was of all his parties of pleasure: he played high, and lost but seldom: he found so little difference in the manners and conversation of those with whom he chiefly associated, that he could scarcely believe he was out of his own country. Every thing, which could agreeably engage a man of his disposition, presented itself to his different humours, as if the pleasures of the court of France had quitted it to accompany him in his exile.

He was every day engaged for some entertainment; and those who wished to regale him in their turn, were obliged to take their measures in time, and to invite him eight or ten days beforehand. These importunate civilities became tiresome in the long-run; but as they seemed indispensable to a man of his disposition, and as they were the most genteel people of the court who loaded him with them, he submitted with a good grace; but always reserved to himself the liberty of supping at home.

His supper-hour depended upon play, and was indeed very uncertain; but his supper was always served up with the greatest elegance, by the assistance of one or two servants, who were excellent caterers and good attendants, but understood cheating still better.

The company, at these little entertainments, was not numerous, but select: the first people of the court were commonly of the party; but the man, who of all others suited him best on these occasions, never failed to attend: that was the celebrated Saint Evremond, who with great exactness, but too great freedom, had written the history of the treaty of the

Pyrenees: an exile like himself, though for very different reasons.

Happily for them both, fortune had, some time before the arrival of the Chevalier de Grammont, brought Saint Evremond[62] to England, after he had had leisure to repent in Holland of the beauties of that famous satire.

The Chevalier was from that time his hero: they had each of them attained to all the advantages which a knowledge of the world, and the society of people of fashion, could add to the improvement of good natural talents. Saint Evremond, less engaged in frivolous pursuits, frequently gave little lectures to the Chevalier, and by making observations upon the past, endeavoured to set him right for the present, or to instruct him for the future. "You are now," said he, "in the most agreeable way of life a man of your temper could wish for: you are the delight of a youthful, sprightly, and gallant court: the king has never a party of pleasure to which you are not admitted. You play from morning to night, or, to speak more properly, from night to morning, without knowing what it is to lose. Far from losing the money you brought hither, as you have done in other places, you have doubled it, trebled it, multiplied it almost beyond your wishes, notwithstanding the exorbitant expenses you are imperceptibly led into. This, without doubt, is the most desirable situation in the world: stop here, Chevalier, and do not ruin your affairs, by returning to your old sins. Avoid love, by pursuing other pleasures: love has never been favourable to you.[63] You are sensible how much gallantry has cost you; and every person here is not so well acquainted with that matter as yourself. Play boldly: entertain the court with your wit: divert the king by your ingenious and entertaining stories; but avoid all engagements which can deprive you of this merit, and

make you forget you are a stranger and an exile in this delightful country.

"Fortune may grow weary of befriending you at play. What would have become of you, if your last misfortune had happened to you, when your money had been at as low an ebb as I have known it? Attend carefully then to this necessary deity, and renounce the other. You will be missed at the court of France, before you grow weary of this; but be that as it may, lay up a good store of money: when a man is rich, he consoles himself for his banishment. I know you well, my dear Chevalier: if you take it into your head to seduce a lady, or to supplant a lover, your gains at play will by no means suffice for presents and for bribes: no, let play be as productive to you as it can be, you will never gain so much by it, as you will lose by love, if you yield to it.

"You are in possession of a thousand splendid qualifications which distinguish you here: generous, benevolent, elegant, and polite; and for your engaging wit, inimitable. Upon a strict examination, perhaps, all this would not be found literally true; but these are brilliant marks; and since it is granted that you possess them, do not shew yourself here in any other light: for, in love, if your manner of paying your addresses can be so denominated, you do not in the least resemble the picture I have just now drawn."

"My little philosophical monitor," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "you talk here as if you were the Cato of Normandy." "Do I say any thing untrue?" replied Saint Evremond: "is it not a fact, that as soon as a woman pleases you, your first care is to find out whether she has any other lover, and your second how to plague her; for the gaining her affection is the last thing in your thoughts. You seldom engage in intrigues, but to disturb the happiness of others: a mistress who has no lovers, would have no charms for you,

and if she has, she would be invaluable. Do not all the places through which you have passed furnish me with a thousand examples? Shall I mention your *coup d'essai* at Turin? the trick you played at Fontainbleau, where you robbed the Princess Palatine's courier upon the highway? And for what purpose was this fine exploit, but to put you in possession of some proofs of her affection for another, in order to give her uneasiness and confusion by reproaches and menaces, which you had no right to use?

"Who but yourself ever took it into his head to place himself in ambush upon the stairs, to disturb a man in an intrigue, and to pull him back by the leg when he was half way up to his mistress's chamber? Yet did not you use your friend the Duke of Buckingham in this manner, when he was stealing at night to —— although you were not in the least his rival? How many spies did not you send out after d'Olonne?[64] How many tricks, frauds, and persecutions did you not practise for the Countess de Fiesque,[65] who perhaps might have been constant to you, if you had not yourself forced her to be otherwise? But, to conclude, for the enumeration of your iniquities would be endless, give me leave to ask you, how you came here? Are not we obliged to that same evil genius of yours, which rashly inspired you to intermeddle even in the gallantries of your prince? Shew some discretion then on this point here, I beseech you; all the beauties of the court are already engaged; and however docile the English may be with respect to their wives, they can by no means bear the inconstancy of their mistresses, nor patiently suffer the advantages of a rival: suffer them, therefore, to remain in tranquillity, and do not gain their ill-will for no purpose.

"You certainly will meet with no success with such as are unmarried: honourable views, and good landed property, are required here; and you possess as much of the one as the

other. Every country has its customs: in Holland, unmarried ladies are of easy access, and of tender dispositions; but as soon as ever they are married, they become like so many Lucretias: in France, the women are great coquettes before marriage, and still more so afterwards; but here it is a miracle if a young lady yields to any proposal but that of matrimony; and I do not believe you yet so destitute of grace as to think of that."

Such were Saint Evremond's lectures; but they were all to no purpose: the Chevalier de Grammont only attended to them for his amusement; and though he was sensible of the truth they contained, he paid little regard to them: in fact, being weary of the favours of fortune, he had just resolved to pursue those of love.

Mrs. Middleton was the first whom he attacked: she was one of the handsomest women in town, though then little known at court: so much of the coquette as to discourage no one; and so great was her desire of appearing magnificently, that she was ambitious to vie with those of the greatest fortunes, though unable to support the expense. All this suited the Chevalier de Grammont; therefore, without trifling away his time in useless ceremonies, he applied to her porter for admittance, and chose one of her lovers for his confidant.

This lover, who was not deficient in wit, was at that time a Mr. Jones, afterwards Earl of Ranelagh:[66] what engaged him to serve the Chevalier de Grammont, was to traverse the designs of a most dangerous rival, and to relieve himself from an expense which began to lie too heavy upon him. In both respects the Chevalier answered his purpose.

Immediately spies were placed, letters and presents flew about: he was received as well as he could wish: he was permitted to ogle: he was even ogled again; but this was all:

he found that the fair one was very willing to accept, but was tardy in making returns. This induced him, without giving up his pretensions to her, to seek his fortune elsewhere.

Among the queen's maids of honour, there was one called Warmestre;[67] she was a beauty very different from the other. Mrs. Middleton[68] was well made, fair, and delicate; but had in her behaviour and discourse something precise and affected. The indolent languishing airs she gave herself did not please every body: people grew weary of those sentiments of delicacy, which she endeavoured to explain without understanding them herself; and instead of entertaining she became tiresome. In these attempts she gave herself so much trouble, that she made the company uneasy, and her ambition to pass for a wit, only established her the reputation of being tiresome, which lasted much longer than her beauty.

Miss Warmestre was brown: she had no shape at all, and still less air; but she had a very lively complexion, very sparkling eyes, tempting looks, which spared nothing that might engage a lover, and promised every thing which could preserve him. In the end, it very plainly appeared that her consent went along with her eyes to the last degree of indiscretion.

It was between these two goddesses that the inclinations of the Chevalier de Grammont stood wavering, and between whom his presents were divided. Perfumed gloves, pocket looking-glasses, elegant boxes, apricot paste, essences, and other small wares of love, arrived every week from Paris, with some new suit for himself; but, with regard to more solid presents, such as ear-rings, diamonds, brilliants, and bright guineas, all this was to be met with of the best sort in London, and the ladies were as well pleased with them as if they had been brought from abroad.

Miss Stewart's[69] beauty began at this time to be celebrated. The Countess of Castlemaine perceived that the king paid attention to her; but, instead of being alarmed at it, she favoured, as far as she was able, this new inclination, whether from an indiscretion common to all those who think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, or whether she designed, by this pastime, to divert the king's attention from the commerce which she held with Jermyn. She was not satisfied with appearing without any degree of uneasiness at a preference which all the court began to remark: she even affected to make Miss Stewart her favourite, and invited her to all the entertainments she made for the king; and, in confidence of her own charms, with the greatest indiscretion, she often kept her to sleep. The king, who seldom neglected to visit the countess before she rose, seldom failed likewise to find Miss Stewart in bed with her. The most indifferent objects have charms in a new attachment: however, the imprudent countess was not jealous of this rival's appearing with her, in such a situation, being confident, that whenever she thought fit, she could triumph over all the advantages which these opportunities could afford Miss Stewart; but she was quite mistaken.

The Chevalier de Grammont took notice of this conduct, without being able to comprehend it; but, as he was attentive to the inclinations of the king, he began to make his court to him by enhancing the merit of this new mistress. Her figure was more showy than engaging: it was hardly possible for a woman to have less wit, or more beauty: all her features were fine and regular; but her shape was not good: yet she was slender, straight enough, and taller than the generality of women: she was very graceful, danced well, and spoke French better than her mother tongue: she was well bred, and possessed, in perfection, that air of dress which is so

much admired, and which cannot be attained, unless it be taken when young, in France. While her charms were gaining ground in the king's heart, the Countess of Castlemaine amused herself in the gratification of all her caprices

Mrs. Hyde[70] was one of the first of the beauties who were prejudiced with a blind prepossession in favour of Jermyn: she had just married a man whom she loved: by this marriage she became sister-in-law to the duchess, brilliant by her own native lustre, and full of pleasantry and wit. However, she was of opinion, that so long as she was not talked of on account of Jermyn, all her other advantages would avail nothing for her glory: it was, therefore, to receive this finishing stroke, that she resolved to throw herself into his arms.

She was of a middle size, had a skin of a dazzling whiteness, fine hands, and a foot surprisingly beautiful, even in England: long custom had given such a languishing tenderness to her looks, that she never opened her eyes but like a Chinese; and, when she ogled, one would have thought she was doing something else.

Jermyn accepted of her at first; but, being soon puzzled what to do with her, he thought it best to sacrifice her to Lady Castlemaine. The sacrifice was far from being displeasing to her: it was much to her glory to have carried off Jermyn from so many competitors; but this was of no consequence in the end.

Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer,[71] was at that time in vogue in London: his strength and agility charmed the public, even to a wish to know what he was in private; for he appeared, in his tumbling dress, to be quite of a different make, and to have limbs very different from the fortunate Jermyn. The tumbler did not deceive Lady Castlemaine's expectations, if report may be believed; and as was intimated

in many a song, much more to the honour of the rope-dancer than of the countess; but she despised all these rumours, and only appeared still more handsome.

While satire thus found employment at her cost, there were continual contests for the favours of another beauty, who was not much more niggardly in that way than herself: this was the Countess of Shrewsbury.

The Earl of Arran, who had been one of her first admirers, was not one of the last to desert her: this beauty, less famous for her conquests, than for the misfortunes she occasioned, placed her greatest merits in being more capricious than any other. As no person could boast of being the only one in her favour; so no person could complain of having been ill received.

Jermyn was displeased that she had made no advances to him, without considering that she had no leisure for it: his pride was offended; but the attempt which he made to take her from the rest of her lovers was very ill advised.

Thomas Howard, brother to the Earl of Carlisle,[72] was one of them: there was not a braver, nor a more genteel man, in England; and though he was of a modest demeanour, and his manners appeared gentle and pacific, no person was more spirited, nor more passionate. Lady Shrewsbury, inconsiderately returning the first ogles of the invincible Jermyn, did not at all make herself more agreeable to Howard: that, however, she paid little attention to; yet, as she designed to keep fair with him, she consented to accept an entertainment which he had often proposed, and which she durst no longer refuse. A place of amusement, called Spring Garden,[73] was fixed upon for the scene of this entertainment.

As soon as the party was settled, Jermyn was privately informed of it. Howard had a company in the regiment of

guards, and one of the soldiers of his company played pretty well on the bagpipes: this soldier was therefore at the entertainment. Jermyn was at the garden, as by chance; and, puffed up with his former successes, he trusted to his victorious air for accomplishing this last enterprise: he no sooner appeared on the walks, than her ladyship shewed herself upon the balcony.

I know not how she stood affected to her hero; but Howard did not fancy him much: this did not prevent his coming up stairs, upon the first sign she made to him; and not content with acting the petty tyrant, at an entertainment not made for himself, no sooner had he gained the soft looks of the fair one, than he exhausted all his common place, and all his stock of low irony, in railing at the entertainment, and ridiculing the music.

Howard possessed but little raillery, and still less patience: three times was the banquet on the point of being stained with blood; but three times did he suppress his natural impetuosity, in order to satisfy his resentment elsewhere with greater freedom.

Jermyn, without paying the least attention to his ill-humour, pursued his point, continued talking to Lady Shrewsbury, and did not leave her until the repast was ended.

He went to bed, proud of this triumph, and was waked next morning by a challenge: he took, for his second, Giles Rawlings, a man of intrigue, and a deep player. Howard took Dillon, who was dexterous and brave, much of a gentleman, and, unfortunately, an intimate friend to Rawlings.

In this duel fortune did not side with the votaries of love: poor Rawlings was left stone dead; and Jermyn, having received three wounds, was carried to his uncle's, with very little signs of life.

While the report of this event engaged the courtiers according to their several interests, the Chevalier de Grammont was informed by Jones, his friend, his confidant, and his rival, that there was another gentleman very attentive to Mrs. Middleton. This was Montagu,[74] no very dangerous rival on account of his person, but very much to be feared for his assiduity, the acuteness of his wit, and for some other talents, which are of importance, when a man is once permitted to display them.

There needed not half so much to bring into action all the Chevalier's vivacity, in point of competition: vexation awakened in him whatever expedients the desire of revenge, malice, and experience could suggest, for troubling the designs of a rival, and tormenting a mistress. His first intention was to return her letters, and demand his presents, before he began to teaze her; but, rejecting this project, as too weak a revenge for the injustice done him, he was upon the point of conspiring the destruction of poor Mrs. Middleton, when, by accident, he met with Miss Hamilton. From this moment ended all his resentment against Mrs. Middleton, and all his attachment to Miss Warmestre: no longer was he inconstant: no longer were his wishes fluctuating: this object fixed them all; and, of all his former habits, none remained, except uneasiness and jealousy.

Here his first care was to please; but he very plainly saw, that to succeed, he must act quite in a different manner to that which he had been accustomed to.

The family of the Hamiltons, being very numerous, lived in a large and commodious house near the court: the Duke of Ormond's family was continually with them; and here persons of the greatest distinction in London constantly met: the Chevalier de Grammont was here received in a manner

agreeable to his merit and quality, and was astonished that he had spent so much time in other places; for, after having made this acquaintance, he was desirous of no other.

All the world agreed, that Miss Hamilton[75] was worthy of the most ardent and sincere affection: nobody could boast a nobler birth, nothing was more charming than her person.

CHAPTER VII.

The Chevalier de Grammont, never satisfied in his amours, was fortunate without being beloved, and became jealous without having an attachment.

Mrs. Middleton, as we have said, was going to experience what methods he could invent to torment, after having experienced his powers of pleasing.

He went in search of her to the queen's drawing-room, where there was a ball: there she was; but fortunately for her, Miss Hamilton was there likewise. It had so happened, that of all the beautiful women at court, this was the lady whom he had least seen, and whom he had heard most commended: this, therefore, was the first time that he had a close view of her, and he soon found that he had seen nothing at court before this instant: he asked her some questions, to which she replied: as long as she was dancing, his eyes were fixed upon her; and from this time he no longer resented Mrs. Middleton's conduct. Miss Hamilton was at the happy age when the charms of the fair sex begin to bloom: she had the finest shape, the loveliest neck, and most beautiful arms in the world: she was majestic and graceful in all her movements; and she was the original after which all the ladies copied in their taste and air of dress. Her forehead was open, white, and smooth: her hair was well set, and fell with ease into that natural order which it is so difficult to imitate. Her complexion was possessed of a certain freshness, not to be equalled by borrowed colours: her eyes were not large, but they were lively, and capable of expressing whatever she

pleased: her mouth was full of graces, and her contour uncommonly perfect: nor was her nose, which was small, delicate, and turned up, the least ornament of so lovely a face. In fine, her air, her carriage, and the numberless graces dispersed over her whole person, made the Chevalier de Grammont not doubt, but that she was possessed of every other qualification. Her mind was a proper companion for such a form: she did not endeavour to shine in conversation by those sprightly sallies which only puzzle; and with still greater care she avoided that affected solemnity in her discourse, which produces stupidity; but, without any eagerness to talk, she just said what she ought, and no more. She had an admirable discernment in distinguishing between solid and false wit; and far from making an ostentatious display of her abilities, she was reserved, though very just in her decisions: her sentiments were always noble, and even lofty to the highest extent, when there was occasion: nevertheless, she was less prepossessed with her own merit than is usually the case with those who have so much. Formed, as we have described, she could not fail of commanding love; but so far was she from courting it, that she was scrupulously nice with respect to those whose merit might entitle them to form any pretensions to her.

The more the Chevalier de Grammont was convinced of these truths, the more did he endeavour to please and engage her in his turn: his entertaining wit, his conversation, lively, easy, and always distinguished by novelty, constantly gained him attention; but he was much embarrassed to find that presents, which so easily made their way in his former method of courtship, were no longer proper in the mode which, for the future, he was obliged to pursue.

He had an old valet-de-chambre, called Termes, a bold thief, and a still more impudent liar: he used to send this

man from London every week, on the commissions we have before mentioned; but after the disgrace of Mrs. Middleton, and the adventure of Miss Warmestre, Mr. Termes was only employed in bringing his master's clothes from Paris, and he did not always acquit himself with the greatest fidelity in that employment, as will appear hereafter.

The queen was a woman of sense, and used all her endeavours to please the king, by that kind obliging behaviour which her affection made natural to her: she was particularly attentive in promoting every sort of pleasure and amusement, especially such as she could be present at herself.

She had contrived, for this purpose, a splendid masquerade, where those, whom she appointed to dance, had to represent different nations: she allowed some time for preparation, during which we may suppose, the tailors, the mantua-makers, and embroiderers were not idle: nor were the beauties, who were to be there, less anxiously employed; however, Miss Hamilton found time enough to invent two or three little tricks, in a conjuncture so favourable, for turning into ridicule the vain fools of the court. There were two who were very eminently such: the one was Lady Muskerry,[76] who had married her cousin-german; and the other a maid of honour to the duchess, called Blague.[77]

The first, whose husband most assuredly never married her for beauty, was made like the generality of rich heiresses, to whom just nature seems sparing of her gifts, in proportion as they are loaded with those of fortune: she had the shape of a woman big with child, without being so; but had a very good reason for limping; for, of two legs uncommonly short, one was much shorter than the other: a face suitable to this description gave the finishing stroke to this disagreeable figure.

Miss Blague was another species of ridicule: her shape was

neither good nor bad: her countenance bore the appearance of the greatest insipidity, and her complexion was the same all over; with two little hollow eyes, adorned with white eyelashes, as long as one's finger. With these attractions she placed herself in ambuscade to surprise unwary hearts; but she might have done so in vain, had it not been for the arrival of the Marquis de Brisacier. Heaven seemed to have made them for each other: he had in his person and manners every requisite to dazzle a creature of her character: he talked eternally, without saying any thing, and in his dress exceeded the most extravagant fashions. Miss Blague believed that all this finery was on her account; and the marquis believed that her long eyelashes had never taken aim at any but himself: every body perceived their inclination for each other: but they had only conversed by mute interpreters, when Miss Hamilton took it into her head to intermeddle in their affairs.

She was willing to do every thing in order, and therefore began with her cousin Muskerry, on account of her rank. Her two darling foibles were dress and dancing. Magnificence of dress was intolerable with her figure; and though her dancing was still more insupportable, she never missed a ball at court: and the queen had so much complaisance for the public, as always to make her dance; but it was impossible to give her a part in an entertainment so important and splendid as this masquerade: however, she was dying with impatience for the orders she expected.

It was in consequence of this impatience, of which Miss Hamilton was informed, that she founded the design of diverting herself at the expense of this silly woman. The queen sent notes to those whom she appointed to be present, and described the manner in which they were to be dressed. Miss Hamilton wrote a note exactly in the same manner to Lady

Muskerry, with directions for her to be dressed in the Babylonian fashion.

She assembled her counsel to advise about the means of sending it: this cabinet was composed of one of her brothers and a sister, who were glad to divert themselves at the expense of those who deserved it. After having consulted some time, they at last resolved upon a mode of conveying it into her own hands. Lord Muskerry was just going out, when she received it: he was a man of honour, rather serious, very severe, and a mortal enemy to ridicule. His wife's deformity was not so intolerable to him, as the ridiculous figure she made upon all occasions. He thought that he was safe in the present case, not believing that the queen would spoil her masquerade by naming Lady Muskerry as one of the dancers; nevertheless, as he was acquainted with the passion his wife had to expose herself in public, by her dress and dancing, he had just been advising her very seriously to content herself with being a spectator of this entertainment, even though the queen should have the cruelty to engage her in it: he then took the liberty to shew her what little similarity there was between her figure, and that of persons to whom dancing and magnificence in dress were allowable. His sermon concluded at last, by an express prohibition to solicit a place at this entertainment, which they had no thoughts of giving her; but far from taking his advice in good part, she imagined that he was the only person who had prevented the queen from doing her an honour she so ardently desired; and as soon as he was gone out, her design was to go and throw herself at her Majesty's feet to demand justice. She was in this very disposition when she received the billet; three times did she kiss it, and without regarding her husband's injunctions, she immediately got into her coach in order to get information of the

merchants who traded to the Levant, in what manner the ladies of quality dressed in Babylon.

The plot laid for Miss Blague was of a different kind: she had such faith in her charms, and was so confident of their effects, that she could believe any thing. Brisacier, whom she looked upon as desperately smitten, had wit, which he set off with common-place talk, and with little sonnets: he sung out of tune most methodically, and was continually exerting one or other of these happy talents: the Duke of Buckingham did all he could to spoil him, by the praises he bestowed both upon his voice and upon his wit.

Miss Blague, who hardly understood a word of French, regulated herself upon the duke's authority, in admiring the one and the other. It was remarked, that all the words which he sung to her were in praise of fair women, and that always taking this to herself, she cast down her eyes in acknowledgment and consciousness. It was upon these observations they resolved to make a jest of her, the first opportunity.

While these little projects were forming, the king, who always wished to oblige the Chevalier de Grammont, asked him if he would make one at the masquerade, on condition of being Miss Hamilton's partner? He did not pretend to dance sufficiently well for an occasion like the present; yet he was far from refusing the offer: "Sire," said he, "of all the favours you have been pleased to shew me, since my arrival, I feel this more sensibly than any other; and to convince you of my gratitude, I promise you all the good offices in my power with Miss Stewart." He said this, because they had just given her an apartment separate from the rest of the maids of honour, which made the courtiers begin to pay respect to her. The king was very well pleased at this

pleasantry, and having thanked him for so necessary an offer: "Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "in what style do you intend to dress yourself for the ball? I leave you the choice of all countries." "If so," said the Chevalier, "I will dress after the French manner, in order to disguise myself; for they already do me the honour to take me for an Englishman in your city of London. Had it not been for this, I should have wished to have appeared as a Roman; but for fear of embroiling myself with Prince Rupert,[78] who so warmly espouses the interests of Alexander against Lord Thanet,[79] who declares himself for Cæsar, I dare no longer think of assuming the hero; nevertheless, though I may dance awkwardly, yet, by observing the tune, and with a little alertness, I hope to come off pretty well; besides, Miss Hamilton will take care that too much attention shall not be paid to me. As for my dress, I shall send Termes off to-morrow morning; and if I do not shew you at his return the most splendid habit you have ever seen, look upon mine as the most disgraced nation in your masquerade."

Termes set out with ample instructions, on the subject of his journey; and his master redoubling his impatience on an occasion like the present, before the courier could be landed, began to count the minutes in expectation of his return: thus was he employed, until the very eve of the ball; and that was the day that Miss Hamilton and her little society had fixed for the execution of their project.

Martial gloves were then very much in fashion: she had by chance several pairs of them: she sent one to Miss Blague, accompanied with four yards of yellow riband, the palest she could find, to which she added this note:—

"You were the other day more charming than all the fair women in the world: you looked yesterday still more fair than you did the day before: if you go on, what will become

of my heart? But it is a long time since that has been a prey to your pretty little *young wild boar's eyes.*[80] Shall you be at the masquerade to-morrow? But can there be any charms at an entertainment at which you are not present? It does not signify: I shall know you in whatever disguise you may be: but I shall be better informed of my fate by the present I send you; you will wear knots of this riband in your hair; and these gloves will kiss the most beautiful hands in the universe."

This billet, with the present, were delivered to Miss Blague, with the same success as the other had been conveyed to Lady Muskerry. Miss Hamilton had just received an account of it, when the latter came to pay her a visit: something seemed to possess her thoughts very much; when, having staid some time, her cousin desired her to walk into her cabinet. As soon as they were there: "I desire your secrecy for what I am going to tell you," said Lady Muskerry. "Do not you wonder what strange creatures men are? Do not trust to them, my dear cousin: my Lord Muskerry, who, before our marriage, could have passed whole days and nights in seeing me dance, thinks proper now to forbid me dancing, and says it does not become me. This is not all: he has so often rung in my ears the subject of this masquerade, that I am obliged to hide from him the honour the queen has done me, in inviting me to it. However, I am surprised I am not informed who is to be my partner: but if you knew what a plague it is, to find out, in this cursed town, in what manner the people of Babylon dress, you would pity me for what I have suffered since the time I have been appointed: besides, the cost which it puts me to is beyond all imagination."

Here it was that Miss Hamilton's inclination to laugh, which had increased in proportion as she endeavoured to

suppress it, at length overcame her, and broke out in an immoderate fit. Lady Muskerry took it in good humour, not doubting but that it was the fantastical conduct of her husband that she was laughing at. Miss Hamilton told her, that all husbands were much the same, and that one ought not to be concerned at their whims; that she did not know who was to be her partner at the masquerade; but that, as she was named, the gentleman named with her would certainly not fail to attend her; although she could not comprehend why he had not yet declared himself, unless he likewise had some fantastical spouse, who had forbid him to dance.

This conversation being finished, Lady Muskerry went away in great haste, to endeavour to learn some news of her partner. Those who were accomplices in the plot were laughing very heartily at this visit, when Lord Muskerry paid them one in his turn, and taking Miss Hamilton aside: "Do you know," said he, "whether there is to be any ball in the city to-morrow?" "No," said she; "but why do you ask?" "Because," said he, "I am informed that my wife is making great preparations of dress. I know very well she is not to be at the masquerade: that I have taken care of; but as the devil is in her for dancing, I am very much afraid that she will be affording some fresh subject for ridicule, notwithstanding all my precautions: however, if it was amongst the citizens, at some private party, I should not much mind it."

They satisfied him as well as they could, and having dismissed him, under pretence of a thousand things they had to prepare for the next day, Miss Hamilton thought herself at liberty for that morning, when in came Miss Price, one of the maids of honour to the duchess.[81] This was just what she was wishing for: this lady and Miss Blague had been

at variance some time, on account of Duncan,[82] whom Miss Price had drawn away from the other; and hatred still subsisted between these two divinities.

Though the maids of honour were not nominated for the masquerade, yet they were to assist at it: and consequently were to neglect nothing to set themselves off to advantage. Miss Hamilton had still another pair of gloves of the same sort as those she had sent to Miss Blague, which she made a present of to her rival, with a few knots of the same riband, which appeared to have been made on purpose for her, brown as she was. Miss Price returned her a thousand thanks, and promised to do herself the honour of wearing them at the ball. "You will oblige me if you do," said Miss Hamilton, "but if you mention that such a trifle as this comes from me, I shall never forgive you; but," continued she, "do not go and rob poor Miss Blague of the Marquis Brisacier, as you already have of Duncan: I know very well that it is wholly in your power: you have wit: you speak French; and were he once to converse with you ever so little, the other could have no pretensions to him." This was enough: Miss Blague was only ridiculous and coquettish: Miss Price was ridiculous, coquettish, and something else besides.

The day being come, the court, more splendid than ever, exhibited all its magnificence at this masquerade. The company were all met except the Chevalier de Grammont: everybody was astonished that he should be one of the last at such a time, as his readiness was so remarkable on every occasion; but they were still more surprised, to see him at length appear in an ordinary court-dress, which he had worn before. The thing was preposterous on such an occasion, and very extraordinary with respect to him: in vain had he the finest point-lace, with the largest and best powdered peruke imaginable:

his dress, magnificent enough for any other purpose, was not at all proper for this entertainment.

The king immediately took notice of it: "Chevalier," said he, "Termes is not arrived then?" "Pardon me, Sire," said he, "God be thanked!" "Why God be thanked?" said the king; "has any thing happened to him on the road?" "Sire," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "this is the history of my dress, and of Termes, my messenger." At these words the ball, ready to begin, was suspended: the dancers making a circle around the Chevalier de Grammont, he continued his story in the following manner:

"It is now two days since this fellow ought to have been here, according to my orders and his protestations: you may judge of my impatience all this day, when I found he did not come; at last, after I had heartily cursed him, about an hour ago he arrived, splashed all over from head to foot, booted up to the waist, and looking as if he had been excommunicated: 'Very well, Mr. Scoundrel,' said I, 'this is just like you; you must be waited for to the very last minute, and it is a miracle that you are arrived at all.' 'Yes, faith,' said he, 'it is a miracle. You are always grumbling: I had the finest suit in the world made for you, which the Duke de Guise himself was at the trouble of ordering.' 'Give it me, then, scoundrel,' said I. 'Sir,' said he, 'if I did not employ a dozen embroiderers upon it, who did nothing but work day and night, I am a rascal: I never left them one moment.' 'And where is it, traitor?' said I: 'do not stand here prating, while I should be dressing.' 'I had,' continued he, 'packed it up, made it tight, and folded it in such a manner that all the rain in the world could never have been able to reach it; and I rid post, day and night, knowing your impatience, and that you were not to be trifled with.'——'But where is it?' said I. 'Lost, Sir,' said he, clasping his hands. 'How! lost,' said I, in surprise. 'Yes,

lost, perished, swallowed up: what can I say more?' 'What, was the packet-boat cast away then?' said I. 'Oh! indeed, Sir, a great deal worse, as you shall see,' answered he: 'I was within half a league of Calais yesterday morning, and I was resolved to go by the seaside, to make greater haste; but, indeed they say very true, that nothing is like the highway; for I got into a quicksand, where I sunk up to the chin.' 'A quicksand,' said I, 'near Calais?' 'Yes, Sir,' said he, 'and such a quicksand, that, the devil take me, if they saw any thing but the top of my head when they pulled me out: as for my horse, fifteen men could scarce get him out; but the portmanteau, where I had unfortunately put your clothes, could never be found: it must be at least a league under-ground.'

"This, Sire," continued the Chevalier de Grammont, "is the adventure, and the relation which this honest gentleman has given me of it. I should certainly have killed him, but I was afraid of making Miss Hamilton wait, and I was desirous of giving your Majesty immediate advice of the quicksand, that your couriers may take care to avoid it."

The king was ready to split his sides with laughing, when the Chevalier de Grammont, resuming the discourse, "Apropos, Sire," said he, "I had forgot to tell you, that to increase my ill humour, I was stopped, as I was getting out of my chair, by the devil of a phantom in masquerade, who would by all means persuade me, that the queen had commanded me to dance with her; and, as I excused myself with the least rudeness possible, she charged me to find out who was to be her partner, and desired me to send him to her immediately: so that your Majesty will do well to give orders about it; for she has placed herself in ambush in a coach, to seize upon all those who pass through Whitehall. However, I must tell you, that it is worth while to see her dress; for she must have at least sixty ells of gauze and silver tissue about her, not to mention a sort

of a pyramid upon her head, adorned with a hundred thousand baubles."

This last account surprised all the assembly, except those who had a share in the plot. The queen assured them that all she had appointed for the ball were present; and the king, having paused some minutes: "I bet," said he, "that it is the Duchess of Newcastle."[83] "And I," said Lord Muskerry, coming up to Miss Hamilton, "will bet it is another fool; for I am very much mistaken if it is not my wife."

The king was for sending to know who it was, and to bring her in: Lord Muskerry offered himself for that service, for the reason already mentioned; and it was very well he did so. Miss Hamilton was not sorry for this, knowing very well that he was not mistaken in his conjecture: the jest would have gone much farther than she intended, if the princess of Babylon had appeared in all her glory.

The ball was not very well executed, if one may be allowed the expression, so long as they danced only slow dances; and yet there were as good dancers, and as beautiful women in this assembly, as were to be found in the whole world: but as their number was not great, they left the French, and went to country dances. When they had danced some time, the king thought fit to introduce his auxiliaries, to give the others a little respite: the queen's and the duchess's maids of honour were therefore called in to dance with the gentlemen.

Then it was that they were at leisure to take notice of Miss Blague, and they found that the billet they had conveyed to her on the part of Brisacier had its effect: she was more yellow than saffron: her hair was stuffed with the citron-coloured riband, which she had put there out of complaisance; and, to inform Brisacier of his fate, she raised often to her head her victorious hands, adorned with the gloves we have before mentioned: but, if they were surprised to see her in a head-

dress that made her look more wan than ever, she was very differently surprised to see Miss Price partake with her in every particular of Brisacier's present: her surprise soon turned to jealousy; for her rival had not failed to join in conversation with him, on account of what had been insinuated to her the evening before; nor did Brisacier fail to return her first advances, without paying the least attention to the fair Blague, nor to the signs which she was tormenting herself to make him, to inform him of his happy destiny.

Miss Price was short and thick, and consequently no dancer: the Duke of Buckingham, who brought Brisacier forward as often as he could, came to desire him, on the part of the king, to dance with Miss Blague, without knowing what was then passing in this nymph's heart: Brisacier excused himself, on account of the contempt that he had for country dances: Miss Blague thought that it was herself that he despised; and, seeing that he was engaged in conversation with her mortal enemy, she began to dance, without knowing what she was doing. Though her indignation and jealousy were sufficiently remarkable to divert the court, none but Miss Hamilton and her accomplices understood the joke perfectly: their pleasure was quite complete; for Lord Muskerry returned, still more confounded at the vision, of which the Chevalier de Grammont had given the description: he acquainted Miss Hamilton, that it was Lady Muskerry herself, a thousand times more ridiculous than she had ever been before, and that he had had an immense trouble to get her home, and place a sentry at her chamber door.

The reader may think, perhaps, that we have dwelt too long on these trifling incidents; perhaps he may be right: we will, therefore, pass to others.

Every thing favoured the Chevalier de Grammont in the new passion which he entertained: he was not, however,

without rivals; but, what is a great deal more extraordinary, he was without uneasiness: he was acquainted with their understandings, and no stranger to Miss Hamilton's way of thinking.

Among her lovers, the most considerable, though the least professedly so, was the Duke of York: it was in vain for him to conceal it, the court was too well acquainted with his character to doubt of his inclinations for her: he did not think it proper to declare such sentiments as were not fit for Miss Hamilton to hear; but he talked to her as much as he could, and ogled her with great assiduity. As hunting was his favourite diversion, that sport employed him one part of the day, and he came home generally much fatigued; but Miss Hamilton's presence revived him, when he found her either with the queen or the duchess: there it was that, not daring to tell her of what lay heavy on his heart, he entertained her with what he had in his head; telling her miracles of the cunning of foxes and the mettle of horses; giving her accounts of broken legs and arms, dislocated shoulders, and other curious and entertaining adventures; after which, his eyes told her the rest, till such time as sleep interrupted their conversation; for these tender interpreters could not help sometimes composing themselves in the midst of their ogling.

The duchess was not at all alarmed at a passion which her rival was far from thinking sincere, and with which she used to divert herself, as far as respect would admit her: on the contrary, as her highness had an affection and esteem for Miss Hamilton, she never treated her more graciously than on the present occasion.

The two Russells, uncle [84] and nephew,[85] were two other of the Chevalier de Grammont's rivals: the uncle was full seventy, and had distinguished himself by his courage and fidelity in the civil wars: his passions and intentions, with regard to

Miss Hamilton, appeared both at once; but his magnificence only appeared by halves in those gallantries which love inspires. It was not long since the fashion of high-crowned hats had been left off, in order to fall into the other extreme: old Russell, amazed at so terrible a change, resolved to keep a medium, which made him remarkable: he was still more so, by his constancy for cut doublets, which he supported a long time after they had been universally suppressed; but, what was more surprising than all, was a certain mixture of avarice and liberality, constantly at war with each other, ever since he had entered the lists with love.

His nephew was only of a younger brother's family, but was considered as his uncle's heir; and though he was under the necessity of attending to his uncle for an establishment, and still more so of humouring him, in order to get his estate, he could not avoid his fate. Mrs. Middleton shewed him a sufficient degree of preference; but her favours could not secure him from the charms of Miss Hamilton: his person would have had nothing disagreeable in it, if he had but left it to nature; but he was formal in all his actions, and silent even to stupidity; and yet rather more tiresome when he did speak.

The Chevalier de Grammont, very much at his ease in all these competitions, engaged himself more and more in his passion, without forming other designs, or conceiving other hopes, than to render himself agreeable: though his passion was openly declared, no person at court regarded it otherwise than as a habit of gallantry, which goes no farther than to do justice to merit.

His monitor, Saint Evremond, was quite of a different opinion; and finding, that, besides an immense increase of magnificence and assiduity, he regretted those hours which he bestowed on play; that he no longer sought after those long

and agreeable conversations they used to have together; and that this new attachment everywhere robbed him of himself.

"Monsieur le Chevalier," said he, "methinks that for some time you have left the town beauties and their lovers in perfect repose: Mrs. Middleton makes fresh conquests with impunity, and wears your presents, under your nose, without your taking the smallest notice: poor Miss Warmestre has been very quietly brought to bed in the midst of the court, without your having even said a word about it: I foresaw it plain enough, Monsieur le Chevalier, you have got acquainted with Miss Hamilton, and, what has never before happened to you, you are really in love; but let us consider a little what may be the consequence. In the first place, then, I believe, you have not the least intention of seducing her: such is her birth and merit, that if you were in possession of the estate and title of your family, it might be excusable in you to offer yourself upon honourable terms, however ridiculous marriage may be in general; for, if you only wish for wit, prudence, and the treasures of beauty, you could not pay your addresses to a more proper person: but for you, who possess only a very moderate share of those of fortune, you cannot pay your addresses more improperly.

"For your brother Toulongeon, whose disposition I am acquainted with, will not have the complaisance to die, to favour your pretensions: but suppose you had a competent fortune for you both, and that is supposing a good deal, are you acquainted with the delicacy, not to say capriciousness, of this fair one about such an engagement? Do you know that she has had the choice of the best matches in England? The Duke of Richmond paid his addresses to her first; but though he was in love with her, still he was mercenary: however, the king, observing that want of fortune was the only impediment to the match, took that article upon himself, out of regard to

the Duke of Ormond, to the merit and birth of Miss Hamilton, and to her father's services; but, resenting that a man who pretended to be in love should bargain like a merchant, and likewise reflecting upon his character in the world, she did not think that being duchess of Richmond was a sufficient recompense for the danger that was to be feared from a brute and a debauchee.

"Has not little Jermyn, notwithstanding his uncle's great estate and his own brilliant reputation, failed in his suit to her? And has she ever so much as vouchsafed to look at Henry Howard,[86] who is upon the point of being the first duke in England, and who is already in actual possession of all the estates of the house of Norfolk? I confess that he is a clown; but what other lady in all England would not have dispensed with his stupidity, and his disagreeable person, to be the first duchess in the kingdom, with twenty-five thousand a year?

"To conclude; Lord Falmouth has told me himself, that he has always looked upon her as the only acquisition wanting to complete his happiness; but that, even at the height of the splendour of his fortune, he never had had the assurance to open his sentiments to her; that he either felt in himself too much weakness, or too much pride, to be satisfied with obtaining her solely by the persuasion of her relations; and that, though the first refusals of the fair on such occasions are not much minded, he knew with what an air she had received the addresses of those whose persons she did not like. After this, Monsieur le Chevalier, consider what method you intend to pursue; for, if you are in love, the passion will still increase, and the greater the attachment, the less capable will you be of making those serious reflections that are now in your power."

"My poor philosopher," answered the Chevalier de Gram-

ment, "you understand Latin very well, you can make good verses, you understand the course, and are acquainted with the nature of the stars in the firmament; but, as for the luminaries of the terrestrial globe, you are utterly unacquainted with them; you have told me nothing about Miss Hamilton, but what the king told me three days ago. That she has refused the savages you have mentioned is all in her favour; if she had admitted their addresses, I would have had nothing to say to her, though I love her to distraction. Attend now to what I am going to say; I am resolved to marry her, and I will have my tutor Saint Evremond himself to be the first man to commend me for it. As for an establishment, I shall make my peace with the king, and will solicit him to make her one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the queen; this he will grant me. Toulongeon[87] will die, without my assistance, and notwithstanding all his care; and Miss Hamilton will have Semeat,[88] with the Chevalier de Grammont, as an indemnification for the Norfolks and Richmonds. Now, have you any thing to advance against this project? For I will bet you a hundred louis, that every thing will happen as I have foretold it."

At this time the king's attachment to Miss Stewart was so public, that every person perceived, that if she was but possessed of art, she might become as absolute a mistress over his conduct as she was over his heart. This was a fine opportunity for those who had experience and ambition. The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the king; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart; she was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at every thing, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only

allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll; blind-man's buff was her most favourite amusement; she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; and the duke was both the father and the mother of scandal; he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it. In short, he knew how to act all parts, with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the king to her apartments.

He was extremely handsome,[89] and still thought himself much more so than he really was; although he had a great deal of discernment, yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery. In short, being seduced by too good an opinion of his own merit, he forgot his first project and his Portuguese mistress, in order to pursue a fancy in which he mistook himself; for he no sooner began to act a serious part with Miss Stewart, than he met with so severe a repulse, that he abandoned, at once, all his designs upon her; however, the familiarity she had procured him with the king opened

the way to those favours to which he was afterwards advanced.

Lord Arlington[90] took up the project which the Duke of Buckingham had abandoned, and endeavoured to gain possession of the mind of the mistress, in order to govern the master. A man of greater merit and higher birth than himself might, however, have been satisfied with the fortune he had already acquired. His first negotiations were during the treaty of the Pyrenees; and though he was unsuccessful in his proceedings for his employer, yet he did not altogether lose his time; for he perfectly acquired, in his exterior, the serious air and profound gravity of the Spaniards, and imitated pretty well their tardiness in business; he had a scar across his nose, which was covered by a long patch, or, rather, by a small plaster, in form of a lozenge.

Scars in the face commonly give a man a certain fierce and martial air, which sets him off to advantage; but it was quite the contrary with him, and this remarkable plaster so well suited his mysterious looks, that it seemed an addition to his gravity and self-sufficiency.

Arlington, under the mask of this compound countenance, where great earnestness passed for business, and impenetrable stupidity for secrecy, had given himself the character of a great politician; and no one having leisure to examine him, he was taken at his word, and had been made minister and secretary of state, upon the credit of his own importance.

His ambition soaring still above these high stations, after having provided himself with a great number of fine maxims, and some historical anecdotes, he obtained an audience of Miss Stewart, in order to display them; at the same time offering her his most humble services, and best advice, to assist her in conducting herself in the situation to which it had pleased God, and her virtue, to raise her. But he was only in the

preface of his speech, when she recollected that he was at the head of those whom the Duke of Buckingham used to mimic; and as his presence and his language exactly revived the ridiculous ideas that had been given her of him, she could not forbear bursting out into a fit of laughter in his face, so much the more violent as she had for a long time struggled to suppress it.

The minister was enraged: his pride became his post, and his punctilious behaviour merited all the ridicule which could be attached to it: he quitted her abruptly, with all the fine advice he had prepared for her, and was almost tempted to carry it to Lady Castlemaine, and to unite himself with her interests; or immediately to quit the court party, and declaim freely in parliament against the grievances of the state, and particularly to propose an act to forbid the keeping of mistresses; but his prudence conquered his resentments; and thinking only how to enjoy with pleasure the blessings of fortune, he sent to Holland for a wife, in order to complete his felicity.[91]

Hamilton[92] was, of all the courtiers, the best qualified to succeed in an enterprise in which the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Arlington had miscarried: he was thinking upon it; but his natural coquetry traversed his intentions, and made him neglect the most advantageous prospects in the world, in order unnecessarily to attend to the advances and allurements thrown out to him by the Countess of Chesterfield. This was one of the most agreeable women in the world: she had a most exquisite shape, though she was not very tall: her complexion was extremely fair, with all the expressive charms of a brunette: she had large blue eyes, very tempting and alluring: her manners were engaging: her wit lively and amusing; but her heart, ever open to tender sentiments, was neither scrupulous in point of constancy, nor nice in

point of sincerity. She was daughter to the Duke of Ormond,[93] and Hamilton, being her cousin-german, they might be as much as they pleased in each other's company without being particular; but as soon as her eyes gave him some encouragement, he entertained no other thoughts than how to please her, without considering her fickleness, or the obstacles he had to encounter. His intention, which we mentioned before, of establishing himself in the confidence of Miss Stewart, no longer occupied his thoughts: she now was of opinion that she was capable of being the mistress of her own conduct: she had done all that was necessary to inflame the king's passions, without exposing her virtue by granting the last favours; but the eagerness of a passionate lover, blessed with favourable opportunities, is difficult to withstand, and still more difficult to vanquish; and Miss Stewart's virtue was almost exhausted, when the queen was attacked with a violent fever, which soon reduced her to extreme danger.

Then it was that Miss Stewart was greatly pleased with herself for the resistance she had made, though she had paid dearly for it: a thousand flattering hopes of greatness and glory filled her heart, and the additional respect that was universally paid her contributed not a little to increase them. The queen was given over by her physicians:[94] the few Portuguese women, that had not been sent back to their own country, filled the court with doleful cries; and the good nature of the king was much affected with the situation in which he saw a princess, whom, though he did not love her, yet he greatly esteemed. She loved him tenderly, and thinking that it was the last time she should ever speak to him, she told him, "That the concern he shewed for her death was enough to make her quit life with regret; but

that not possessing charms sufficient to merit his tenderness, she had at least the consolation in dying to give place to a consort, who might be more worthy of it, and to whom heaven, perhaps, might grant a blessing that had been refused to her." At these words, she bathed his hands with some tears, which he thought would be her last: he mingled his own with hers; and without supposing she would take him at his word, he conjured her to live for his sake. She had never yet disobeyed him; and, however dangerous sudden impulses may be, when one is between life and death, this transport of joy, which might have proved fatal to her, saved her life, and the king's wonderful tenderness had an effect, for which every person did not thank heaven in the same manner.

Jermyn had now for some time been recovered of his wounds: however, Lady Castlemaine, finding his health in as deplorable a condition as ever, resolved to regain the king's heart, but in vain: for notwithstanding the softness of her tears, and the violence of her passions, Miss Stewart wholly possessed it. During this period the court was variously entertained: sometimes there were promenades, and at others the court beauties sallied out on horseback, and to make attacks with their charms and graces, sometimes successfully, sometimes otherwise, but always to the best of their abilities: at other seasons there were such shows on the river, as the city of London alone can afford.

The Thames washes the sides of a large though not a magnificent palace of the kings of Great Britain:[95] from the stairs of this palace the court used to take water, in the summer evenings, when the heat and dust prevented their walking in the park: an infinite number of open boats, filled with the court and city beauties, attended the barges,

in which were the royal family: collations, music, and fireworks completed the scene. The Chevalier de Grammont always made one of the company, and it was very seldom that he did not add something of his own invention, agreeably to surprise by some unexpected stroke of magnificence and gallantry. Sometimes he had complete concerts of vocal and instrumental music, which he privately brought from Paris, and which struck up on a sudden in the midst of these parties: sometimes he gave banquets, which likewise came from France, and which, even in the midst of London, surpassed the king's collations. These entertainments sometimes exceeded, at others fell short of his expectations, but they always cost him an immense deal of money.

Lord Falmouth was one of those who had the greatest friendship and esteem for the Chevalier de Grammont: this profusion gave him concern, and as he often used to go and sup with him without ceremony, one day finding only Saint Evremond there, and a supper fit for half a dozen guests, who had been invited in form: "You must not," said he, addressing himself to the Chevalier de Grammont, "be obliged to me for this visit: I come from the king's *coucher*, where all the discourse was about you; and I can assure you that the manner in which the king spoke of you could not afford you so much pleasure as I myself felt upon the occasion. You know very well, that he has long since offered you his good offices with the king of France; and for my own part," continued he, smiling, "you know very well that I would solicit him so to do, if it was not through fear of losing you as soon as your peace is made; but, thanks to Miss Hamilton, you are in no great haste: however, I am ordered by the king my master to acquaint you, that while you remain here, until you are restored to the favour of your sovereign, he

presents you with a pension of fifteen hundred Jacobus's: it is indeed a trifle, considering the figure the Chevalier de Grammont makes among us; but it will assist him," said he, embracing him, "to give us sometimes a supper."

The Chevalier de Grammont received, as he ought, the offer of a favour he did not think proper to accept: "I acknowledge," said he, "the king's bounty in this proposal, but I am still more sensible of Lord Falmouth's generosity in it; and I request him to assure his Majesty of my perfect gratitude: the king my master will not suffer me to want, when he thinks fit to recall me; and while I continue here, I will let you see that I have wherewithal to give my English friends now and then a supper."

At these words, he called for his strong box, and shewed him seven or eight thousand guineas in solid gold. Lord Falmouth, willing to improve to the Chevalier's advantage the refusal of so advantageous an offer, gave Monsieur de Comminge,[96] then ambassador at the English court, an account of it; nor did Monsieur de Comminge fail to represent properly the merit of such a refusal to the French court.

Hyde Park, every one knows, is the promenade of London;[97] nothing was so much in fashion, during the fine weather, as that promenade, which was the rendezvous of magnificence and beauty: every one, therefore, who had either sparkling eyes, or a splendid equipage, constantly repaired thither, and the king seemed pleased with the place.

Coaches with glasses[98] were then a late invention: the ladies were afraid of being shut up in them: they greatly preferred the pleasure of shewing almost their whole persons, to the conveniences of modern coaches: that which was made for the king not being remarkable for its elegance, the Che-

valier de Grammont was of opinion that something ingenious might be invented, which should partake of the ancient fashion, and likewise prove preferable to the modern; he therefore sent away Termes privately with all the necessary instructions to Paris: the Duke of Guise was likewise charged with this commission; and the courier, having by the favour of Providence escaped the quicksand, in a month's time brought safely over to England the most elegant and magnificent calash that had ever been seen, which the Chevalier presented to the king.

The Chevalier de Grammont had given orders, that fifteen hundred louis should be expended upon it; but the Duke of Guise, who was his friend, to oblige him, laid out two thousand. All the court was in admiration at the magnificence of the present; and the king, charmed with the Chevalier's attention to every thing which could afford him pleasure, failed not to acknowledge it: he would not, however, accept a present of so much value, but upon condition that the Chevalier should not refuse another from him.

The queen, imagining that so splendid a carriage might prove fortunate for her, wished to appear in it first, with the Duchess of York. Lady Castlemaine, who had seen them in it, thinking that it set off a fine figure to greater advantage than any other, desired the king to lend her this wonderful calash to appear in it the first fine day in Hyde Park. Miss Stewart had the same wish, and requested to have it on the same day. As it was impossible to reconcile these two goddesses, whose former union was turned into mortal hatred, the king was very much perplexed.

Lady Castlemaine was with child, and threatened to miscarry, if her rival was preferred. Miss Stewart threatened that she never would be with child, if her request was not

granted: this menace prevailed, and Lady Castlemaine's rage was so great, that she had almost kept her word; and it was believed that this triumph cost her rival some of her innocence.

The queen dowager, who, though she had no share in these broils, had no objection to them, and as usual being diverted with this circumstance, she took occasion to joke with the Chevalier de Grammont, for having thrown this bone of contention among such competitors; and did not fail to give him, in the presence of the whole court, those praises which so magnificent a present deserved: "But how comes it," said she, "that you have no equipage yourself, though you are at so great an expense? for I am told that you do not keep even a single footman, and that one of the common runners in the streets lights you home with a stinking link." "Madam," said he, "the Chevalier de Grammont hates pomp: my link-boy, of whom you speak, is faithful to my service; and besides, he is one of the bravest fellows in the world. Your Majesty is unacquainted with the nation of link-boys: it is a charming one, I can assure you: a man cannot step out in the night without being surrounded by a dozen of them. The first time I became acquainted with them, I retained all that offered me their services; so that when I arrived at Whitehall, I had at least two hundred about my chair. The sight was new; for those who had seen me pass with this illumination, asked whose funeral it was. These gentlemen, however, began fighting about some dozen shillings I had thrown among them then; and he whom your Majesty mentions having beaten three or four of his companions, I retained him for his valour. As for the parade of coaches and footmen, I despise it: I have sometimes had five or six valets-de-chambre at once, without

having a single servant in livery, except my chaplain Poussatin." "How!" said the queen, bursting out a laughing, "a chaplain in your livery! he surely was not a priest?" "Pardon me, Madam," said he, "and the first priest in the world for dancing the Biscayan jig." "Chevalier," said the king, "pray tell us the history of your chaplain Poussatin."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, the Prince de Condé besieged Lerida ;[99] the place in itself was nothing ; but Don Gregorio Brice, who defended it, was something. He was one of those Spaniards of the old stamp, as valiant as the Cid, as proud as all the Guzmans put together, and more gallant than all the Abencerrages of Grenada : he suffered us to make our first approaches to the place, without the least molestation. The Marshal de Grammont,[100] whose maxim it was, that a governor who at first makes a great blustering, and burns his suburbs in order to make a noble defence, generally makes a very bad one, looked upon Gregorio de Brice's politeness as no good omen for us ; but the prince, covered with glory, and elated with the campaigns of Rocroy, Norlinguen, and Fribourg, to insult both the place and the governor, ordered the trenches to be mounted at noon-day by his own regiment, at the head of which marched four-and-twenty fiddlers, as if it had been to a wedding.

"Night approaching, we were all in high spirits : our violins were playing soft airs, and we were comfortably regaling ourselves : God knows how we were joking about the poor governor and his fortifications, both of which we promised ourselves to take in less than twenty-four hours. This was going on in the trenches, when we heard an ominous cry from the ramparts, repeated two or three times, of 'Alerte on the walls!' This cry was followed by a discharge of cannon and musketry, and this discharge by a vigorous sally, which, after

having filled up the trenches, pursued us as far as our grand guard.

"The next day, Gregorio Brice sent by a trumpet a present of ice and fruit to the Prince de Condé, humbly beseeching his highness to excuse his not returning the serenade which he was pleased to favour him with, as unfortunately he had no violins; but that, if the music of last night was not disagreeable to him, he would endeavour to continue it as long as he did him the honour to remain before the place. The Spaniard was as good as his word; and as soon as we heard 'Alerte on the walls,' we were sure of a sally, that cleared our trenches, destroyed our works, and killed the best of our officers and soldiers. The prince was so piqued at it, that, contrary to the opinion of the general officers, he obstinately persisted in carrying on a siege, which was like to ruin his army, and which he was at last forced to quit in a hurry.

"As our troops were retiring, Don Gregorio, far from giving himself those airs which governors generally do on such occasions, made no other sally than sending a respectful compliment to the prince. Signor Brice set out not long after for Madrid, to give an account of his conduct, and to receive the recompense he had merited. Your Majesty, perhaps, will be desirous to know what reception poor Brice met with, after having performed the most brilliant action the Spaniards could boast of in all the war—he was confined by the Inquisition."

"How!" said the queen dowager, "confined by the Inquisition for his services!" "Not altogether for his services," said the Chevalier; "but, without any regard to his services, he was treated in the manner I have mentioned, for a little affair of gallantry, which I shall relate to the king presently.

"The campaign of Catalonia being thus ended, we were returning home, not overloaded with laurels; but, as the

Prince de Condé had laid up a great store on former occasions, and as he had still great projects in his head, he soon forgot this trifling misfortune: we did nothing but joke with one another during the march, and the prince was the first to ridicule the siege: we made some of those rhymes on Lerida, which were sung all over France, in order to prevent others more severe; however, we gained nothing by it, for notwithstanding we treated ourselves freely in our own ballads, others were composed in Paris, in which we were ten times more severely handled. At last we arrived at Perpignan upon a holy-day: a company of Catalans, who were dancing in the middle of the street, out of respect to the prince came to dance under his windows: Monsieur Poussatin, in a little black jacket, danced in the middle of this company as if he was really mad: I immediately recognized him for my countryman from his manner of skipping and frisking about: the prince was charmed with his humour and activity. After the dance, I sent for him, and inquired who he was. 'A poor priest, at your service, my lord,' said he: 'my name is Poussatin, and Bearn is my native country: I was going into Catalonia to serve in the infantry, for, God be praised, I can march very well on foot; but, since the war is happily concluded, if your lordship pleases to take me into your service, I would follow you everywhere, and serve you faithfully.' 'Monsieur Poussatin,' said I, 'my lordship has no great occasion for a chaplain; but since you are so well disposed towards me, I will take you into my service.'

"The Prince de Condé, who was present at this conversation, was overjoyed at my having a chaplain. As poor Poussatin was in a very tattered condition, I had no time to provide him with a proper habit at Perpignan; but giving him a spare livery of one of the Marshal de Grammont's servants, I

made him get up behind the prince's coach, who was like to die with laughing every time he looked at poor Poussatin's uncanonical mien in a yellow livery.

"As soon as we arrived at Paris, the story was told to the queen, who at first expressed some surprise at it: this, however, did not prevent her from wishing to see my chaplain dance; for in Spain it is not altogether so strange to see ecclesiastics dance, as to see them in livery.

"Poussatin performed wonders before the queen; but as he danced with great sprightliness, she could not bear the odour which his violent motions diffused around her room: the ladies likewise began to pray for relief; for he had almost entirely got the better of all the perfumes and essences with which they were fortified: Poussatin, nevertheless, retired with a great deal of applause, and some louis d'or.

"Some time afterwards I procured a small benefice in the country for my chaplain, and I have since been informed that Poussatin preached with the same ease in his village, as he danced at the wedding of his parishioners."

The king was exceedingly diverted at Poussatin's history; and the queen was not much hurt at his having been put in livery: the treatment of Gregorio Brice offended her far more; and being desirous to justify the court of Spain, with respect to so cruel a proceeding: "Chevalier de Grammont," said she, "what heresy did Governor Brice wish to introduce into the state? What crime against religion was he charged with, that he was confined in the Inquisition?" "Madam," said he, "the history is not very proper to be related before your majesty: it was a little amorous frolic, ill-timed, indeed; but poor Brice meant no harm: a schoolboy would not have been whipped for such a fault, in the most severe college in France; as it was only for giving some proofs of his affection

to a young Spanish fair one, who had fixed her eyes upon him on a solemn occasion."

The king desired to know the particulars of the adventure; and the Chevalier gratified his curiosity, as soon as the queen and the rest of the court were out of hearing. It was very entertaining to hear him tell a story; but it was very disagreeable to differ with him, either in competition, or in raillery: it is true that at that time there were few persons at the English court who had merited his indignation: Russell was sometimes the subject of his ridicule, but he treated him far more tenderly than he usually did a rival.

This Russell was one of the most furious dancers in all England, I mean, for country dances: he had a collection of two or three hundred in print, all of which he danced at sight; and to prove that he was not an old man, he sometimes danced until he was almost exhausted: his mode of dancing was like that of his clothes, for they both had been out of fashion full twenty years.

The Chevalier de Grammont was very sensible that he was very much in love; but though he saw very well that it only rendered him more ridiculous, yet he felt some concern at the information he received, of his intention of demanding Miss Hamilton in marriage; but his concern did not last long.

Russell, being upon the point of setting out on a journey, thought it was proper to acquaint his mistress with his intentions before his departure. The Chevalier de Grammont was a great obstacle to the interview he was desirous of obtaining of her; but being one day sent for, to go and play at Lady Castlemaine's, Russell seized the opportunity, and addressing himself to Miss Hamilton, with less embarrassment than is usual on such occasions, he made his declaration to her in the following manner: "I am brother to the Earl of Bedford: I

command the regiment of guards: I have three thousand pounds a year, and fifteen thousand in ready money: all which, Madam, I come to present to you, along with my person. One present, I agree, is not worth much without the other, and therefore I put them together. I am advised to go to some of the watering places for something of an asthma, which, in all probability, cannot continue much longer, as I have had it for these last twenty years: if you look upon me as worthy of the happiness of belonging to you, I shall propose it to your father, to whom I did not think it right to apply, before I was acquainted with your sentiments: my nephew William is at present entirely ignorant of my intention; but I believe he will not be sorry for it, though he will thereby see himself deprived of a pretty considerable estate; for he has great affection for me, and besides, he has a pleasure in paying his respects to you since he has perceived my attachment. I am very much pleased that he should make his court to me, by the attention he pays to you; for he did nothing but squander his money upon that coquet Middleton, while at present he is at no expense, though he frequents the best company in England."

Miss Hamilton had much difficulty to suppress her laughter during this harangue: however, she told him, that she thought herself much honoured by his intentions towards her, and still more obliged to him for consulting her, before he made any overtures to her relations: "It will be time enough," said she, "to speak to them upon the subject at your return from the waters; for I do not think it is at all probable that they will dispose of me before that time, and in case they should be urgent in their solicitations, your nephew William will take care to acquaint you; therefore, you may set out whenever you think proper; but take care not to injure your health by returning too soon."

The Chevalier de Grammont, having heard the particulars of this conversation, endeavoured as well as he could to be entertained with it; though there were certain circumstances in the declaration, notwithstanding the absurdity of others, which did not fail to give him some uneasiness. Upon the whole, he was not sorry for Russell's departure; and, assuming an air of pleasantry, he went to relate to the king, how Heaven had favoured him, by delivering him from so dangerous a rival. "He is gone then, Chevalier?" said the king "Certainly, Sir," said he, 'I had the honour to see him embark in a coach, with his asthma, and country equipage, his *perruque à calotte*, neatly tied with a yellow riband, and his old-fashioned hat covered with oil-skin, which becomes him uncommonly well: therefore, I have only to contend with William Russell, whom he leaves as his resident with Miss Hamilton; and, as for him, I neither fear him upon his own account, nor his uncle's: he is too much in love himself, to pay attention to the interests of another; and as he has but one method of promoting his own, which is by sacrificing the portrait, or some love-letters of Mrs. Middleton, I have it easily in my power to counteract him in such kind of favours, though I confess I have pretty well paid for them."

"Since your affairs proceed so prosperously with the Russells," said the king, "I will acquaint you that you are delivered from another rival, much more dangerous, if he were not already married: my brother has lately fallen in love with Lady Chesterfield." "How many blessings at once!" exclaimed the Chevalier de Grammont: "I have so many obligations to him for this inconstancy, that I would willingly serve him in his new amour, if Hamilton was not his rival: nor will your majesty take it ill, if I promote the interests of my mistress's brother, rather than those of your majesty's brother." "Hamilton, however," said the king, "does not

stand so much in need of assistance, in affairs of this nature. as the Duke of York; but I know Lord Chesterfield is of such a disposition, that he will not suffer men to quarrel about his wife, with the same patience as the complaisant Shrewsbury; though he well deserves the same fate." Here follows a true description of Lord Chesterfield.[101]

He had a very agreeable face, a fine head of hair, an indifferent shape, and a worse air; he was not, however, deficient in wit: a long residence in Italy had made him ceremonious in his commerce with men, and jealous in his connection with women. He had been much hated by the king, because he had been much beloved by Lady Castlemaine: it was reported that he had been in her good graces prior to her marriage; and as neither of them denied it, it was the more generally believed.

He had paid his devoirs to the eldest daughter of the Duke of Ormond, while his heart was still taken up with his former passion. The king's love for Lady Castlemaine, and the advancement he expected from such an alliance, made him press the match with as much ardour as if he had been passionately in love: he had therefore married Lady Chesterfield without loving her, and had lived some time with her in such coolness, as to leave her no room to doubt of his indifference. As she was endowed with great sensibility and delicacy, she suffered at this contempt: she was at first much affected with his behaviour, and afterwards enraged at it; and, when he began to give her proofs of his affection, she had the pleasure of convincing him of her indifference.

They were upon this footing, when she resolved to cure Hamilton, as she had lately done her husband, of all his remaining tenderness for Lady Castlemaine. For her it was no difficult undertaking: the conversation of the one was

disagreeable, from the unpolished state of her manners, her ill-timed pride, her uneven temper, and extravagant humours: Lady Chesterfield, on the contrary, knew how to heighten her charms, with all the bewitching attractions in the power of a woman to invent, who wishes to make a conquest.

Besides all this, she had greater opportunities of making advances to him, than to any other: she lived at the Duke of Ormond's, at Whitehall, where Hamilton, as was said before, had free admittance at all hours: her extreme coldness, or rather the disgust which she shewed for her husband's returning affection, wakened his natural inclination to jealousy: he suspected that she could not so very suddenly pass from anxiety to indifference for him, without some secret object of a new attachment; and, according to the maxims of all jealous husbands, he immediately put in practice all his experience and industry, in order to make a discovery, which was to destroy his own happiness.

Hamilton, who knew his disposition, was, on the other hand, upon his guard, and the more he advanced in his intrigue, the more attentive was he to remove every degree of suspicion from the earl's mind: he pretended to make him his confidant, in the most unguarded and open manner, of his passion for Lady Castlemaine: he complained of her caprice, and most earnestly desired his advice how to succeed with a person whose affections he alone had entirely possessed.

Chesterfield, who was flattered with this discourse, promised him his protection with greater sincerity than it had been demanded: Hamilton, therefore, was no further embarrased than to preserve Lady Chesterfield's reputation, who, in his opinion, declared herself rather too openly in his favour: but whilst he was diligently employed in regulating, within the rules of discretion, the partiality she expressed for

him, and in conjuring her to restrain her glances within bounds, she was receiving those of the Duke of York; and, what is more, made them favourable returns.

He thought that he had perceived it, as well as every one besides; but he thought likewise, that all the world was deceived as well as himself: how could he trust his own eyes, as to what those of Lady Chesterfield betrayed for this new rival? He could not think it probable, that a woman of her disposition could relish a man, whose manners had a thousand times been the subject of their private ridicule; but what he judged still more improbable was, that she should begin another intrigue before she had given the finishing stroke to that in which her own advances had engaged her: however, he began to observe her with more circumspection, when he found by his discoveries, that if she did not deceive him, at least the desire of doing so was not wanting. This he took the liberty of telling her of; but she answered him in so high a strain, and treated what he said so much like a phantom of his own imagination, that he appeared confused without being convinced: all the satisfaction he could procure from her, was her telling him, in a haughty manner, that such unjust reproaches as his ought to have had a better foundation.

Lord Chesterfield had taken the same alarm; and being convinced, from the observations he had made, that he had found out the happy lover who had gained possession of his lady's heart, he was satisfied; and without teazing her with unnecessary reproaches, he only waited for an opportunity to confound her, before he took his measures.

After all, how can we account for Lady Chesterfield's conduct, unless we attribute it to the disease incident to most coquettes, who, charmed with superiority, put in practice

every art to rob another of her conquest, and spare nothing to preserve it.

But before we enter into the particulars of this adventure, let us take a retrospect of the amours of his royal highness, prior to the declaration of his marriage, and particularly of what immediately preceded this declaration. It is allowable sometimes to drop the thread of a narrative, when real facts, not generally known, give such a variety upon the digression as to render it excusable: let us see then how those things happened.

The Duke of York's marriage with the chancellor's daughter was deficient in none of those circumstances which render contracts of this nature valid in the eye of heaven: the mutual inclination, the formal ceremony, witnesses, and every essential point of matrimony, had been observed.[102]

Though the bride was no perfect beauty, yet, as there were none at the court of Holland who eclipsed her, the duke, during the first endearments of matrimony, was so far from repenting of it, that he seemed only to wish for the king's restoration, that he might have an opportunity of declaring it with splendour; but when he saw himself enjoying a rank which placed him so near the throne; when the possession of Miss Hyde afforded him no new charms; when England, so abounding in beauties, displayed all that was charming and lovely in the court of the king his brother; and when he considered he was the only prince, who, from such superior elevation, had descended so low, he began to reflect upon it. On the one hand, his marriage appeared to him particularly ill suited in every respect: he recollected that Jermyn had not engaged him in an intimacy with Miss Hyde, until he had convinced him, by several different circumstances, of the facility of succeeding: he looked upon his marriage as an infringe-

ment of that duty and obedience he owed to the king; the indignation with which the court, and even the whole kingdom, would receive the account of his marriage, presented itself to his imagination, together with the impossibility of obtaining the king's consent to such an act, which for a thousand reasons he would be obliged to refuse. On the other hand, the tears and despair of poor Miss Hyde presented themselves; and still more than that, he felt a remorse of conscience, the scruples of which began from that time to rise up against him.

In the midst of this perplexity he opened his heart to Lord Falmouth, and consulted with him what method he ought to pursue. He could not have applied to a better man for his own interests, nor to a worse for Miss Hyde's; for at first, Falmouth maintained not only that he was not married, but that it was even impossible that he could ever have formed such a thought; that any marriage was invalid for him, which was made without the king's consent, even if the party was a suitable match: but that it was a mere jest, even to think of the daughter of an insignificant lawyer, whom the favour of his sovereign had lately made a peer of the realm, without any noble blood, and chancellor, without any capacity; that as for his scruples, he had only to give ear to some gentlemen whom he could introduce, who would thoroughly inform him of Miss Hyde's conduct, before he became acquainted with her; and provided he did not tell them that he really was married, he would soon have sufficient grounds to come to a determination.

The Duke of York consented, and Lord Falmouth having assembled both his counsel and his witnesses, conducted them to his royal highness's cabinet, after having instructed them how to act: these gentlemen were the Earl of Arran, Jermyn, Talbot, and Killegrew, all men of honour; but who infinitely

preferred the Duke of York's interest to Miss Hyde's reputation, and who, besides, were greatly dissatisfied, as well as the whole court, at the insolent authority of the prime minister.

The duke having told them, after a sort of preamble, that although they could not be ignorant of his affection for Miss Hyde, yet they might be unacquainted with the engagements his tenderness for her had induced him to contract; that he thought himself obliged to perform all the promises he had made her; but as the innocence of persons of her age was generally exposed to court scandal, and as certain reports, whether false or true, had been spread abroad on the subject of her conduct, he conjured them as his friends, and charged them upon their duty, to tell him sincerely every thing they knew upon the subject, since he was resolved to make their evidence the rule of his conduct towards her. They all appeared rather reserved at first, and seemed not to dare to give their opinions upon an affair of so serious and delicate a nature; but the Duke of York having renewed his entreaties, each began to relate the particulars of what he knew, and perhaps of more than he knew, of poor Miss Hyde; nor did they omit any circumstance necessary to strengthen the evidence. For instance, the Earl of Arran, who spoke first, deposed, that in the gallery at Honslaerdyk, where the Countess of Ossory, his sister-in-law, and Jermyn, were playing at nine-pins, Miss Hyde, pretending to be sick, retired to a chamber at the end of the gallery; that he, the deponent, had followed her, and having cut her lace, to give a greater probability to the pretence of the vapours, he had acquitted himself to the best of his abilities, both to assist and to console her.

Talbot said, that she had made an appointment with him in the chancellor's cabinet, while he was in council; and, that not paying so much attention to what was upon the table, as

to what they were engaged in, they had spilled a bottle full of ink upon a despatch of four pages, and that the king's monkey, which was blamed for this accident, had been a long time in disgrace.

Jermyn mentioned many places where he had received long and favourable audiences: however, all these articles of accusation amounted only to some delicate familiarities, or at most, to what is generally denominated the innocent part of an intrigue; but Killegrew, who wished to surpass these trivial depositions, boldly declared that he had had the honour of being upon the most intimate terms with her: he was of a sprightly and witty humour, and had the art of telling a story in the most entertaining manner, by the graceful and natural turn he could give it: he affirmed that he had found the critical minute in a certain closet built over the water, for a purpose very different from that of giving ease to the pains of love: that three or four swans had been witnesses to his happiness, and might perhaps have been witnesses to the happiness of many others, as the lady frequently repaired to that place, and was particularly delighted with it.

The Duke of York found this last accusation greatly out of bounds, being convinced he himself had sufficient proofs of the contrary: he therefore returned thanks to these officious informers for their frankness, ordered them to be silent for the future upon what they had been telling him, and immediately passed into the king's apartment.

As soon as he had entered the cabinet, Lord Falmouth, who had followed him, related what had passed to the Earl of Ossory, whom he met in the presence chamber: they strongly suspected what was the subject of the conversation of the two brothers, as it was long; and the Duke of York appeared to be in such agitation when he came out, that they no longer doubted that the result had been unfavourable for

for Miss Hyde. Lord Falmouth began to be affected for her disgrace, and to relent that he had been concerned in it, when the Duke of York told him and the Earl of Ossory to meet him in about an hour's time at the chancellor's.

They were rather surprised that he should have the cruelty himself to announce such a melancholy piece of news: they found his royal highness at the appointed hour in Miss Hyde's chamber: a few tears trickled down her cheeks, which she endeavoured to restrain. The chancellor, leaning against the wall, appeared to them to be puffed up with something, which they did not doubt was rage and despair. The Duke of York said to them, with that serene and pleasant countenance with which men generally announce good news: "As you are the two men of the court whom I most esteem, I am desirous you should first have the honour of paying your compliments to the Duchess of York: there she is."

Surprise was of no use, and astonishment was unseasonable on the present occasion: they were, however, so greatly possessed with both surprise and astonishment, that in order to conceal it, they immediately fell on their knees to kiss her hand, which she gave to them with as much majesty as if she had been used to it all her life.

The next day the news was made public, and the whole court was eager to pay her that respect, from a sense of duty, which in the end became very sincere.

The *petits maîtres* who had spoken against her, seeing their intentions disappointed, were not a little embarrassed. Women are seldom accustomed to forgive injuries of this nature; and, if they promise themselves the pleasure of revenge, when they gain the power, they seldom forget it: in the present case, however, the fears of these *petits-maîtres* were their only punishment.

The Duchess of York, being fully informed of all that was said in the cabinet concerning her, instead of shewing the least resentment, studied to distinguish, by all manner of kindness and good offices, those who had attacked her in so sensible a part; nor did she ever mention it to them, but in order to praise their zeal, and to tell them, "that nothing was a greater proof of the attachment of a man of honour, than his being more solicitous for the interest of his friend, or master, than for his own reputation:" a remarkable example of prudence and moderation, not only for the fair sex, but even for those who value themselves most upon their philosophy among the men.

The Duke of York, having quieted his conscience by the declaration of his marriage, thought that he was entitled, by this generous effort, to give way a little to his inconstancy: he therefore immediately seized upon whatever he could first lay his hands upon: this was Lady Carnegy,[103] who had been in several other hands. She was still tolerably handsome, and her disposition, naturally inclined to tenderness, did not oblige her new lover long to languish. Every thing coincided with their wishes for some time: Lord Carnegy, her husband, was in Scotland; but his father dying suddenly, he as suddenly returned with the title of Southesk, which his wife detested; but which she took more patiently than she received the news of his return. Some private intimation had been given him of the honour that was done him in his absence; nevertheless, he did not shew his jealousy at first; but, as he was desirous to be satisfied of the reality of the fact, he kept a strict watch over his wife's actions. The Duke of York and her ladyship had, for some time, been upon such terms of intimacy, as not to pass their time in frivolous amusements; however, the husband's return obliged them to maintain some decorum: he therefore never went to

her house, but in form, that is to say, always accompanied by some friend or other, to give his amours at least the appearance of a visit.

About this time Talbot[104] returned from Portugal: this connection had taken place during his absence; and without knowing who Lady Southesk was, he had been informed that his master was in love with her.

A few days after his arrival, he was carried, merely to keep up appearances, to her house by the duke; and after being introduced, and some compliments having been paid on both sides, he thought it his duty to give his royal highness an opportunity to pay his compliments, and accordingly retired into the ante-chamber, which looked into the street, and placed himself at the window to view the people as they passed.

He was one of the best-meaning men in the world on such occasions; but was so subject to forgetfulness and absence of mind, that he once forgot, and left behind him at London, a complimentary letter which the duke had given him for the Infanta of Portugal, and never recollected it till he was going to his audience.

He stood sentry, as we have before said, very attentive to his instructions, when he saw a coach stop at the door, without being in the least concerned at it, and still less, at a man whom he saw get out of it, and whom he immediately heard coming up stairs.

The devil, who ought to be civil upon such occasions, forgot himself in the present instance, and brought up Lord Southesk *in propriâ personâ:* his royal highness's equipage had been sent home, because my lady had assured him that her husband was gone to see a bear and a bull baiting, an entertainment in which he took great delight, and from whence he seldom returned until it was very late; so that

Southesk, not seeing any equipage at the door, little imagined that he had such good company in his house; but if he was surprised to see Talbot carelessly lolling in his wife's ante-chamber, his surprise was soon over. Talbot, who had not seen him since they were in Flanders, and never supposing that he had changed his name: "Welcome, Carnegy, welcome, my good fellow," said he, giving him his hand, "where the devil have you been, that I have never been able to set eyes on you since we were at Brussels? What business brought you here? Do you likewise wish to see Lady Southesk? If this is your intention, my poor friend, you may go away again; for I must inform you, the Duke of York is in love with her, and I will tell you in confidence, that, at this very time, he is in her chamber."

Southesk, confounded as one may suppose, had no time to answer all these fine questions: Talbot, therefore, attended him down stairs as his friend; and, as his humble servant, advised him to seek for a mistress elsewhere. Southesk, not knowing what else to do at that time, returned to his coach; and Talbot, overjoyed at the adventure, impatiently waited for the duke's return, that he might acquaint him with it; but he was very much surprised to find that the story afforded no pleasure to those who had the principal share in it; and his greatest concern was, that Carnegy had changed his name, as if only to draw him into such a confidence.

This accident broke off a commerce which the Duke of York did not much regret; and indeed it was happy for him that he became indifferent; for the traitor Southesk meditated a revenge,[105] whereby, without using either assassination or poison, he would have obtained some satisfaction upon those who had injured him, if the connection had continued any longer.

He went to the most infamous places, to seek for the most

infamous disease, which he met with; but his revenge was only half completed; for after he had gone through every remedy to get quit of his disease, his lady did but return him his present, having no more connection with the person for whom it was so industriously prepared.

Lady Robarts[106] was then in the zenith of her glory: her beauty was striking; yet notwithstanding the brightness of the finest complexion, with all the bloom of youth, and with every requisite for inspiring desire, she nevertheless was not attractive. The Duke of York, however, would probably have been successful, if difficulties, almost insurmountable, had not disappointed his good intentions: Lord Robarts, her husband, was an old, snarling, troublesome, peevish fellow, in love with her to distraction, and, to complete her misery, a perpetual attendant on her person.

She perceived his royal highness's attachment to her, and seemed as if she was inclined to be grateful: this redoubled his eagerness, and every outward mark of tenderness he could possibly shew her; but the watchful husband redoubling his zeal and assiduity, as he found the approaches advance, every art was practised to render him tractable: several attacks were made upon his avarice and his ambition. Those who possessed the greatest share of his confidence, insinuated to him, that it was his own fault, if Lady Robarts, who was so worthy of being at court, was not received into some considerable post, either about the queen or the duchess: he was offered to be made lord lieutenant of the county where his estate was; or to have the management of the Duke of York's revenues in Ireland, of which he should have the entire disposal, provided he immediately set out to take possession of his charge; and having accomplished it, he might return as soon as ever he thought proper.

He perfectly well understood the meaning of these proposals, and was fully apprized of the advantages he might reap from them: in vain did ambition and avarice hold out their allurements; he was deaf to all their temptations, nor could ever the old fellow be persuaded to be made a cuckold. It is not always an aversion to, or a dread of this distinction, which preserves us from it: of this her husband was very sensible; therefore, under the pretence of a pilgrimage to Saint Winifred the virgin and martyr, who was said to cure women of barrenness, he did not rest, until the highest mountains in Wales were between his wife and the person who had designed to perform this miracle in London, after his departure.

The duke was for some time entirely taken up with the pleasures of the chase, and only now and then engaged in those of love; but his taste having undergone a change in this particular, and the remembrance of Lady Robarts wearing off by degrees, his eyes and wishes were turned towards Miss Brook; and it was in the height of this pursuit, that Lady Chesterfield threw herself into his arms, as we shall see, by resuming the sequel of her adventures.

The Earl of Bristol,[107] ever restless and ambitious, had put in practice every art to possess himself of the king's favour. As this is the same Digby whom Count Bussy mentions in his Annals, it will be sufficient to say, that he was not at all changed: he knew that love and pleasure had possession of a master, whom he himself governed in defiance of the chancellor; thus, he was continually giving entertainments at his house; and luxury and elegance seemed to rival each other in those nocturnal feasts, which always lead to other enjoyments. The two Miss Brooks, his relations, were always of those parties: they were both formed by nature to excite love in others, as well as to be susceptible of it themselves; they were just what the king wanted: the earl, from this com-

mencement, was beginning to entertain a good opinion of his project, when Lady Castlemaine, who had lately gained entire possession of the king's heart, was not in a humour, at that time, to share it with another, as she did very indiscreetly afterwards, despising Miss Stewart. As soon, therefore, as she received intimation of these secret practices, under pretence of attending the king in his parties, she entirely disconcerted them; so that the earl was obliged to lay aside his projects, and Miss Brook to discontinue her advances. The king did not even dare to think any more on this subject; but his brother was pleased to look after what he neglected; and Miss Brook accepted the offer of his heart, until it pleased heaven to dispose of her otherwise, which happened soon after in the following manner.

Sir John Denham,[108] loaded with wealth as well as years, had passed his youth in the midst of those pleasures which people at that age indulge in without restraint: he was one of the brightest geniuses England ever produced for wit and humour, and for brilliancy of composition: satirical and free in his poems, he spared neither frigid writers, nor jealous husbands, nor even their wives: every part abounded with the most poignant wit, and the most entertaining stories; but his most delicate and spirited raillery turned generally against matrimony; and, as if he wished to confirm, by his own example, the truth of what he had written in his youth, he married, at the age of seventy-nine, this Miss Brook of whom we are speaking, who was only eighteen.

The Duke of York had rather neglected her for some time before; but the circumstance of so unequal a match rekindled his ardour; and she, on her part, suffered him to entertain hopes of an approaching bliss, which a thousand considerations had opposed before her marriage: she wished to belong to the court; and for the promise of being made lady of the bed-

chamber to the duchess, she was upon the point of making him another promise, or of immediately performing it, if required, when, in the middle of this treaty, Lady Chesterfield was tempted by her evil genius to rob her of her conquest, in order to disturb all the world.

However, as Lady Chesterfield could not see the Duke of York, except in public assemblies, she was under the necessity of making the most extravagant advances, in order to seduce him from his former connection; and as he was the most unguarded ogler of his time, the whole court was informed of the intrigue before it was well begun.

Those who appeared the most attentive to their conduct, were not the least interested in it; Hamilton and Lord Chesterfield watched them narrowly; but Lady Denham, vexed that Lady Chesterfield should have stepped in before her, took the liberty of railing against her rival with the greatest bitterness. Hamilton had hitherto flattered himself, that vanity alone had engaged Lady Chesterfield in this adventure; but he was soon undeceived, whatever her indifference might have been when she first commenced this intrigue. We often proceed farther than we at first intended, when we indulge ourselves in trifling liberties, which we think of no consequence; for though perhaps the heart takes no part at the beginning, it seldom fails to be engaged in the end.

The court, as we have mentioned before, was an entire scene of gallantry and amusements, with all the politeness and magnificence, which the inclinations of a prince, naturally addicted to tenderness and pleasure, could suggest; the beauties were desirous of charming, and the men endeavoured to please; all studied to set themselves off to the best advantage; some distinguished themselves by dancing; others by show and magnificence; some by their wit, many by their amours, but few by their constancy. There was a certain Italian at

court, famous for the guitar; he had a genius for music, and he was the only man who could make any thing of the guitar: his style of play was so full of grace and tenderness, that he would have given harmony to the most discordant instruments. The truth is, nothing was so difficult as to play like this foreigner. The king's relish for his compositions had brought the instrument so much into vogue, that every person played upon it, well or ill; and you were as sure to see a guitar on a lady's toilette, as rouge or patches. The Duke of York played upon it tolerably well, and the Earl of Arran like Francisco himself. This Francisco had composed a saraband, which either charmed or infatuated every person; for the whole guitarery at court were trying at it, and God knows what an universal strumming there was. The Duke of York, pretending not to be perfect in it, desired Lord Arran to play it to him. Lady Chesterfield had the best guitar in England. The Earl of Arran, who was desirous of playing his best, conducted his royal highness to his sister's apartments; she was lodged at court, at her father's, the Duke of Ormond's, and this wonderful guitar was lodged there too. Whether this visit had been preconcerted or not, I do not pretend to say; but it is certain that they found both the lady and the guitar at home; they likewise found there Lord Chesterfield, so much surprised at this unexpected visit, that it was a considerable time before he thought of rising from his seat, to receive them with due respect.

Jealousy, like a malignant vapour, now seized upon his brain; a thousand suspicions, blacker than ink, took possession of his imagination, and were continually increasing; for whilst the brother played upon the guitar to the duke, the sister ogled and accompanied him with her eyes, as if the coast had been clear, and no enemy to observe them. This saraband was at least repeated twenty times; the duke declared

it was played to perfection. Lady Chesterfield found fault with the composition; but her husband, who clearly perceived that he was the person played upon, thought it a most detestable piece. However, though he was in the last agony, at being obliged to curb his passion, while others gave a free scope to theirs, he was resolved to find out the drift of the visit; but it was not in his power; for having the honour to be chamberlain to the queen, a messenger came to require his immediate attendance on her majesty. His first thought was to pretend sickness; the second to suspect that the queen, who sent for him at such an unseasonable time, was in the plot; but at last, after all the extravagant ideas of a suspicious man, and all the irresolutions of a jealous husband, he was obliged to go.

We may easily imagine what his state of mind was when he arrived at the palace. Alarms are to the jealous, what disasters are to the unfortunate: they seldom come alone, but form a series of persecution. He was informed that he was sent for to attend the queen at an audience she gave to seven or eight Muscovite ambassadors: he had scarce begun to curse the Muscovites, when his brother-in-law appeared, and drew upon himself all the imprecations he bestowed upon the embassy: he no longer doubted his being in the plot with the two persons he had left together; and in his heart sincerely wished him such recompense for his good offices as such good offices deserved. It was with great difficulty that he restrained himself from immediately acquainting him what was his opinion of such conduct: he thought that what he had already seen was a sufficient proof of his wife's infidelity; but before the end of the very same day, some circumstances occurred, which increased his suspicions, and persuaded him, that they had taken advantage of his absence, and of the honourable officiousness of his brother-in-law. He passed,

however, that night with tranquillity; but the next morning, being reduced to the necessity either of bursting or giving vent to his sorrows and conjectures, he did nothing but think and walk about the room until Park-time. He went to court, seemed very busy, as if seeking for some person or other, imagining that people guessed at the subject of his uneasiness: he avoided every body; but at length meeting with Hamilton, he thought he was the very man that he wanted; and having desired him to take an airing with him in Hyde Park, he took him up in his coach, and they arrived at the Ring, without a word having passed between them.

Hamilton, who saw him as yellow as jealousy itself, and particularly thoughtful, imagined that he had just discovered what all the world had perceived long before; when Chesterfield, after a broken insignificant preamble, asked him how he succeeded with Lady Castlemaine. Hamilton, who very well saw that he meant nothing by this question, nevertheless thanked him; and as he was thinking of an answer: "Your cousin," said the earl, "is extremely coquettish, and I have some reason to suppose she is not so prudent as she ought to be." Hamilton thought the last charge a little too severe; and as he was endeavouring to refute it: "Good God," said my lord, "you see, as well as the whole court, what airs she gives herself: husbands are always the last people that are spoken to about those affairs that concern them the most; but they are not always the last to perceive it themselves: though you have made me your confidant in other matters, yet I am not at all surprised you have concealed this from me; but as I flatter myself with having some share in your esteem, I should be sorry you should think me such a fool as to be incapable of seeing, though I am so complaisant as not to express my sentiments: nevertheless, I find that affairs are now carried on with such barefaced boldness, that at length

I find I shall be forced to take some course or other. God forbid that I should act the ridiculous part of a jealous husband: the character is odious; but then I do not intend, through an excess of patience, to be made the jest of the town. Judge, therefore, from what I am going to tell you, whether I ought to sit down unconcerned, or whether I ought to take measures for the preservation of my honour.

"His royal highness honoured me yesterday by a visit to my wife." Hamilton started at this beginning. "Yes," continued the other, "he did give himself that trouble, and Lord Arran took upon himself that of bringing him: do not you wonder that a man of his birth should act such a part? What advancement can he expect from one who employs him in such base services? But we have long known him to be one of the silliest creatures in England, with his guitar, and his other whims and follies." Chesterfield, after this short sketch of his brother-in-law's merit, began to relate the observations he had made during the visit, and asked Hamilton what he thought of his cousin Arran, who had so obligingly left them together. "This may appear surprising to you," continued he, "but hear me out, and judge whether I have reason to think that the close of this pretty visit passed in perfect innocence. Lady Chesterfield is amiable, it must be acknowledged; but she is far from being such a miracle of beauty as she supposes herself: you know she has ugly feet; but perhaps you are not acquainted that she has still worse legs." "Pardon me," said Hamilton, within himself: and the other continuing the description: "Her legs," said his lordship, "are short and thick; and, to remedy these defects as much as possible, she seldom wears any other than green stockings."

Hamilton could not for his life imagine the drift of all this discourse, and Chesterfield guessing his thoughts: "Have

a little patience," said he: "I went yesterday to Miss Stewart's, after the audience of those damned Muscovites: the king arrived there just before me; and as if the duke had sworn to pursue me wherever I went that day, he came in just after me. The conversation turned upon the extraordinary appearance of the ambassadors. I know not where that fool Crofts had heard that all these Muscovites had handsome wives; and that all their wives had handsome legs. Upon this the king maintained, that no woman ever had such handsome legs as Miss Stewart; and she, to prove the truth of his majesty's assertion, with the greatest imaginable ease, immediately shewed her leg above the knee. Some were ready to prostrate themselves, in order to adore its beauty; for indeed none can be handsomer; but the duke alone began to criticize upon it. He contended that it was too slender, and that as for himself he would give nothing for a leg that was not thicker and shorter, and concluded by saying, that no leg was worth any thing without green stockings: now this, in my opinion, was a sufficient demonstration that he had just seen green stockings, and had them fresh in his remembrance."

Hamilton was at a loss what countenance to put on, during a narrative which raised in him nearly the same conjectures: he shrugged up his shoulders, and faintly said that appearances were often deceitful; that Lady Chesterfield had the foible of all beauties, who place their merit on the number of their admirers; and whatever airs she might imprudently have given herself, in order not to discourage his royal highness, there was no ground to suppose that she would indulge him in any greater liberties to engage him: but in vain was it that he endeavoured to give that consolation to his friend which he did not feel himself. Chesterfield plainly perceived he did not think of what he was

saying; however, he thought himself much obliged to him for the interest he seemed to take in his concerns.

Hamilton was in haste to go home to vent his spleen and resentment in a letter to his cousin: the style of this billet was very different from those which he formerly was accustomed to write to her: reproaches, bitter expostulations, tenderness, menaces, and all the effusions of a lover, who thinks he has reason to complain, composed this epistle; which, for fear of accidents, he went to deliver himself

Never did she before appear so lovely, and never did her eyes speak so kindly to him as at this moment: his heart quite relented; but he was determined not to lose all the fine things he had said in his letter. In receiving it, she squeezed his hand: this action completely disarmed him, and he would have given his life to have had his letter again. It appeared to him at this instant, that all the grievances he complained of were visionary and groundless: he looked upon her husband as a madman and an impostor, and quite the reverse of what he supposed him to be a few minutes before; but this remorse came a little too late: he had delivered his billet; and Lady Chesterfield had shewn such impatience and eagerness to read it as soon as she had got it, that all circumstances seemed to conspire to justify her, and to confound him. She managed to get quit some way or other of some troublesome visitors, to slip into her closet; he thought himself so culpable, that he had not the assurance to wait her return: he withdrew with the rest of the company; but he did not dare to appear before her the next day, to have an answer to his letter: however, he met her at court; and this was the first time, since the commencement of their amour, that he did not seek for her. He stood at a distance, with downcast looks, and appeared in such terrible embarrassment, that his condition was sufficient to

raise laughter or to cause pity, when Lady Chesterfield approaching, thus accosted him: "Confess," said she, "that you are in as foolish a situation as any man of sense can be: you wish you had not written to me: you are desirous of an answer: you hope for none: yet, you equally wish for and dread it: I have, however, written you one." She had not time to say more; but the few words she had spoken were accompanied with such an air, and such a look, as to make him believe that it was Venus with all her Graces who had addressed him: he was near her when she sat down to cards, and as he was puzzling himself to devise by what means he should get this answer, she desired him to lay her gloves and fan down somewhere: he took them, and with them the billet in question, and as he had perceived nothing severe or angry in the conversation he had with her, he hastened to open her letter, and read as follows:

"Your transports are so ridiculous, that it is doing you a favour to attribute them to an excess of tenderness, which turns your head: a man, without doubt, must have a great inclination to be jealous, to entertain such an idea of the person you mention. Good God! what a lover to have caused uneasiness to a man of genius, and what a genius, to have got the better of mine! Are not you ashamed to give any credit to the visions of a jealous fellow, who brought nothing else with him from Italy? Is it possible, that the story of the green stockings, upon which he has founded his suspicions, should have imposed upon you, accompanied as it is with such pitiful circumstances? Since he has made you his confidant, why did not he boast of breaking in pieces my poor harmless guitar? This exploit, perhaps, might have convinced you more than all the rest: recollect yourself, and if you are really in love with me, thank fortune for a groundless jealousy, which diverts to another quarter the

attention he might pay to my attachment for the most amiable and the most dangerous man of the court."

Hamilton was ready to weep for joy at these endearing marks of kindness, of which he thought himself so unworthy: he was not satisfied with kissing, in raptures, every part of this billet; he also kissed several times her gloves and her fan. Play being over, Lady Chesterfield received them from his hands, and read in his eyes the joy that her billet had raised in his heart. Nor was he satisfied with expressing his raptures only by looks: he hastened home, and writ to her at least four times as much. How different was this letter from the other! Though perhaps not so well written; for one does not shew so much wit in suing for pardon as in venting reproaches, and it seldom happens that the soft, languishing style of a love-letter is so penetrating as that of invective.

Be that as it may, his peace was made: their past quarrel gave new life to their correspondence; and Lady Chesterfield, to make him as easy as he had before been distrustful, expressed on every occasion a feigned contempt for his rival, and a sincere aversion for her husband.

So great was his confidence in her, that he consented she should shew in public some marks of attention to the duke, in order to conceal as much as possible their private intelligence. Thus, at this time nothing disturbed his peace of mind, but his impatience of finding a favourable opportunity for the completion of his desires: he thought it was in her power to command it; but she excused herself on account of several difficulties which she enumerated to him, and which she was desirous he should remove by his industry and attentions.

This silenced his complaints; but whilst he was endeavouring to surmount these obstacles, still wondering how it

was possible that two persons who were so well disposed to each other, and who were agreed to make each other happy, could not put their designs in execution, accident discovered an unexpected adventure, which left him no room to doubt, either of the happiness of his rival, or of the perfidy of his mistress.

Misfortunes often fall light when most feared; and frequently prove heaviest when merited, and when least suspected. Hamilton was in the middle of the most tender and passionate letter he had ever written to Lady Chesterfield, when her husband came to announce to him the particulars of this last discovery: he came so suddenly upon him, that he had only just time to conceal his amorous epistle among his other papers. His heart and mind were still so full of what he was writing to his cousin, that her husband's complaints against her, at first, were scarce attended to; besides, in his opinion, he had come in the most unfortunate moment on all accounts.

He was, however, obliged to listen to him, and he soon entertained quite different sentiments: he appeared almost petrified with astonishment, while the earl was relating to him circumstances of such an extravagant indiscretion, as seemed to him quite incredible, notwithstanding the particulars of the fact. "You have reason to be surprised at it," said my lord, concluding his story; "but if you doubt the truth of what I tell you, it will be easy for you to find evidence that will convince you; for the scene of their tender familiarities was no less public than the room where the queen plays at cards, which, while her majesty was at play, was, God knows, pretty well crowded. Lady Denham was the first who discovered what they thought would pass unperceived in the crowd; and you may very well judge how secret she would keep such a circumstance. The truth is,

she addressed herself to me first of all, as I entered the room, to tell me that I should give my wife a little advice, as other people might take notice of what I might see myself, if I pleased.

"Your cousin was at play, as I before told you: the duke was sitting next to her: I know not what was become of his hand; but I am sure that no one could see his arm below the elbow: I was standing behind them, just in the place that Lady Denham had quitted: the duke turning round perceived me, and was so much disturbed at my presence, that he almost undressed my lady in pulling away his hand. I know not whether they perceived that they were discovered; but of this I am convinced, that Lady Denham will take care that every body shall know it. I must confess to you, that my embarrassment is so great, that I cannot find words to express what I now feel: I should not hesitate one moment what course to take, if I might be allowed to shew my resentment against the person who has wronged me. As for her, I could manage her well enough, if, unworthy as she is of any consideration, I had not still some regard for an illustrious family, that would be distracted were I to resent such an injury as it deserves. In this particular you are interested yourself: you are my friend, and I make you my confidant in an affair of the greatest imaginable delicacy: let us then consult together what is proper to be done in so perplexing and disagreeable a situation."

Hamilton, if possible, more astonished, and more confounded than himself, was far from being in a proper state to afford him advice on the present occasion: he listened to nothing but jealousy, and breathed nothing but revenge; but these emotions being somewhat abated, in hopes that there might be calumny, or at least exaggeration in the charges against Lady Chesterfield, he desired her husband to suspend

his resolutions, until he was more fully informed of the fact; assuring him, however, that if he found the circumstances such as he had related, he should regard and consult no other interest than his.

Upon this they parted; and Hamilton found, on the first inquiry, that almost the whole court was informed of the adventure, to which every one added something in relating it. Vexation and resentment inflamed his heart, and by degrees extinguished every remnant of his former passion.

He might easily have seen her, and have made her such reproaches as a man is generally inclined to do on such occasions; but he was too much enraged to enter into any detail which might have led to an explanation: he considered himself as the only person essentially injured in this affair; for he could never bring his mind to think that the injuries of the husband could be placed in competition with those of the lover.

He hastened to Lord Chesterfield, in the transport of his passion, and told him that he had heard enough to induce him to give such advice, as he should follow himself in the same situation, and that, if he wished to save a woman so strongly prepossessed, and who, perhaps, had not yet lost all her innocence, though she had totally lost her reason, he ought not to delay one single instant, but immediately to carry her into the country, with the greatest possible expedition, without allowing her the least time to recover her surprise.

Lord Chesterfield readily agreed to follow this advice, which he had already considered as the only counsel a friend could give him; but his lady, who did not suspect he had made this ast discovery of her conduct, thought he was joking with her when he told her to prepare for going into the country in two days: she was the more induced to think so, as it was in the very middle of an extremely severe winter; but she soon

perceived that he was in earnest: she knew, from the air and manner of her husband, that he thought he had sufficient reason to treat her in this imperious style; and, finding all her relations serious and cold to her complaint, she had no hope left in this universally abandoned situation, but in the tenderness of Hamilton. She imagined she should hear from him the cause of her misfortunes, of which she was still totally ignorant, and that his love would invent some means or other to prevent a journey, which she flattered herself would be even more affecting to him than to herself; but she was expecting pity from a crocodile.

At last, when she saw the eve of her departure was come: that every preparation was made for a long journey; that she was receiving farewell visits in form, and that still she heard nothing from Hamilton, both her hopes and her patience forsook her in this wretched situation. A few tears, perhaps, might have afforded her some relief, but she chose rather to deny herself that comfort, than to give her husband so much satisfaction. Hamilton's conduct, on this occasion, appeared to her unaccountable; and, as he still never came near her, she found means to convey to him the following billet.

"Is it possible that you should be one of those, who, without vouchsafing to tell me for what crime I am treated like a slave, suffer me to be dragged from society? What means your silence and indolence, in a juncture wherein your tenderness ought most particularly to appear, and actively exert itself? I am upon the point of departing, and am ashamed to think that you are the cause of my looking upon it with horror, as I have reason to believe that you are less concerned at it than any other person: do, at least, let me know to what place I am to be dragged; what is to be done with me within a wilderness; and on what account you, like all the rest of the

world, appear changed in your behaviour towards a person, whom all the world could not oblige to change with regard to you, if your weakness or your ingratitude did not render you unworthy of her tenderness."

This billet did but harden his heart, and make him more proud of his vengeance: he swallowed down full draughts of pleasure, in beholding her reduced to despair, being persuaded that her grief and regret for her departure were on account of another person: he felt uncommon satisfaction in having a share in tormenting her, and was particularly pleased with the scheme he had contrived to separate her from a rival, upon the very point, perhaps, of being made happy Thus fortified as he was against his natural tenderness, with all the severity of jealous resentment, he saw her depart with an indifference which he did not even endeavour to conceal from her; this unexpected treatment, joined to the complication of her other misfortunes, had almost in reality plunged her into despair.

The court was filled with the story of this adventure; nobody was ignorant of the occasion of this sudden departure, but very few approved of Lord Chesterfield's conduct. In England they looked with astonishment upon a man who could be so uncivil as to be jealous of his wife; and in the city of London it was a prodigy, till that time unknown, to see a husband have recourse to violent means to prevent what jealousy fears, and what it always deserves. They endeavoured, however, to excuse poor Lord Chesterfield, as far as they could safely do it, without incurring the public odium, by laying all the blame on his bad education. This made all the mothers vow to God, that none of their sons should ever set a foot in Italy, lest they should bring back with them that infamous custom of laying restraint upon their wives.

As this story for a long time took up the attention of the court, the Chevalier de Grammont, who was not thoroughly

acquainted with all the particulars, inveighed more bitterly than all the citizens of London put together against this tyranny; and it was upon this occasion that he produced new words to that fatal saraband which had unfortunately so great a share in the adventure. The Chevalier passed for the author; but if Saint Evremond had any part in the composition, it certainly was greatly inferior to his other performances, as the reader will see in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

Every man who believes that his honour depends upon that of his wife is a fool, who torments himself, and drives her to despair; but he who, being naturally jealous, has the additional misfortune of loving his wife, and who expects that she should only live for him, is a perfect madman, whom the torments of hell have actually taken hold of in this world, and whom nobody pities. All reasoning and observation on these unfortunate circumstances attending wedlock concur in this, that precaution is vain and useless before the evil, and revenge odious afterwards.

The Spaniards, who tyrannize over their wives, more by custom than from jealousy, content themselves with preserving the niceness of their honour by duennas, grates, and locks. The Italians, who are wary in their suspicions, and vindictive in their resentments, pursue a different line of conduct; some satisfy themselves with keeping their wives under locks which they think secure; others by ingenious precautions exceed whatever the Spaniards can invent for confining the fair sex; but the generality are of opinion, that in either unavoidable danger, or in manifest transgression, the surest way is to assassinate.

But, ye courteous and indulgent nations, who, far from admitting these savage and barbarous customs, give full liberty to your dear ribs, and commit the care of their virtue to their own discretion, you pass without alarms or strife your peaceful days, in all the enjoyments of domestic indolence!

It was certainly some evil genius that induced Lord Ches-

terfield to distinguish himself from his patient and good-natured countrymen, and ridiculously to afford the world an opportunity of examining into the particulars of an adventure, which would perhaps never have been known without the verge of the court, and which would everywhere have been forgotten in less than a month; but now, as soon as ever he had turned his back, in order to march away with his prisoner, and the ornaments she was supposed to have bestowed upon him, God only knows what a terrible attack there was made upon his rear. Rochester,[109] Middlesex,[110] Sydley,[111] Etheredge,[112] and all the whole band of wits, exposed him in numberless ballads, and diverted the public at his expense.

The Chevalier de Grammont was highly pleased with these lively and humorous compositions; and wherever this subject was mentioned, never failed to produce his supplement upon the occasion: "It is strange," said he, "that the country, which is little better than a gallows or a grave for young people, is allotted in this land only for the unfortunate, and not for the guilty! Poor Lady Chesterfield, for some unguarded looks, is immediately seized upon by an angry husband, who will oblige her to spend her Christmas at a country-house, a hundred and fifty miles from London; while here, there are a thousand ladies who are left at liberty to do whatever they please, and who indulge in that liberty, and whose conduct, in short, deserves a daily bastinado. I name no person, God forbid I should; but Lady Middleton, Lady Denham, the queen's and the duchess's maids of honour, and a hundred others, bestow their favours to the right and to the left, and not the least notice is taken of their conduct. As for Lady Shrewsbury, she is conspicuous. I would take a wager she might have a man killed for her every day, and she would only hold her head the higher for it: one would suppose she imported from Rome plenary indulgences for her conduct:

there are three or four gentlemen who wear an ounce of her hair made into bracelets, and no person finds any fault; and yet shall such a cross-grained fool as Chesterfield be permitted to exercise an act of tyranny, altogether unknown in this country, upon the prettiest woman in England, and all for a mere trifle: but I am his humble servant; his precautions will avail him nothing; on the contrary, very often a woman, who had no bad intentions when she was suffered to remain in tranquillity, is prompted to such conduct by revenge, or reduced to it by necessity: this is as true as the gospel: hear now what Francisco's saraband says on the subject:

"Tell me, jealous-pated swain,
What avail thy idle arts,
To divide united hearts?
Love, like the wind, I trow,
Will, where it listeth, blow;
So, prithee, peace, for all thy cares are vain.

"When you are by,
Nor wishful look, be sure, nor eloquent sigh,
Shall dare those inward fires discover,
Which burn in either lover:
Yet Argus' self, if Argus were thy spy,
Should ne'er, with all his mob of eyes,
Surprise.

"Some joys forbidden,
Transports hidden,
Which love, through dark and secret ways,
Mysterious love, to kindred souls conveys."

The Chevalier de Grammont passed for the author of this sonnet: neither the justness of the sentiment, nor turn of it, are surprisingly beautiful; but as it contained some truths that flattered the genius of the nation, and pleased those who interested themselves for the fair sex, the ladies were all desirous of having it to teach their children.

During all this time, the Duke of York, not being in the way of seeing Lady Chesterfield, easily forgot her: her absence, however, had some circumstances attending it, which could not but sensibly affect the person who had occasioned her confinement; but there are certain fortunate tempers to which every situation is easy; they feel neither disappointment with bitterness, nor pleasure with acuteness. In the mean time, as the duke could not remain idle, he had no sooner forgotten Lady Chesterfield, but he began to think of her whom he had been in love with before, and was upon the point of relapsing into his old passion for Miss Hamilton.

There was in London a celebrated portrait painter, called Lely,[113] who had greatly improved himself by studying the famous Vandyke's pictures, which were dispersed all over England in abundance. Lely imitated Vandyke's manner, and approached the nearest to him of all the moderns. The Duchess of York being desirous of having the portraits of the handsomest persons at court, Lely painted them, and employed all his skill in the performance; nor could he ever exert himself upon more beautiful subjects. Every picture appeared a master-piece; and that of Miss Hamilton appeared the highest finished: Lely himself acknowledged that he had drawn it with a particular pleasure. The Duke of York took a delight in looking at it, and began again to ogle the original: he had very little reason to hope for success; and at the same time that his hopeless passion alarmed the Chevalier de Grammont, Lady Denham thought proper to renew the negotiation which had so unluckily been interrupted: it was soon brought to a conclusion; for where both parties are sincere in a negotiation, no time is lost in cavilling. Every thing succeeded prosperously on one side; yet, I know not what fatality obstructed the pretensions of the other. The duke was very urgent with the duchess to put Lady Denham in possession of the place

which was the object of her ambition; but, as she was not guarantee for the performance of the secret articles of the treaty, though till this time she had borne with patience the inconstancy of the duke, and yielded submissively to his desires, yet, in the present instance, it appeared hard and dishonourable to her, to entertain near her person a rival, who would expose her to the danger of acting but a second part in the midst of her own court. However, she saw herself upon the point of being forced to it by authority, when a far more unfortunate obstacle for ever bereft poor Lady Denham of the hopes of possessing that fatal place, which she had solicited with such eagerness.

Old Denham, naturally jealous, became more and more suspicious, and found that he had sufficient ground for such conduct: his wife was young and handsome, he old and disagreeable: what reason, then, had he to flatter himself that heaven would exempt him from the fate of husbands in the like circumstances? This he was continually saying to himself; but, when compliments were poured in upon him from all sides, upon the place his lady was going to have near the duchess's person, he formed ideas of what was sufficient to have made him hang himself, if he had possessed the resolution. The traitor chose rather to exercise his courage against another. He wanted precedents for putting in practice his resentments in a privileged country: that of Lord Chesterfield was not sufficiently bitter for the revenge he meditated: besides, he had no country-house to which he could carry his unfortunate wife. This being the case, the old villain made her travel a much longer journey without stirring out of London. Merciless fate robbed her of life, and of her dearest hopes, in the bloom of youth.[114]

As no person entertained any doubt of his having poisoned her, the populace of his neighbourhood had a design of tear-

ing him in pieces, as soon as he should come abroad; but he shut himself up to bewail her death, until their fury was appeased by a magnificent funeral, at which he distributed four times more burnt wine than had ever been drunk at any burial in England.

While the town was in fear of some great disaster, as an expiation for these fatal effects of jealousy, Hamilton was not altogether so easy as he flattered himself he should be after the departure of Lady Chesterfield: he had only consulted the dictates of revenge in what he had done: his vengeance was satisfied; but such was far from being the case with his love; and having, since the absence of her he still admired, notwithstanding his resentments, leisure to make those reflections which a recent injury will not permit a man to attend to: "and wherefore," said he to himself, "was I so eager to make her miserable, who alone, however culpable she may be, has it in her power to make me happy? Cursed jealousy!" continued he, "yet more cruel to those who torment, than to those who are tormented! What have I gained, by having blasted the hopes of a more happy rival, since I was not able to perform this without depriving myself, at the same time, of her, upon whom the whole happiness and comfort of my life was centred."

Thus, clearly proving to himself, by a great many reasonings of the same kind, and all out of season, that in such an engagement it was much better to partake with another than to have nothing at all, he filled his mind with a number of vain regrets and unprofitable remorse, when he received a letter from her who occasioned them, but a letter so exactly adapted to increase them, that, after he had read it, he looked upon himself as the greatest scoundrel in the world. Here it follows:—

"You will, no doubt, be as much surprised at this letter,

as I was at the unconcerned air with which you beheld my departure. I am led to believe, that you had imagined reasons, which, in your own mind, justified such unseasonable conduct. If you are still under the impression of such barbarous sentiments, it will afford you pleasure to be made acquainted with what I suffer in the most horrible of prisons. Whatever the country affords most melancholy, in this season, presents itself to my view on all sides: surrounded by impassable roads, out of one window I see nothing but rocks, out of another nothing but precipices; but wherever I turn my eyes within doors, I meet those of a jealous husband, still more insupportable than the sad objects that encompass me. I should add, to the misfortunes of my life, that of seeming criminal in the eyes of a man who ought to have justified me, even against convincing appearances, if by my avowed innocence I had a right to complain or to expostulate: but how is it possible for me to justify myself at such a distance; and how can I flatter myself, that the description of a most dreadful prison will not prevent you from believing me? But do you deserve that I should wish you did? Heavens! how I must hate you, if I did not love you to distraction. Come, therefore, and let me once again see you, that you may hear my justification; and I am convinced, that if after this visit you find me guilty, it will not be with respect to yourself. Our Argus sets out to-morrow for Chester, where a lawsuit will detain him a week: I know not whether he will gain it; but I am sure it will be entirely your fault, if he does not lose one, for which he is at least as anxious as that he is now going after."

This letter was sufficient to make a man run blindfold into an adventure still more rash than that which was proposed to him, and that was rash enough in all respects: he could not perceive by what means she could justify herself; but as

she assured him he should be satisfied with his journey, this was all he desired at present.

There was one of his relations with Lady Chesterfield, who, having accompanied her in her exile, had gained some share in their mutual confidence; and it was through her means he received this letter, with all the necessary instructions about his journey and his arrival. Secrecy being the soul of such expeditions, especially before an amour is accomplished, he took post, and set out in the night, animated by the most tender and flattering wishes, so that, in less than no time, almost, in comparison with the distance and the badness of the roads, he had travelled a hundred and fifty tedious miles: at the last stage he prudently dismissed the post-boy. It was not yet daylight, and therefore, for fear of the rocks and precipices mentioned in her letter, he proceeded with tolerable discretion, considering he was in love.

By this means, he fortunately escaped all the dangerous places, and, according to his instructions, alighted at a little hut adjoining to the park-wall. The place was not magnificent: but, as he only wanted rest, it did well enough for that: he did not wish for daylight, and was even still less desirous of being seen; wherefore, having shut himself up in this obscure retreat, he fell into a profound sleep, and did not wake until noon. As he was particularly hungry when he awoke, he ate and drank heartily; and, as he was the neatest man at court, and was expected by the neatest lady in England, he spent the remainder of the day in dressing himself, and in making all those preparations which the time and place permitted, without deigning once to look around him, or to ask his landlord a single question. At last, the orders he expected with great impatience were brought him, in the beginning of the evening, by a servant, who, attending him as a guide, after having led him for about half an hour

in the dirt, through a park of vast extent, brought him at last into a garden, into which a little door opened: he was posted, exactly opposite to this door, by which, in a short time, he was to be introduced to a more agreeable situation: and here his conductor left him. The night advanced, but the door never opened.

Though the winter was almost over, the cold weather seemed only to be beginning: he was dirtied up to his knees in mud, and soon perceived, that if he continued much longer in this garden, it would all be frozen. This beginning of a very dark and bitter night would have been unbearable to any other; but it was nothing to a man who flattered himself to pass the remainder of it in the height of bliss: however, he began to wonder at so many precautions in the absence of a husband: his imagination, by a thousand delicious and tender ideas, supported him some time against the torments of impatience and the inclemency of the weather; but he felt his imagination, notwithstanding, cooling by degrees; and two hours, which seemed to him as tedious as two whole ages, having passed, and not the least notice being taken of him, either from the door or from the window, he began to reason with himself upon the posture of his affairs, and what was the fittest conduct for him to pursue in this emergency: "What if I should rap at this cursed door," said he; "for if my fate requires that I should perish, it is at least more honourable to die in the house, than to be starved to death in the garden; but, then," continued he, "I may thereby, perhaps, expose a person whom some unforeseen accident may, at this very instant, have reduced to greater perplexity than even I myself am in." This thought supplied him with a necessary degree of patience and fortitude against the enemies he had to contend with; he therefore began to walk quickly to and fro, with the resolution to wait, as long as he

could keep alive, the end of an adventure, which had such an uncomfortable beginning. All this was to no purpose; for though he used every effort to keep himself warm, and though muffled up in a thick cloak, yet he began to be benumbed in all his limbs, and the cold gained the ascendancy over all his amorous vivacity and eagerness. Day-break was not far off, and judging now, that though the accursed door should even be opened, it would be to no purpose, he returned, as well he could, to the place from whence he had set out upon this wonderful expedition.

All the faggots that were in the cottage were hardly able to unfreeze him: the more he reflected on his adventure, the circumstances attending it appeared still the more strange and unaccountable; but so far from accusing the charming countess, he suffered a thousand different anxieties on her account: sometimes he imagined that her husband might have returned unexpectedly; sometimes, that she might suddenly have been taken ill; in short, that some insuperable obstacle had unluckily interposed, and prevented his happiness, notwithstanding his mistress's kind intentions towards him. "But wherefore," said he, "did she forget me in that cursed garden? Is it possible that she could not find a single moment to make me at least some sign or other, if she could neither speak to me, nor give me admittance?" He knew not which of these conjectures to rely upon, or how to answer his own questions; but as he flattered himself that every thing would succeed better the next night, after having vowed not to set a foot again into that unfortunate garden, he gave orders to be waked as soon as any person should inquire for him: then he laid himself down in one of the worst beds in the world, and slept as sound as if he had been in the best: he supposed that he should not be awakened, but either by a letter or a message from Lady Chesterfield; but he had scarce slept two hours.

when he was roused by the sound of the horn and the cry of the hounds. The hut, which afforded him a retreat, joining, as we before said, to the park-wall, he called his host, to know what was the occasion of that hunting, which made a noise, as if the whole pack of hounds had been in his bed-chamber. He was told, that it was my lord hunting a hare in his park. "What lord?" said he, in great surprise. "The Earl of Chesterfield," replied the peasant. He was so astonished at this, that at first he hid his head under the bed-clothes, under the idea that he already saw him entering with all his hounds; but as soon as he had a little recovered himself, he began to curse capricious fortune, no longer doubting but this jealous fool's return had occasioned all his tribulations in the preceding night.

It was not possible for him to sleep again, after such an alarm; he therefore got up, that he might revolve in his mind all the stratagems that are usually employed, either to deceive, or to remove out of the way a jealous scoundrel of a husband, who thought fit to neglect his lawsuit, in order to plague his wife. He had just finished dressing himself, and was beginning to question his landlord, when the same servant, who had conducted him to the garden, delivered him a letter, and disappeared, without waiting for an answer. This letter was from his relation, and was to this effect:—

"I am extremely sorry that I have innocently been accessary to bringing you to a place, to which you were only invited to be laughed at: I opposed this journey at first, though I was then persuaded it was wholly suggested by her tenderness; but she has now undeceived me: she triumphs in the trick she has played you: her husband has not stirred from hence, but stays at home, out of complaisance to her: he treats her in the most affectionate manner; and it was upon their reconciliation, that she found out that you had advised

him to carry her into the country. She has conceived such hatred and aversion against you for it, that I find, from her discourse, she has not yet wholly satisfied her resentment. Console yourself for the hatred of a person, whose heart never merited your tenderness. Return: a longer stay in this place will but draw upon you some fresh misfortune: for my part, I shall soon leave her: I know her, and I thank God for it: I do not repent having pitied her at first; but I am disgusted with an employment which but ill agrees with my way of thinking.'

Upon reading this letter, astonishment, shame, hatred, and rage seized at once upon his heart: then menaces, invectives, and the desire of vengeance, broke forth by turns, and excited his passion and resentment; but, after he deliberately considered the matter, he resolved that it was now the best way quietly to mount his horse, and to carry back with him to London a severe cold, instead of the soft wishes and tender desires he had brought from thence. He quitted this perfidious place with much greater expedition than he had arrived at it, though his mind was far from being occupied with such tender and agreeable ideas: however, when he thought himself at a sufficient distance to be out of danger of meeting Lord Chesterfield and his hounds, he chose to look back, that he might at least have the satisfaction of seeing the prison where this wicked enchantress was confined; but what was his surprise, when he saw a very fine house, situated on the banks of a river, in the most delightful and pleasant country imaginable.[115] Neither rock, nor precipice, was here to be seen; for, in reality, they were only in the letter of his perfidious mistress. This furnished fresh cause for resentment and confusion to a man who thought himself so well acquainted with all the wiles, as well as weaknesses, of the fair sex; and who now

found himself the dupe of a coquette, who was reconciled to her husband in order to be revenged on her lover.

At last he reached London, well furnished with arguments to maintain, that a man must be extremely weak to trust to the tenderness of a woman who has once deceived him; but that he must be a complete fool to run after her.

This adventure not being much to his credit, he suppressed, as much as possible, both the journey, and the circumstances attending it; but, as we may easily suppose Lady Chesterfield made no secret of it, the king came to the knowledge of it; and, having complimented Hamilton upon it, desired to be informed of all the particulars of the expedition. The Chevalier de Grammont happened to be present at this recital; and, having gently inveighed against the treacherous manner in which he had been used, said: "If she is to be blamed for carrying the jest so far, you are no less to be blamed for coming back so suddenly, like an ignorant novice: I dare lay a hundred guineas, she has more than once repented of a resentment which you pretty well deserved for the trick you had played her: women love revenge; but their resentments seldom last long; and, if you had remained in the neighbourhood till the next day, I will be hanged if she would not have given you satisfaction for the first night's sufferings." Hamilton being of a different opinion, the Chevalier de Grammont resolved to maintain his assertion by a case in point; and, addressing himself to the king: "Sir," said he, "your majesty, I suppose, must have known Marion de l'Orme,[116] the most charming creature in all France: though she was as witty as an angel, she was as capricious as a devil. This beauty having made me an appointment, a whim seized her to put me off, and to give it to another; she therefore writ me one of the tenderest billets in the world, full of the grief and sorrow she

was in, by being obliged to disappoint me, on account of a most terrible headache, that obliged her to keep her bed, and deprived her of the pleasure of seeing me till the next day. This headache coming all of a sudden, appeared to me very suspicious; and, never doubting but it was her intention to jilt me: very well, mistress coquette, said I to myself, if you do not enjoy the pleasure of seeing me this day, you shall not enjoy the satisfaction of seeing another.

"Hereupon, I detached all my servants, some of whom patrolled about her house, whilst others watched her door: one of the latter brought me intelligence, that no person had gone into her house all the afternoon; but that a foot-boy had gone out as it grew dark; that he followed him as far as the Rue Saint Antoine, where this boy met another, to whom he only spoke two or three words. This was sufficient to confirm my suspicions, and make me resolve either to make one of the party, or to disconcert it.

"As the bagnio where I lodged was at a great distance from the Marais, as soon as the night set in I mounted my horse, without any attendant. When I came to the Place-Royale, the servant, who was sentry there, assured me that no person was yet gone into Mademoiselle de l'Orme's house: I rode forward towards the Rue Saint Antoine; and just as I was going out of the Place-Royale, I saw a man on foot coming into it, who avoided me as much as he possibly could; but his endeavour was all to no purpose; I knew him to be the Duke de Brissac, and I no longer doubted but he was my rival that night: I then approached towards him, seeming as if I feared I mistook my man; and alighting with a very busy air: 'Brissac, my friend,' said I, 'you must do me a service of the very greatest importance: I have an appointment, for the first time, with a girl who lives very near this place; and, as this visit is only to concert measures, I shall

make but a very short stay: be so kind, therefore, as to lend me your cloak, and walk my horse about a little, until I return; but, above all, do not go far from this place: you see that I use you freely like a friend; but you know, it is upon condition that you may take the same liberty with me. I took his cloak without waiting for his answer, and he took my horse by the bridle, and followed me with his eye; but he gained no intelligence by this; for, after having pretended to go into a house opposite to him, I slipped under the piazzas to Mademoiselle de l'Orme's, where the door was opened as soon as I knocked. I was so much muffled up in Brissac's cloak, that I was taken for him: the door was immediately shut, not the least question asked me; and, having none to ask myself, I went straight to the lady's chamber. I found her upon a couch in the most agreeable and genteelest dishabille imaginable: she never in her life looked so handsome, nor was so greatly surprised; and, seeing her speechless and confounded: 'What is the matter, my fair one?' said I, 'methinks this is a headache very elegantly set off; but your headache, to all appearance, is now gone?' 'Not in the least,' said she, 'I can scarce support it, and you will oblige me in going away, that I may go to bed.' 'As for your going to bed, to that I have not the least objection,' said I; 'but as for my going away, that cannot be, my little princess the Chevalier de Grammont is no fool; a woman does not dress herself with so much care for nothing.' 'You will find, however,' said she, 'that it is for nothing; for you may depend upon it that you shall be no gainer by it.' 'What!' said I, 'after having made me an appointment!' 'Well,' replied she hastily, 'though I had made you fifty, it still depends upon me, whether I choose to keep them, or not, and you must submit if I do not.' 'This might do very well,' said I, 'if it was not to give it to another.' Mademoiselle de l'Orme,

as haughty as a woman of the greatest virtue, and as passionate as one who has the least, was irritated at a suspicion, which gave her more concern than confusion; and seeing that she was beginning to put herself in a passion: 'Madam,' said I, 'pray do not talk in so high a strain; I know what perplexes you: you are afraid lest Brissac should meet me here; but you may make yourself easy on that account: I met him not far from this place, and God knows that I have so managed the affair as to prevent his visiting you soon.' Having spoken these words in a tone somewhat tragical, she appeared concerned at first, and, looking upon me with surprise: 'What do you mean, about the Duke de Brissac?' said she. 'I mean,' replied I, 'that he is at the end of the street, walking my horse about; but, if you will not believe me, send one of your own servants thither, or look at his cloak, which I left in your antechamber.' Upon this, she burst into a fit of laughter, in the midst of her astonishment, and, throwing her arms around my neck: 'My dear Chevalier,' said she, 'I can hold out no longer; you are too amiable and too eccentric not to be pardoned.' I then told her the whole story: she was ready to die with laughing; and, parting very good friends, she assured me, my rival might exercise horses as long as he pleased, but that he should not set his foot within her doors that night.

"I found the duke exactly in the place where I had left him: I asked him a thousand pardons for having made him wait so long, and thanked him a thousand times for his complaisance. He told me, I jested; that such compliments were unusual among friends; and, to convince me that he had cordially rendered me this piece of service, he would, by all means, hold my horse while I was mounting. I returned him his cloak, bid him good night, and went back to my lodgings, equally satisfied with my mistress and my rival.

This," continued he, "proves that a little patience and address is sufficient to disarm the anger of the fair, to turn even their tricks to a man's advantage."

It was in vain that the Chevalier de Grammont diverted the court with his stories, instructed by his example, and never appeared there but to inspire universal joy; for a long time he was the only foreigner in fashion. Fortune, jealous of the justice which is done to merit, and desirous of seeing all human happiness depend on her caprice, raised up against him two competitors for the pleasure he had long enjoyed of entertaining the English court; and these competitors were so much the more dangerous, as the reputation of their several merits had preceded their arrival, in order to dispose the suffrages of the court in their favour.

They came to display, in their own persons, whatever was the most accomplished either among the men of the sword, or of the gown. The one was the Marquis de Flamarens,[117] the sad object of the sad elegies of the Countess de la Suse:[118] the other was the president Tambonneau,[119] the most humble and most obedient servant and admirer of the beauteous Luynes. As they arrived together, they exerted every endeavour to shine in concert: their talents were as different as their persons: Tambonneau, who was tolerably ugly, founded his hopes upon a great store of wit, which, however, no person in England could find out; and Flamarens, by his air and mien, courted admiration, which was flatly denied him.

They had agreed mutually to assist each other in order to succeed in their intentions; and, therefore, in their first visits, the one appeared in state, and the other was the spokesman. But they found the ladies in England of a far different taste from those who had rendered them famous in France: the rhetoric of the one had no effect on the fair sex,

and the fine mien of the other distinguished him only in a minuet, which he first introduced into England, and which he danced with tolerable success. The English court had been too long accustomed to the solid wit of Saint Evremond, and the natural and singular charms of his hero, to be seduced by appearances: however, as the English have, in general, a sort of predilection in favour of any thing that has the appearance of bravery, Flamarens was better received on account of a duel, which, obliging him to leave his own country, was a recommendation to him in England.

Miss Hamilton had, at first, the honour of being distinguished by Tambonneau, who thought she possessed a sufficient share of wit to discover the delicacy of his; and being delighted to find that nothing was lost in her conversation, either as to the turn, the expression, or beauty of the thought, he frequently did her the favour to converse with her; and, perhaps, he would never have found out that he was tiresome, if, contenting himself with the display of his eloquence, he had not thought proper to attack her heart. This was carrying the matter a little too far for Miss Hamilton's complaisance, who was of opinion that she had already shewn him too much for the tropes of his harangues: he was, therefore, desired to try somewhere else the experiment of his seducing tongue, and not to lose the merit of his former constancy by an infidelity which would be of no advantage to him.

He followed this advice like a wise and tractable man; and some time after, returning to his old mistress in France, he began to lay in a store of politics for those important negotiations in which he has since been employed.

It was not till after his departure that the Chevalier de Grammont heard of the amorous declaration he had made: this was a confidence of no great importance; it, however, saved Tombonneau from some ridicule which might have

fallen to his share before he went away. His colleague, Flamarens, deprived of his support, soon perceived that he was not likely to meet in England with the success he had expected, both from love and fortune: but Lord Falmouth, ever attentive to the glory of his master, in the relief of illustrious men in distress, provided for his subsistence, and Lady Southesk for his pleasures: he obtained a pension from the king, and from her every thing he desired; and most happy was it for him that she had no other present to bestow but that of her heart.

It was at this time that Talbot,[120] whom we have before mentioned, and who was afterwards created Duke of Tyrconnel, fell in love with Miss Hamilton. There was not a more genteel man at court: he was indeed but a younger brother, though of a very ancient family, which, however, was not very considerable either for its renown or its riches; and though he was naturally of a careless disposition, yet, being intent upon making his fortune, and much in favour with the Duke of York, and fortune likewise favouring him at play, he had improved both so well, that he was in possession of about forty thousand pounds a year in land. He offered himself to Miss Hamilton, with this fortune, together with the almost certain hopes of being made a peer of the realm, by his master's credit: and, over and above all, as many sacrifices as she could desire of Lady Shrewsbury's letters, pictures, and hair; curiosities which, indeed, are reckoned for nothing in housekeeping, but which testify strongly in favour of the sincerity and merit of a lover.

Such a rival was not to be despised; and the Chevalier de Grammont thought him the more dangerous, as he perceived that Talbot was desperately in love; that he was not a man to be discouraged by a first repulse; that he had too much sense and good breeding to draw upon himself either con-

tempt or coldness by too great eagerness; and, besides this, his brothers began to frequent the house. One of these brothers was almoner to the queen,[121] an intriguing Jesuit, and a great match-maker: the other was, what was called, a lay-monk,[122] who had nothing of his order but the immorality and infamy of character which is ascribed to them; and withal, frank and free, and sometimes entertaining, but ever ready to speak bold and offensive truths, and to do good offices.

When the Chevalier de Grammont reflected upon all these things, there certainly was strong ground for uneasiness: nor was the indifference which Miss Hamilton shewed for the addresses of his rival sufficient to remove his fears; for being absolutely dependent on her father's will, she could only answer for her own intentions: but Fortune, who seemed to have taken him under her protection in England, now delivered him from all his uneasiness.

Talbot had for many years stood forward as the patron of the distressed Irish: this zeal for his countrymen was certainly very commendable in itself; at the same time, however, it was not altogether free from self-interest: for, out of all the estates he had, through his credit, procured the restoration of to their primitive owners, he had always obtained some small compensation for himself; but, as each owner found his advantage in it, no complaint was made. Nevertheless, as it is very difficult to use fortune and favour with moderation, and not to swell with the gales of prosperity, some of his proceedings had an air of haughtiness and independence, which offended the Duke of Ormond, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, as injurious to his grace's authority.[123] The duke resented this behaviour with great spirit. As there certainly was a great difference between them, both as to their birth and rank, and to their credit, it had been prudent in Talbot to have had

recourse to apologies and submission; but such conduct appeared to him base, and unworthy for a man of his importance to submit to: he accordingly acted with haughtiness and insolence; but he was soon convinced of his error; for, having inconsiderately launched out into some arrogant expressions, which it neither became him to utter, nor the Duke of Ormond to forgive, he was sent prisoner to the Tower, from whence he could not be released, until he had made all necessary submissions to his grace: he therefore employed all his friends for that purpose, and was obliged to yield more, to get out of this scrape, than would have been necessary to have avoided it. By this imprudent conduct, he lost all hopes of marrying into a family, which, after such a proceeding, was not likely to listen to any proposal from him.

It was with great difficulty and mortification that he was obliged to suppress a passion, which had made far greater progress in his heart, than this quarrel had done good to his affairs. This being the case, he was of opinion that his presence was necessary in Ireland, and that he was better out of the way of Miss Hamilton, to remove those impressions which still troubled his repose: his departure, therefore, soon followed this resolution.

Talbot played deep, and was tolerably forgetful: the Chevalier de Grammont won three or four hundred guineas of him the very evening on which he was sent to the Tower. That accident had made him forget his usual punctuality in paying, the next morning, whatever he had lost over-night; and this debt had so far escaped his memory, that it never once occurred to him after he was enlarged. The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw him at his departure, without taking the least notice of the money he owed him, wished him a good journey; and, having met him at court, as he came to take his leave of the king: "Talbot," said he, "if my services can be of any

use to you, during your absence, you have but to command them: you know, old Russell has left his nephew as his resident with Miss Hamilton: if you please, I will act for you in the same capacity. Adieu, God bless you: be sure not to fall sick upon the road; but if you should, pray remember me in your will." Talbot, who, upon this compliment, immediately recollected the money he owed the Chevalier, burst out a laughing, and embracing him: "My dear Chevalier," said he, "I am so much obliged to you for your offer, that I resign you my mistress, and will send you your money instantly." The Chevalier de Grammont possessed a thousand of these genteel ways of refreshing the memories of those persons who were apt to be forgetful in their payments. The following is the method he used some years after, with Lord Cornwallis:[124] this lord had married the daughter of Sir Stephen Fox,[125] treasurer of the king's household, one of the richest and most regular men in England. His son-in-law, on the contrary, was a young spendthrift, was very extravagant, loved gaming, lost as much as any one would trust him, but was not quite so ready at paying. His father-in-law disapproved of his conduct, paid his debts, and gave him a lecture at the same time. The Chevalier de Grammont had won of him a thousand or twelve hundred guineas, which he heard no tidings of, although he was upon the eve of his departure, and he had taken leave of Cornwallis in a more particular manner than any other person. This obliged the Chevalier to write him a billet, which was rather laconic. It was this:

"My Lord,

"Pray remember the Count de Grammont, and do not forget Sir Stephen Fox."

To return to Talbot: he went away more concerned than became a man who had voluntarily resigned his mistress to

another: neither his stay in Ireland, nor his solicitude about his domestic affairs, perfectly cured him; and if at his return he found himself disengaged from Miss Hamilton's chains, it was only to exchange them for others. The alteration that had taken place in the two courts occasioned this change in him, as we shall see in the sequel.

We have hitherto only mentioned the queen's maids of honour, upon account of Miss Stewart and Miss Warmestré: the others were Miss Bellenden, Mademoiselle de la Garde, and Mademoiselle Bardou, all maids of honour, as it pleased God.

Miss Bellenden was no beauty, but was a good-natured girl, whose chief merit consisted in being plump and fresh-coloured; and who, not having a sufficient stock of wit to be a coquette in form, used all her endeavours to please every person by her complaisance. Mademoiselle de la Garde, and Mademoiselle Bardou, both French, had been preferred to their places by the queen dowager: the first was a little brunette, who was continually meddling in the affairs of her companions; and the other by all means claimed the rank of a maid of honour, though she only lodged with the others, and both her title and services were constantly contested.

It was hardly possible for a woman to be more ugly with so fine a shape; but as a recompense, her ugliness was set off with every art. The use she was put to, was to dance with Flamarens, and sometimes, towards the conclusion of a ball, possessed of castanets and effrontery, she would dance some figured saraband or other, which amused the court. Let us now see in what manner this ended.

As Miss Stewart was very seldom in waiting on the queen, she was scarcely considered as a maid of honour: the others went off almost at the same time, by different adventures;

and this is the history of Miss Warmestré, whom we have before mentioned, when speaking of the Chevalier de Grammont.

Lord Taaffe,[126] eldest son of the Earl of Carlingford, was supposed to be in love with her; and Miss Warmestré not only imagined it was so, but likewise persuaded herself that he would not fail to marry her the first opportunity; and in the mean time, she thought it her duty to entertain him with all the civility imaginable. Taaffe had made the Duke of Richmond his confidant: these two were particularly attached to each other; but still more so to wine. The Duke of Richmond,[127] notwithstanding his birth, made but an indifferent figure at court; and the king respected him still less than his courtiers did: and perhaps it was in order to court his Majesty's favour, that he thought proper to fall in love with Miss Stewart. The duke and Lord Taaffe made each other the confidants of their respective engagements; and these were the measures they took to put their designs in execution. Little Mademoiselle de la Garde[128] was charged to acquaint Miss Stewart that the Duke of Richmond was dying of love for her, and that when he ogled her in public, it was a certain sign that he was ready to marry her, as soon as ever she would consent.

Taaffe had no commission to give the little ambassadress for Miss Warmestré; for there every thing was already arranged; but she was charged to settle and provide some conveniences which were still wanting for the freedom of their commerce, such as to have free egress and regress to her at all hours of the day or night: this appeared difficult to be obtained, but it was, however, at length accomplished.

The governess of the maids of honour, who for the world would not have connived at any thing that was not fair and honourable, consented that they should sup as often as they

pleased in Miss Warmestré's apartments, provided their intentions were honourable, and she one of the company. The good old lady was particularly fond of green oysters, and had no aversion to Spanish wine: she was certain of finding at every one of these suppers two barrels of oysters; one to be eaten with the party, and the other for her to carry away: as soon therefore as she had taken her dose of wine, she took her leave of the company.

It was much about the time that the Chevalier de Grammont had cast his eyes upon Miss Warmestré, that this kind of life was led in her chamber. God knows how many hampies, bottles of wine, and other products of his lordship's liberality, were there consumed!

In the midst of these nocturnal festivals, and of this innocent commerce, a relation of Killegrew's came up to London about a lawsuit: he gained his cause, but nearly lost his senses.

He was a country gentleman, who had been a widower about six months, and was possessed of fifteen or sixteen thousand pounds a year: the good man, who had no business at court, went thither merely to see his cousin Killegrew, who could have dispensed with his visits. He there saw Miss Warmestré; and at first sight fell in love with her. His passion increased to such a degree, that, having no rest either by day or night, he was obliged to have recourse to extraordinary remedies; he therefore early one morning called upon his cousin Killegrew, told him his case, and desired him to demand Miss Warmestré in marriage for him.

Killegrew was struck with wonder and astonishment when he heard his design: nor could he cease wondering at what sort of creature, of all the women in London, his cousin had resolved upon marrying. It was some time before Killegrew could believe that he was in earnest; but when he was

convinced that he was, he began to enumerate the dangers and inconveniences attending so rash an enterprise. He told him, that a girl educated at court was a terrible piece of furniture for the country; that to carry her thither against her inclination, would as effectually rob him of his happiness and repose, as if he was transported to hell; that if he consented to let her stay, he needed only compute what it would cost him in equipage, table, clothes, and gaming-money, to maintain her in London according to her caprices; and then to cast up how long his fifteen thousand a year would last.

His cousin had already formed this computation; but, finding his reason less potent than his love, he remained fixed in his resolution; and Killegrew, yielding at length to his importunities, went and offered his cousin, bound hand and foot, to the victorious fair. As he dreaded nothing more than a compliance on her part, so nothing could astonish him more than the contempt with which she received his proposal. The scorn with which she refused him made him believe that she was sure of Lord Taaffe, and wonder how a girl like her could find out two men who would venture to marry her. He hastened to relate this refusal, with all the most aggravating circumstances, as the best news he could carry to his cousin; but his cousin would not believe him: he supposed that Killegrew disguised the truth, for the same reasons he had already alleged; and not daring to mention the matter any more to him, he resolved to wait upon her himself. He summoned all his courage for the enterprise, and got his compliment by heart; but as soon as he had opened his mouth for the purpose, she told him he might have saved himself the trouble of calling on her about such a ridiculous affair; that she had already given her answer to Killegrew; and that she neither had, nor ever should have, any other to give; which

words she accompanied with all the severity with which importunate demands are usually refused.

He was more affected than confounded at this repulse: every thing became odious to him in London, and he himself more so than all the rest: he therefore left town, without taking leave of his cousin, went back to his country seat, and thinking it would be impossible for him to live without the inhuman fair, he resolved to neglect no opportunity in his power to hasten his death.

But whilst, in order to indulge his sorrow, he had forsaken all intercourse with dogs and horses; that is to say, renounced all the delights and endearments of a country squire, the scornful nymph, who was certainly mistaken in her reckoning, took the liberty of being brought to bed in the face of the whole court.

An adventure so public made no small noise, as we may very well imagine; all the prudes at court at once broke loose upon it; and those principally, whose age or persons secured them from any such scandal, were the most inveterate, and cried most loudly for justice. But the governess of the maids of honour, who might have been called to an account for it, affirmed, that it was nothing at all, and that she was possessed of circumstances which would at once silence all censorious tongues. She had an audience of the queen, in order to unfold the mystery; and related to her majesty how every thing had passed with her consent, that is to say, upon honourable terms.

The queen sent to inquire of Lord Taaffe, whether he acknowledged Miss Warmestré for his wife: to which he most respectfully returned for answer, that he neither acknowledged Miss Warmestré nor her child, and that he wondered why she should rather father it upon him than any other. The unfortu-

nate Warmestré, more enraged at this answer than at the loss of such a lover, quitted the court as soon as ever she was able, with a resolution of quitting the world the first opportunity.

Killegrew, being upon the point of setting out upon a journey when this adventure happened, thought he might as well call upon his afflicted cousin in his way, to acquaint him with the circumstance; and as soon as he saw him, without paying any attention to the delicacy of his love, or to his feelings, he bluntly told him the whole story: nor did he omit any colouring that could heighten his indignation, in order to make him burst with shame and resentment.

We read that the gentle Tiridates quietly expired upon the recital of the death of Mariamne; but Killegrew's fond cousin, falling devoutly upon his knees, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, poured forth this exclamation:

"Praised be the Lord for a small misfortune, which perhaps may prove the comfort of my life! Who knows but the beauteous Warmestré will now accept of me for a husband; and that I may have the happiness of passing the remainder of my days with a woman I adore, and by whom I may expect to have heirs?" "Certainly," said Killegrew, more confounded than his cousin ought to have been on such an occasion, "you may depend upon having both: I make no manner of doubt but she will marry you, as soon as ever she is recovered from her lying-in; and it would be great ill-nature in her, who already knows the way, to let you want children: however, in the mean time, I advise you to take that she has already, till you get more."

Notwithstanding this raillery, all that was said did take place. This faithful lover courted her, as if she had been the chaste Lucretia, or the beauteous Helen: his passion even increased after marriage, and the generous fair, first out of

gratitude, and afterwards through inclination, never brought him a child of which he was not the father; and though there have been many a happy couple in England, this certainly was the happiest.

Some time after, Miss Bellenden, not being terrified by this example, had the prudence to quit the court before she was obliged so to do: the disagreeable Bardou followed her soon after; but for different reasons. Every person was at last completely tired of her saraband, as well as of her face; and the king, that he might see neither of them any more, gave each a small pension for her subsistence. There now only remained little Mademoiselle de la Garde to be provided for: neither her virtues nor her vices were sufficiently conspicuous to occasion her being either dismissed from court, or pressed to remain there: God knows what would have become of her, if a Mr. Silvius,[129] a man who had nothing of a Roman in him except the name, had not taken the poor girl to be his wife.

We have now shewn how all these damsels deserved to be expelled, either for their irregularities, or for their ugliness; and yet, those who replaced them found means to make them regretted, Miss Wells only excepted.

She was a tall girl, exquisitely shaped: she dressed very genteel, walked like a goddess; and yet her face, though made like those that generally please the most, was unfortunately one of those that pleased the least: nature had spread over it a certain careless indolence that made her look sheepish. This gave but a bad opinion of her wit; and her wit had the ill-luck to make good that opinion: however, as she was fresh-coloured, and appeared inexperienced, the king, whom the fair Stewart did not render over nice as to the perfections of the mind, resolved to try whether the senses would not fare better with Miss Wells's person than fine sentiments with her

understanding: nor was this experiment attended with much difficulty: she was of a loyal family; and her father having faithfully served Charles the First, she thought it her duty not to revolt against Charles the Second. But this connection was not attended with very advantageous circumstances for herself; some pretended that she did not hold out long enough, and that she surrendered at discretion before she was vigorously attacked; and others said, that his majesty complained of certain other facilities still less pleasing. The Duke of Buckingham made a couplet upon this occasion, wherein the king, speaking to Progers,[130] the confidant of his intrigues, puns upon the name of the fair one.

Miss Wells, notwithstanding this species of anagram upon her name, and these remarks upon her person, shone the brightest among her new companions. These were Miss Levingston, Miss Fielding, and Miss Boynton, who little deserve to be mentioned in these memoirs; therefore we shall leave them in obscurity until it please fortune to draw them out of it.

This was the new establishment of maids of honour to the queen. The Duchess of York, nearly about the same time likewise recruited hers; but shewed, by a happier and more brilliant choice, that England possessed an inexhaustible stock of beauties. But before we begin to speak of them, let us see who were the first maids of honour to her royal highness, and on what account they were removed.

Besides Miss Blague and Miss Price, whom we have before mentioned, the establishment was composed of Miss Bagot and Miss Hobart, the president of the community.

Miss Blague, who never knew the true reason of her quarrel with the Marquis de Brisacier, took it up upon that fatal letter she had received from him, wherein, without

acquainting her that Miss Price was to wear the same sort of gloves and yellow riband as herself, he had only complimented her upon her hair, her fair complexion, and her eyes *marcassins*. This word she imagined must signify something particularly wonderful, since her eyes were compared to it; and being desirous, some time afterwards, to know all the energy of the expression, she asked the meaning of the French word *marcassin*. As there are no wild boars in England, those to whom she addressed herself told her that it signified a young pig. This scandalous simile confirmed her in the belief she entertained of his perfidy. Brisacier, more amazed at her change, than she was offended at his supposed calumny, looked upon her as a woman still more capricious than insignificant, and never troubled himself more about her; but Sir ——— Yarborough, of as fair a complexion as herself, made her an offer of marriage in the height of her resentment, and was accepted: chance made up this match, I suppose, as an experiment to try what such a white-haired union would produce.

Miss Price was witty; and as her person was not very likely to attract many admirers, which, however, she was resolved to have, she was far from being coy, when an occasion offered: she did not so much as make any terms: she was violent in her resentments, as well as in her attachments, which had exposed her to some inconveniences; and she had very indiscreetly quarrelled with a young girl whom Lord Rochester admired. This connection, which till then had been a secret, she had the imprudence to publish to the whole world, and thereby drew upon herself the most dangerous enemy in the universe: never did any man write with more ease, humour, spirit, and delicacy; but he was at the same time the most severe satirist.

Poor Miss Price, who had thus voluntarily provoked his resentment, was daily exposed in some new shape: there was every day some new song or other, the subject of which was her conduct, and the burden her name. How was it possible for her to bear up against these attacks, in a court, where every person was eager to obtain the most insignificant trifle that came from the pen of Lord Rochester? The loss of her lover, and the discovery that attended it, were only wanting to complete the persecution that was raised against her.

About this time died Dongan,[131] a gentleman of merit, who was succeeded by Durfort, afterwards Earl of Feversham,[132] in the post of lieutenant of the duke's life-guards: Miss Price having tenderly loved him, his death plunged her into a gulf of despair; but the inventory of his effects had almost deprived her of her senses: there was in it a certain little box sealed up on all sides: it was addressed in the deceased's own handwriting to Miss Price; but instead of receiving it, she had not even the courage to look upon it. The governess thought it became her in prudence to receive it, on Miss Price's refusal, and her duty to deliver it to the duchess herself, supposing it was filled with many curious and precious commodities, of which perhaps she might make some advantage. Though the duchess was not altogether of the same opinion, she had the curiosity to see what was contained in a box sealed up in a manner so particularly careful, and therefore caused it to be opened in the presence of some ladies, who happened then to be in her closet.

All kinds of love trinkets were found in it; and all these favours, it appeared, came from the tender-hearted Miss Price. It was difficult to comprehend how a single person could have furnished so great a collection; for, besides counting the pictures, there was hair of all descriptions, wrought into bracelets, lockets, and into a thousand other different devices,

wonderful to see. After these were three or four packets of letters of so tender a nature, and so full of raptures and languors so naturally expressed, that the duchess could not endure the reading of any more than the two first.

Her royal highness was sorry that she had caused the box to be opened in such good company; for being before such witnesses, she rightly judged it was impossible to stifle this adventure; and, at the same time, there being no possibility of retaining any longer such a maid of honour, Miss Price had her valuables restored to her, with orders to go and finish her lamentations, or to console herself for the loss of her lover in some other place.

Miss Hobart's character was at that time as uncommon in England, as her person was singular, in a country where, to be young, and not to be in some degree handsome, is a reproach: she had a good shape, rather a bold air; and a great deal of wit, which was well cultivated, without having much discretion. She was likewise possessed of a great deal of vivacity, with an irregular fancy: there was a great deal of fire in her eyes, which, however, produced no effect upon the beholders; and she had a tender heart, whose sensibility some pretended was alone in favour of the fair sex.

Miss Bagot [133] was the first that gained her tenderness and affection, which she returned at first with equal warmth and sincerity; but perceiving that all her friendship was insufficient to repay that of Miss Hobart, she yielded the conquest to the governess's niece, who thought herself as much honoured by it, as her aunt thought herself obliged by the care she took of the young girl.

It was not long before the report, whether true or false, of this singularity, spread through the whole court, where people, being yet so uncivilized as never to have heard of that kind of refinement in love of ancient Greece, imagined that

the illustrious Hobart, who seemed so particularly attached to the fair sex, was in reality something more than she appeared to be.

Satirical ballads soon began to compliment her upon these new attributes; and upon the insinuations that were therein made, her companions began to fear her. The governess, alarmed at these reports, consulted Lord Rochester upon the danger to which her niece was exposed. She could not have applied to a fitter person: he immediately advised her to take her niece out of the hands of Miss Hobart; and contrived matters so well, that she fell into his own. The duchess, who had too much generosity not to treat as visionary what was imputed to Miss Hobart, and too much justice to condemn her upon the faith of lampoons, removed her from the society of the maids of honour, to be an attendant upon her own person.

Miss Bagot was the only one who was really possessed of virtue and beauty, among these maids of honour: she had beautiful and regular features, and that sort of brown complexion, which, when in perfection, is so particularly fascinating, and more especially in England, where it is uncommon. There was an involuntary blush almost continually upon her cheek, without having any thing to blush for. Lord Falmouth cast his eyes upon her: his addresses were better received than those of Miss Hobart, and some time after Cupid raised her from the post of maid of honour to the duchess, to a rank which might have been envied by all the young ladies in England.

The Duchess of York, in order to form her new court, resolved to see all the young persons that offered themselves, and without any regard to recommendations, to choose none but the handsomest.

At the head of this new assembly appeared Miss Jennings[134]

and Miss Temple ;[135] and indeed they so entirely eclipsed the other two, that we shall speak of them only.

Miss Jennings, adorned with all the blooming treasures of youth, had the fairest and brightest complexion that ever was seen: her hair was of a most beauteous flaxen: there was something particularly lively and animated in her countenance, which preserved her from that insipidity which is frequently an attendant on a complexion so extremely fair. Her mouth was not the smallest, but it was the handsomest mouth in the world. Nature had endowed her with all those charms which cannot be expressed, and the Graces had given the finishing stroke to them. The turn of her face was exquisitely fine, and her swelling neck was as fair and as bright as her face. In a word, her person gave the idea of Aurora, or the goddess of the spring, "such as youthful poets fancy when they love." But as it would have been unjust that a single person should have engrossed all the treasures of beauty without any defect, there was something wanting in her hands and arms to render them worthy of the rest: her nose was not the most elegant, and her eyes gave some relief, whilst her mouth and her other charms pierced the heart with a thousand darts.

With this amiable person she was full of wit and sprightliness, and all her actions and motions were unaffected and easy: her conversation was bewitching, when she had a mind to please ; piercing and delicate when disposed to raillery ; but as her imagination was subject to flights, and as she began to speak frequently before she had done thinking, her expressions did not always convey what she wished ; sometimes exceeding, and at others falling short of her ideas.

Miss Temple, nearly of the same age, was brown compared with the other: she had a good shape, fine teeth, languishing eyes, a fresh complexion, an agreeable smile, and a lively air.

Such was the outward form; but it would be difficult to describe the rest; for she was simple and vain, credulous and suspicious, coquettish and prudent, very self-sufficient, and very silly.

As soon as these new stars appeared at the duchess's court, all eyes were fixed upon them, and every one formed some design upon one or other of them, some with honourable, and others with dishonest intentions. Miss Jennings soon distinguished herself, and left her companions no other admirers but such as remained constant from hopes of success: her brilliant charms attracted at first sight, and the charms of her wit secured her conquests.

The Duke of York having persuaded himself that she was part of his property, resolved to pursue his claim by the same title whereby his brother had appropriated to himself the favours of Miss Wells; but he did not find her inclined to enter into his service, though she had engaged in that of the duchess. She would not pay any attention to the perpetual ogling with which he at first attacked her. Her eyes were always wandering on other objects, when those of his royal highness were looking for them; and if by chance he caught any casual glance, she did not even blush. This made him resolve to change his manner of attack: ogling having proved ineffectual, he took an opportunity to speak to her; and this was still worse. I know not in what strain he told his case; but it is certain the oratory of the tongue was not more prevailing than the eloquence of his eyes.

Miss Jennings had both virtue and pride, and the proposals of the duke were consistent with neither the one nor the other. Although from her great vivacity one might suppose that she was not capable of much reflection, yet she had furnished herself with some very salutary maxims for the conduct of a young person of her age. The first was, that a lady ought

to be young to enter the court with advantage, and not old to leave it with a good grace: that she could not maintain herself there, but by a glorious resistance, or by illustrious foibles; and that in so dangerous a situation, she ought to use her utmost endeavours not to dispose of her heart, until she gave her hand.

Entertaining such sentiments, she had far less trouble to resist the duke's temptations, than to disengage herself from his perseverance: she was deaf to all treaties for a settlement, with which her ambition was sounded; and all offers of presents succeeded still worse. What was then to be done to conquer an extravagant virtue that would not hearken to reason? He was ashamed to suffer a giddy young girl to escape, whose inclinations ought in some manner to correspond with the vivacity that shone forth in all her actions, and who nevertheless thought proper to be serious when no such thing as seriousness was required of her.

After he had attentively considered her obstinate behaviour, he thought that writing might perhaps succeed, though ogling, speeches, and embassies had failed. Paper receives every thing, but it unfortunately happened that she would not receive the paper. Every day billets, containing the tenderest expressions, and most magnificent promises, were slipped into her pockets, or into her muff: this, however, could not be done unperceived; and the malicious little gipsy took care that those who saw them slip in, should likewise see them fall out, unperused and unopened; she only shook her muff, or pulled out her handkerchief; as soon as ever his back was turned, his billets fell about her like hailstones, and whoever pleased might take them up. The duchess was frequently a witness of this conduct; but could not find in her heart to chide her for her want of respect to the duke. After this, the charms and prudence of Miss Jennings were the only

subjects of conversation in the two courts: the courtiers could not comprehend how a young creature, brought directly from the country to court, should so soon become its ornament by her attractions, and its example by her conduct.

The king was of opinion, those who had attacked her had ill concerted their measures; for he thought it unnatural that she should neither be tempted by promises, nor gained by importunity: she, especially, who in all probability had not imbibed such severe precepts from the prudence of her mother, who had never tasted any thing more delicious than the plums and apricots of Saint Alban's.[136] Being resolved to try her himself, he was particularly pleased with the great novelty that appeared in the turn of her wit, and in the charms of her person; and curiosity, which at first induced him to make the trial, was soon changed into a desire of succeeding in the experiment. God knows what might have been the consequence, for he greatly excelled in wit, and besides he was king: two qualities of no small consideration. The resolutions of the fair Jennings were commendable and very judicious; but yet she was wonderfully pleased with wit; and royal majesty, prostrate at the feet of a young person, is very persuasive. Miss Stewart, however, would not consent to the king's project.

She immediately took the alarm, and desired his majesty to leave to the duke, his brother, the care of tutoring the duchess's maids of honour, and only to attend to the management of his own flock, unless his majesty would in return allow her to listen to certain proposals of a settlement which she did not think disadvantageous. This menace being of a serious nature, the king obeyed; and Miss Jennings had all the additional honour which arose from this adventure: it both added to her reputation, and increased the number of her admirers. Thus she continued to triumph over the liber-

ties of others, without ever losing her own: her hour was not yet come, but it was not far distant; the particulars of which we shall relate, as soon as we have given some account of the conduct of her companion.

Though Miss Temple's person was particularly engaging, it was nevertheless eclipsed by that of Miss Jennings; but she was still more excelled by the other's superior mental accomplishments. Two persons, very capable to impart understanding, had the gift been communicable, undertook at the same time to rob her of the little she really possessed: these were Lord Rochester and Miss Hobart: the first began to mislead her, by reading to her all his compositions, as if she alone had been a proper judge of them. He never thought proper to flatter her upon her personal accomplishments; but told her, that if heaven had made him susceptible of the impressions of beauty, it would not have been possible for him to have escaped her chains; but not being, thank God, affected with any thing but wit, he had the happiness of enjoying the most agreeable conversation in the world, without running any risk. After so sincere a confession, he either presented to her a copy of verses, or a new song, in which, whoever dared to come in competition in any respect with Miss Temple, was laid prostrate before her charms, most humbly to solicit pardon: such flattering insinuations so completely turned her head, that it was a pity to see her.

The duchess took notice of it, and well knowing the extent of both their geniuses, she saw the precipice into which the poor girl was running headlong without perceiving it; but as it is no less dangerous to forbid a connection that is not yet thought of, than it is difficult to put an end to one that is already well established, Miss Hobart was charged to take care, with all possible discretion, that these frequent and long

conversations might not be attended with any dangerous consequences: with pleasure she accepted the commission, and greatly flattered herself with success.

She had already made all necessary advances, to gain possession of her confidence and friendship; and Miss Temple, less suspicious of her than of Lord Rochester, made all imaginable returns. She was greedy of praise, and loved all manner of sweetmeats, as much as a child of nine or ten years old: her taste was gratified in both these respects. Miss Hobart having the superintendence of the duchess's baths, her apartment joined them, in which there was a closet stored with all sorts of sweetmeats and liqueurs: the closet suited Miss Temple's taste, as exactly as it gratified Miss Hobart's inclination, to have something that could allure her.

Summer, being now returned, brought back with it the pleasures and diversions that are its inseparable attendants. One day, when the ladies had been taking the air on horseback, Miss Temple, on her return from riding, alighted at Miss Hobart's, in order to recover her fatigue at the expense of the sweetmeats, which she knew were there at her service; but before she began, she desired Miss Hobart's permission to undress herself and change her linen in her apartment; which request was immediately complied with: "I was just going to propose it to you," said Miss Hobart, "not but that you are as charming as an angel in your riding-habit; but there is nothing so comfortable as a loose dress, and being at one's ease: you cannot imagine, my dear Temple," continued she, embracing her, "how much you oblige me by this free unceremonious conduct; but above all, I am enchanted with your particular attention to cleanliness: how greatly you differ in this, as in many other things, from that silly creature Jennings! Have you remarked how all our court fops admire her for her brilliant complexion, which perhaps, after all, is

not wholly her own; and for blunders, which are truly original and which they are such fools as to mistake for wit: I have not conversed with her long enough to perceive in what her wit consists; but of this I am certain, that if it is not better than her feet, it is no great matter. What stories have I heard of her sluttishness! No cat ever dreaded water so much as she does: Fie upon her! Never to wash for her own comfort, and only to attend to those parts which must necessarily be seen, such as the neck and hands."

Miss Temple swallowed all this with even greater pleasure than the sweetmeats; and the officious Hobart, not to lose time, was helping her off with her clothes, while the chamber-maid was coming. She made some objections to this at first, being unwilling to occasion that trouble to a person, who, like Miss Hobart, had been advanced to a place of dignity; but she was overruled by her, and assured, that it was with the greatest pleasure she shewed her that small mark of civility. The collation being finished, and Miss Temple undressed: "Let us retire," said Miss Hobart, "to the bathing closet, where we may enjoy a little conversation, secure from any impertinent visit." Miss Temple consented, and both of them sitting down on a couch: "You are too young, my dear Temple," said she, "to know the baseness of men in general, and too short a time acquainted with the court, to know the character of its inhabitants. I will give you a short sketch of the principal persons, to the best of my knowledge, without injury to any one; for I abominate the trade of scandal.

"In the first place, then, you ought to set it down as an undoubted fact, that all courtiers are deficient, either in honesty, good sense, judgment, wit, or sincerity; that is to say, if any of them by chance possess some one of these qualities, you may depend upon it he is defective in the rest: sumptuous in their equipages, deep play, a great opinion

of their own merit, and contempt of that of others, are their chief characteristics.

"Interest or pleasure are the motives of all their actions: those who are led by the first, would sell God Almighty, as Judas sold his Master, and that for less money. I could relate you a thousand noble instances of this, if I had time. As for the sectaries of pleasure, or those who pretend to be such, for they are not all so bad as they endeavour to make themselves appear, these gentlemen pay no manner of regard, either to promises, oaths, law, or religion; that is to say, they are literally no respecters of persons; they care neither for God nor man, if they can but gain their ends. They look upon maids of honour only as amusements, placed expressly at court for their entertainment; and the more merit any one has, the more she is exposed to their impertinence, if she gives any ear to them; and to their malicious calumnies, when she ceases to attend to them. As for husbands, this is not the place to find them; for unless money or caprice make up the match, there is but little hopes of being married: virtue and beauty in this respect here are equally useless. Lady Falmouth is the only instance of a maid of honour well married without a portion; and if you were to ask her poor weak husband for what reason he married her, I am persuaded that he can assign none, unless it be her great red ears, and broad feet. As for the pale Lady Yarborough, who appeared so proud of her match, she is wife, to be sure, of a great country bumpkin, who, the very week after their marriage, bid her take her farewell of the town for ever, in consequence of five or six thousand pounds a year he enjoys on the borders of Cornwall. Alas! poor Miss Blague! I saw her go away about this time twelvemonth, in a coach with four such lean horses, that I cannot believe she is yet half-way to her miserable little castle. What can be the

matter! all the girls seem afflicted with the rage of wedlock, and however small their portion of charms may be, they think it only necessary to shew themselves at court, in order to pick and choose their men: but was this in reality the case, the being a wife is the most wretched condition imaginable for a person of nice sentiments. Believe me, my dear Temple, the pleasures of matrimony are so inconsiderable, in comparison with its inconveniences, that I cannot imagine how any reasonable creature can resolve upon it: rather fly, therefore, from this irksome engagement than court it. Jealousy, formerly a stranger to these happy isles, is now coming into fashion, with many recent examples of which you are acquainted. However brilliant the phantom may appear, suffer not yourself to be caught by its splendour, and never be so weak as to transform your slave into your tyrant: as long as you preserve your own liberty, you will be mistress of that of others. I will relate to you a very recent proof of the perfidy of man to our sex, and of the impunity they experience in all attempts upon our innocence. The Earl of Oxford[137] fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress, belonging to the duke's theatre, who performed to perfection, particularly the part of Roxana, in a very fashionable new play, insomuch that she ever after retained that name: this creature being both very virtuous, and very modest, or, if you please, wonderfully obstinate, proudly rejected the addresses and presents of the Earl of Oxford. This resistance inflamed his passion: he had recourse to invectives, and even to spells; but all in vain. This disappointment had such effect upon him, that he could neither eat nor drink; this did not signify to him; but his passion at length became so violent, that he could neither play nor smoke. In this extremity, love had recourse to Hymen: the Earl of Oxford, one of the first peers of the realm, is, you know, a very

handsome man: he is of the order of the garter, which greatly adds to an air naturally noble. In short, from his outward appearance, you would suppose he was really possessed of some sense; but as soon as ever you hear him speak, you are perfectly convinced of the contrary. This passionate lover presented her with a promise of marriage, in due form, signed with his own hand: she would not, however, rely upon this, but the next day she thought there could be no danger, when the earl himself came to her lodgings attended by a clergyman, and another man for a witness: the marriage was accordingly solemnized with all due ceremonies, in the presence of one of her fellow-players, who attended as a witness on her part. You will suppose, perhaps, that the new countess had nothing to do but to appear at court according to her rank, and to display the earl's arms upon her carriage. This was far from being the case. When examination was made concerning the marriage, it was found to be a mere deception: it appeared that the pretended priest was one of my lord's trumpeters, and the witness his kettle-drummer. The parson and his companion never appeared after the ceremony was over; and as for the other witness, they endeavoured to persuade her, that the Sultana Roxana might have supposed, in some part or other of a play, that she was really married. It was all to no purpose, that the poor creature claimed the protection of the laws of God and man, both which were violated and abused, as well as herself, by this infamous imposition: in vain did she throw herself at the king's feet to demand justice: she had only to rise up again without redress; and happy might she think herself to receive an annuity of one thousand crowns, and to resume the name of Roxana, instead of Countess of Oxford. You will say, perhaps, that she was only a player; that all men have not the same sentiments as the earl; and, that one

may at least believe them, when they do but render justice to such merit as yours. But still do not believe them, though I know you are liable to it, as you have admirers; for all are not infatuated with Miss Jennings: the handsome Sidney ogles you; Lord Rochester is delighted with your conversation; and the most serious Sir Charles Lyttleton forsakes his natural gravity in favour of your charms. As for the first, I confess his figure is very likely to engage the inclinations of a young person like yourself; but were his outward form attended with other accomplishments, which I know it is not, and that his sentiments in your favour were as real as he endeavours to persuade you they are, and as you deserve, yet I would not advise you to form any connections with him, for reasons which I cannot tell you at present.

"Sir Charles Lyttleton is undoubtedly in earnest, since he appears ashamed of the condition to which you have reduced him; and I really believe, if he could get the better of those vulgar chimerical apprehensions, of being what is vulgarly called a cuckold, the good man would marry you, and you would be his representative in his little government, where you might merrily pass your days in casting up the weekly bills of housekeeping, and in darning old napkins. What a glory would it be to have a Cato for a husband, whose speeches are as many lectures, and whose lectures are composed of nothing but ill-nature and censure!

"Lord Rochester is, without contradiction, the most witty man in all England; but then he is likewise the most unprincipled, and devoid even of the least tincture of honour: he is dangerous to our sex alone; and that to such a degree, that there is not a woman who gives ear to him three times, but she irretrievably loses her reputation. No woman can escape him, for he has her in his writings, though his other attacks be ineffectual; and in the age we live in, the one is

as bad as the other, in the eye of the public. In the mean time nothing is more dangerous than the artful insinuating manner with which he gains possession of the mind: he applauds your taste, submits to your sentiments, and at the very instant that he himself does not believe a single word of what he is saying, he makes you believe it all. I dare lay a wager, that from the conversation you have had with him, you thought him one of the most honourable and sincerest men living: for my part, I cannot imagine what he means by the assiduity he pays you: not but your accomplishments are sufficient to excite the adoration and praise of the whole world; but had he even been so fortunate as to have gained your affections, he would not know what to do with the loveliest creature at court: for it is a long time since his debauches have brought him to order, with the assistance of the favours of all the common street-walkers. See, then, my dear Temple, what horrid malice possesses him, to the ruin and confusion of innocence! A wretch! to have no other design in his addresses and assiduities to Miss Temple, but to give a greater air of probability to the calumnies with which he has loaded her. You look upon me with astonishment, and seem to doubt the truth of what I advance; but I do not desire you to believe me without evidence: here," said she, drawing a paper out of her pocket, "see what a copy of verses he has made in your praise, while he lulls your credulity to rest, by flattering speeches and feigned respect."

After saying this, the perfidious Hobart shewed her half a dozen couplets full of strained invective and scandal, which Rochester had made against the former maids of honour. This severe and cutting lampoon was principally levelled against Miss Price, whose person he took to pieces in the most frightful and hideous manner imaginable. Miss Hobart had

substituted the name of Temple instead of Price, which she made to agree, both with the measure and tune of the song. This effectually answered Hobart's intentions: the credulous Temple no sooner heard her sing the lampoon, but she firmly believed it to be made upon herself; and in the first transports of her rage, having nothing so much at heart as to give the lie to the fictions of the poet: "Ah! as for this, my dear Hobart," said she, "I can bear it no longer: I do not pretend to be so handsome as some others; but as for the defects that villain charges me with, I dare say, my dear Hobart, there is no woman more free from them: we are alone, and I am almost inclined to convince you by ocular demonstration." Miss Hobart was too complaisant to oppose this motion; but, although she soothed her mind by extolling all her beauties, in opposition to Lord Rochester's song, Miss Temple was almost driven to distraction by rage and astonishment, that the first man she ever attended to, should, in his conversation with her, not even make use of a single word of truth, but that he should likewise have the unparalleled cruelty, falsely to accuse her of defects; and not being able to find words capable of expressing her anger and resentment, she began to weep like a child.

Miss Hobart used all her endeavours to comfort her, and chid her for being so much hurt with the invectives of a person, whose scandalous impostures were too well known to make any impression: she however advised her never to speak to him any more, for that was the only method to disappoint his designs; that contempt and silence were, on such occasions, much preferable to any explanation, and that if he could once obtain a hearing, he would be justified, but she would be ruined.

Miss Hobart was not wrong in giving her this counsel: she knew that an explanation would betray her, and that there

would be no quarter for her, if Lord Rochester had so fair an opportunity of renewing his former panegyrics upon her; but her precaution was in vain: this conversation had been heard from one end to the other, by the governess's niece, who was blessed with a most faithful memory; and, having that very day an appointment with Lord Rochester, she conned it over three or four times, that she might not forget one single word, when she should have the honour of relating it to her lover. We shall shew in the next chapter, what were the consequences resulting from it.

CHAPTER X.

The conversation before related was agreeable only to Miss Hobart; for, if Miss Temple was entertained with its commencement, she was so much the more irritated by its conclusion: this indignation was succeeded by the curiosity of knowing the reason why, if Sidney had a real esteem for her, she should not be allowed to pay some attention to him. The tender-hearted Hobart, unable to refuse her any request, promised her this piece of confidence, as soon as she should be secure of her conduct towards Lord Rochester: for this she only desired a trial of her sincerity for three days, after which, she assured her, she would acquaint her with every thing she wished to know. Miss Temple protested she no longer regarded Lord Rochester but as a monster of perfidiousness, and vowed, by all that was sacred, that she would never listen to him, much less speak to him, as long as she lived.

As soon as they retired from the closet, Miss Sarah came out of the bath, where, during all this conversation, she had been almost perished with cold without daring to complain. This little gypsy had, it seems, obtained leave of Miss Hobart's woman to bathe herself unknown to her mistress; and having, I know not how, found means to fill one of the baths with cold water, Miss Sarah had just got into it, when they were both alarmed with the arrival of the other two. A glass partition inclosed the room where the baths were, and Indian silk-curtains, which drew on the inside, screened those that were bathing. Miss Hobart's chambermaid had only just time to draw these curtains, that the girl might not be

seen, to lock the partition door, and to take away the key, before her mistress and Miss Temple came in.

These two sat down on a couch placed along the partition, and Miss Sarah, notwithstanding her alarms, had distinctly heard, and perfectly retained the whole conversation. As the little girl was at all this trouble to make herself clean, only on Lord Rochester's account, as soon as ever she could make her escape, she regained her garret; where Rochester, having repaired thither at the appointed hour, was fully informed of all that had passed in the bathing-room. He was astonished at the audacious temerity of Hobart, in daring to put such a trick upon him; but, though he rightly judged that love and jealousy were the real motives, he would not excuse her. Little Sarah desired to know, whether he had a real affection for Miss Temple, as Miss Hobart said she supposed that was the case. "Can you doubt it," replied he, "since that oracle of sincerity has affirmed it? But then you know that I am not now capable of profiting by my perfidy, were I even to gain Miss Temple's compliance, since my debauches and the street-walkers have brought me to order."

This answer made Miss Sarah very easy, for she concluded that the first article was not true, since she knew from experience that the latter was false. Lord Rochester was resolved that very evening to attend the duchess's court, to see what reception he would meet with after the fine portrait Miss Hobart had been so kind as to draw of him. Miss Temple did not fail to be there likewise, with the intention of looking on him with the most contemptuous disdain possible, though she had taken care to dress herself as well as she could. As she supposed that the lampoon Miss Hobart had sung to her was in every body's possession, she was under great embarrassment lest all those whom she met should think her such a monster as Lord Rochester had described her. In the mean

time, Miss Hobart, who had not much confidence in her promises never more to speak to him, narrowly watched her. Miss Temple never in her life appeared so handsome: every person complimented her upon it; but she received all these civilities with such an air, that every one thought she was mad; for when they commended her shape, her fresh complexion, and the brilliancy of her eyes: "Pshaw," said she, "it is very well known that I am but a monster, and formed in no respect like other women: all is not gold that glisters; and though I may receive some compliments in public, it signifies nothing." All Miss Hobart's endeavours to stop her tongue were ineffectual; and, continuing to rail at herself ironically, the whole court was puzzled to comprehend her meaning.

When Lord Rochester came in, she first blushed, then turned pale, made a motion to go towards him, drew back again, pulled her gloves one after the other up to the elbow; and after having three times violently flirted her fan, she waited until he paid his compliments to her as usual, and as soon as he began to bow, the fair one immediately turned her back upon him. Rochester only smiled, and being resolved that her resentment should be still more remarked, he turned round, and posting himself face to face: "Madam," said he, "nothing can be so glorious as to look so charming as you do, after such a fatiguing day: to support a ride of three long hours, and Miss Hobart afterwards, without being tired, shews indeed a very strong constitution."

Miss Temple had naturally a tender look, but she was transported with such a violent passion at his having the audacity to speak to her, that her eyes appeared like two fire-balls when she turned them upon him. Hobart pinched her arm, as she perceived that this look was likely to be followed by a torrent of reproaches and invectives.

Lord Rochester did not wait for them, and delaying until another opportunity the acknowledgments he owed Miss Hobart, he quietly retired. The latter, who could not imagine that he knew any thing of their conversation at the bath, was, however, much alarmed at what he had said; but Miss Temple, almost choked with the reproaches with which she thought herself able to confound him, and which she had not time to give vent to, vowed to ease her mind of them upon the first opportunity, notwithstanding the promise she had made; but never more to speak to him afterwards.

Lord Rochester had a faithful spy near these nymphs: this was Miss Sarah, who, by his advice, and with her aunt's consent, was reconciled with Miss Hobart, the more effectually to betray her: he was informed by this spy, that Miss Hobart's maid, being suspected of having listened to them in the closet, had been turned away; that she had taken another, whom, in all probability, she would not keep long, because, in the first place, she was ugly, and, in the second, she eat the sweetmeats that were prepared for Miss Temple. Although this intelligence was not very material, Sarah was nevertheless praised for her punctuality and attention; and a few days afterwards, she brought him news of real importance.

Rochester was by her informed, that Miss Hobart and her new favourite designed, about nine o'clock in the evening, to walk in the Mall, in the Park; that they were to change clothes with each other, to put on scarfs, and wear black masks: she added, that Miss Hobart had strongly opposed this project, but that she was obliged to give way at last, Miss Temple having resolved to indulge her fancy.

Upon the strength of this intelligence, Rochester concerted his measures: he went to Killegrew, complained to him of the trick which Miss Hobart had played him, and desired his assistance in order to be revenged: this was readily

granted, and having acquainted him with the measures he intended to pursue, and given him the part he was to act in this adventure, they went to the Mall.

Presently after appeared our two nymphs in masquerade: their shapes were not very different, and their faces, which were very unlike each other, were concealed with their masks. The company was but thin in the Park; and as soon as Miss Temple perceived them at a distance, she quickened her pace in order to join them, with the design, under her disguise, severely to reprimand the perfidious Rochester; when Miss Hobart stopping her: "Where are you running to?" said she; "have you a mind to engage in conversation with these two devils, to be exposed to all the insolence and impertinence for which they are so notorious?" These remonstrances were entirely useless: Miss Temple was resolved to try the experiment: and all that could be obtained from her, was, not to answer any of the questions Rochester might ask her.

They were accosted just as they had done speaking: Rochester fixed upon Hobart, pretending to take her for the other; at which she was overjoyed; but Miss Temple was extremely sorry she fell to Killegrew's share, with whom she had nothing to do: he perceived her uneasiness, and, pretending to know her by her clothes: "Ah! Miss Hobart," said he, "be so kind as look this way if you please: I know not by what chance you both came hither, but I am sure it is very apropos for you, since I have something to say to you, as your friend and humble servant."

This beginning raising her curiosity, Miss Temple appeared more inclined to attend him; and Killegrew perceiving that the other couple had insensibly proceeded some distance from them: "In the name of God," said he: "what do you mean by railing so against Lord Rochester, whom you know

to be one of the most honourable men at court, and whom you nevertheless described as the greatest villain, to the person whom of all others he esteems and respects the most? What do you think would become of you, if he knew that you made Miss Temple believe she is the person alluded to in a certain song, which you know as well as myself was made upon the clumsy Miss Price, above a year before the fair Temple was heard of? Be not surprised that I know so much of the matter; but pay a little attention, I pray you, to what I am now going to tell you out of pure friendship: your passion and inclinations for Miss Temple are known to every one but herself; for whatever methods you used to impose upon her innocence, the world does her the justice to believe that she would treat you as Lady Falmouth did, if the poor girl knew the wicked designs you had upon her: I caution you, therefore, against making any further advances, to a person, too modest to listen to them: I advise you likewise to take back your maid again, in order to silence her scandalous tongue; for she says everywhere that she is with child, that you are the occasion of her being in that condition, and accuses you of behaving towards her with the blackest ingratitude, upon trifling suspicions only: you know very well, these are no stories of my own invention; but that you may not entertain any manner of doubt, that I had all this from her own mouth, she has told me your conversation in the bathing-room, the characters you there drew of the principal men at court, your artful malice in applying so improperly a scandalous song to one of the loveliest women in all England; and in what manner the innocent girl fell into the snare you had laid for her, in order to do justice to her charms. But that which might be of the most fatal consequences to you in that long conversation, is the revealing certain secrets, which, in all probability, the duchess did not

intrust you with, to be imparted to the maids of honour: reflect upon this, and neglect not to make some reparation to Sir Charles Lyttleton, for the ridicule with which you were pleased to load him. I know not whether he had his information from your *femme-de-chambre*, but I am very certain that he has sworn he will be revenged, and he is a man that keeps his word; for after all, that you may not be deceived by his look, like that of a Stoic, and his gravity, like that of a judge, I must acquaint you, that he is the most passionate man living. Indeed, these invectives are of the blackest and most horrible nature: he says it is most infamous, that a wretch like yourself should find no other employment than to blacken the characters of gentlemen to gratify your jealousy; that if you do not desist from such conduct for the future, he will immediately complain of you; and that if her royal highness will not do him justice, he is determined to do himself justice, and to run you through the body with his own sword, though you were even in the arms of Miss Temple; and that it is most scandalous that all the maids of honour should get into your hands before they can look around them.

"These things, madam, I thought it my duty to acquaint you with: you are better able to judge than myself, whether what I have now advanced be true, and I leave it to your own discretion to make what use you think proper of my advice; but were I in your situation, I would endeavour to reconcile Lord Rochester and Miss Temple. Once more I recommend to you to take care that your endeavours to mislead her innocency, in order to blast his honour, may not come to his knowledge; and do not estrange from her a man who tenderly loves her, and whose probity is so great, that he would not even suffer his eyes to wander towards her, if his intention was not to make her his wife."

Miss Temple observed her promise most faithfully during this discourse: she did not even utter a single syllable, being seized with such astonishment and confusion, that she quite lost the use of her tongue.

Miss Hobart and Lord Rochester came up to her, while she was still in amazement at the wonderful discoveries she had made; things in themselves, in her opinion, almost incredible, but to the truth of which she could not refuse her assent, upon examining the evidences and circumstances on which they were founded. Never was confusion equal to that with which her whole frame was seized by the foregoing recital.

Rochester and Killegrew took leave of them before she recovered from her surprise; but as soon as she had regained the free use of her senses, she hastened back to St. James's, without answering a single question that the other put to her; and having locked herself up in her chamber, the first thing she did was immediately to strip off Miss Hobart's clothes, lest she should be contaminated by them; for after what she had been told concerning her, she looked upon her as a monster, dreadful to the innocence of the fair sex, of whatever sex she might be; she blushed at the familiarities she had been drawn into with a creature, whose maid was with child, though she never had been in any other service but hers: she therefore returned her all her clothes, ordered her servant to bring back all her own, and resolved never more to have any connection with her. Miss Hobart, on the other hand, who supposed Killegrew had mistaken Miss Temple for herself, could not comprehend what could induce her to give herself such surprising airs, since that conversation; but being desirous to come to an explanation, she ordered Miss Temple's maid to remain in her apartments, and went to call upon Miss Temple herself, instead of sending back

her clothes; and being desirous to give her some proof of friendship before they entered upon expostulations, she slipt softly into her chamber, when she was in the very act of changing her linen, and embraced her. Miss Temple finding herself in her arms before she had taken notice of her, every thing that Killegrew had mentioned appeared to her imagination: she fancied that she saw in her looks the eagerness of a satyr, or, if possible, of some monster still more odious; and disengaging herself with the highest indignation from her arms, she began to shriek and cry in the most terrible manner, calling both heaven and earth to her assistance.

The first whom her cries raised were the governess and her niece. It was near twelve o'clock at night: Miss Temple in her shift, almost frightened to death, was pushing back with horror Miss Hobart, who approached her with no other intent than to know the occasion of those transports. As soon as the governess saw this scene, she began to lecture Miss Hobart with all the eloquence of a real duenna: she demanded of her, whether she thought it was for her that her royal highness kept the maids of honour? whether she was not ashamed to come at such an unseasonable time of night into their very apartments to commit such violences? and swore that she would, the very next day, complain to the duchess. All this confirmed Miss Temple in her mistaken notions; and Hobart was obliged to go away at last, without being able to convince or bring to reason creatures, whom she believed to be either distracted or mad. The next day Miss Sarah did not fail to relate this adventure to her lover, telling him how Miss Temple's cries had alarmed the maids of honour's apartment, and how herself and her aunt, running to her assistance, had almost surprised Miss Hobart in the very act.

Two days after, the whole adventure, with the addition

of several embellishments, was made public: the governess swore to the truth of it, and related in every company what a narrow escape Miss Temple had experienced, and that Miss Sarah, her niece, had preserved her honour, because, by Lord Rochester's excellent advice, she had forbidden her all manner of connection with so dangerous a person. Miss Temple was afterwards informed, that the song that had so greatly provoked her, alluded to Miss Price only: this was confirmed to her by every person, with additional execrations against Miss Hobart, for such a scandalous imposition. Such great coldness after so much familiarity, made many believe that this adventure was not altogether a fiction.

This had been sufficient to have disgraced Miss Hobart at court, and to have totally ruined her reputation in London, had she not been, upon the present, as well as upon a former occasion, supported by the duchess: her royal highness pretended to treat the whole story as romantic and visionary, or as solely arising from private pique: she chid Miss Temple, for her impertinent credulity; turned away the governess and her niece, for the lies with which she pretended they supported the imposture; and did many improper things in order to re-establish Miss Hobart's honour, which, however, she failed in accomplishing. She had her reasons for not entirely abandoning her, as will appear in the sequel.

Miss Temple, who continually reproached herself with injustice, with respect to Lord Rochester, and who, upon the faith of Killegrew's word, thought him the most honourable man in England, was only solicitous to find out some opportunity of easing her mind, by making him some reparation for the rigour with which she had treated him: these favourable dispositions, in the hands of a man of his character, might have led to consequences of which she was not aware:

but heaven did not allow him an opportunity of profiting by them.

Ever since he had first appeared at court, he seldom failed being banished from it, at least once in the year; for, whenever a word presented itself to his pen, or to his tongue, he immediately committed it to paper, or produced it in conversation, without any manner of regard to the consequences: the ministers, the mistresses, and even the king himself, were frequently the subjects of his sarcasms; and had not the prince, whom he thus treated, been possessed of one of the most forgiving and gentle tempers, his first disgrace had certainly been his last.

Just at the time that Miss Temple was desirous of seeing him, in order to apologize for the uneasiness which the infamous calumnies and black aspersions of Miss Hobart had occasioned both of them, he was forbid the court for the third time: he departed without having seen Miss Temple, carried the disgraced governess down with him to his country seat, and exerted all his endeavours to cultivate in her niece some dispositions which she had for the stage; but though she did not make the same improvement in this line as she had by his other instructions, after he had entertained both the niece and the aunt for some months in the country, he got her entered in the king's company of comedians the next winter; and the public was obliged to him for the prettiest, but, at the same time, the worst actress in the kingdom.[136]

About this time Talbot returned from Ireland: he soon felt the absence of Miss Hamilton, who was then in the country with a relation, whom we shall mention hereafter. A remnant of his former tenderness still subsisted in his heart, notwithstanding his absence, and the promises he had given the Chevalier de Grammont at parting: he now there-

fore endeavoured to banish her entirely from his thoughts, by fixing his desires upon some other object: but he saw no one in the queen's new court whom he thought worthy of his attention: Miss Boynton,[139] however, thought him worthy of hers. Her person was slender and delicate, to which a good complexion, and large motionless eyes, gave at a distance an appearance of beauty, that vanished upon nearer inspection: she affected to lisp, to languish, and to have two or three fainting-fits a day. The first time that Talbot cast his eyes upon her, she was seized with one of these fits: he was told that she swooned away upon his account: he believed it, was eager to afford her assistance; and ever after that accident, shewed her some kindness, more with the intention of saving her life, than to express any affection he felt for her. This seeming tenderness was well received, and at first she was visibly affected by it. Talbot was one of the tallest men in England, and in all appearance one of the most robust; yet she shewed sufficiently, that she was willing to expose the delicacy of her constitution to whatever might happen, in order to become his wife; which event perhaps might then have taken place, as it did afterwards, had not the charms of the fair Jennings, at that time, proved an obstacle to her wishes.

I know not how it came to pass that he had not yet seen her; though he had heard her much praised, and her prudence, wit, and vivacity, equally commended; he believed all this upon the faith of common report. He thought it very singular that discretion and sprightliness should be so intimately united in a person so young, more particularly in the midst of a court, where love and gallantry were so much in fashion; but he found her personal accomplishments greatly to exceed whatever fame had reported of them.

As it was not long before he perceived he was in love,

neither was it long before he made a declaration of it: as his passion was likely enough to be real, Miss Jennings thought she might believe him, without exposing herself to the imputation of vanity. Talbot was possessed of a fine and brilliant exterior, his manners were noble and majestic: besides this, he was particularly distinguished by the favour and friendship of the duke; but his most essential merit, with her, was his forty thousand pounds a year, landed property, besides his employments. All these qualities came within the rules and maxims she had resolved to follow with respect to lovers: thus, though he had not the satisfaction to obtain from her an entire declaration of her sentiments, he had at least the pleasure of being better received than those who had paid their addresses to her before him.

No person attempted to interrupt his happiness; and Miss Jennings perceiving that the duchess approved of Talbot's pretensions, and after having well weighed the matter, and consulted her own inclinations, found that her reason was more favourable to him than her heart, and that the most she could do for his satisfaction was to marry him without reluctance.

Talbot, too fortunate in a preference which no man had before experienced, did not examine whether it was to her heart, or to her head, that he was indebted for it, and his thoughts were solely occupied in hastening the accomplishment of his wishes: one would have sworn that the happy minute was at hand; but love would no longer be love, if he did not delight in obstructing, or in overturning, the happiness of those who live under his dominion.

Talbot, who found nothing reprehensible either in the person, in the conversation, or in the reputation of Miss Jennings, was however rather concerned at a new acquaintance she had lately formed; and having taken upon him to give her

some cautions upon this subject, she was much displeased at his conduct.

Miss Price, formerly maid of honour, that had been set aside, as we have before mentioned, upon her leaving the duchess's service, had recourse to Lady Castlemaine's protection: she had a very entertaining wit: her complaisance was adapted to all humours, and her own humour was possessed of a fund of gaiety and sprightliness, which diffused universal mirth and merriment wherever she came. Her acquaintance with Miss Jennings was prior to Talbot's.

As she was thoroughly acquainted with all the intrigues of the court, she related them without any manner of reserve to Miss Jennings, and her own with the same frankness as the others: Miss Jennings was extremely well pleased with her stories; for though she was determined to make no experiment in love, but upon honourable terms, she however was desirous of knowing from her recitals, all the different intrigues that were carrying on: thus, as she was never wearied with her conversation, she was overjoyed whenever she could see her.

Talbot, who remarked the extreme relish she had for Miss Price's company, thought that the reputation such a woman had in the world might prove injurious to his mistress, more especially from the particular intimacy there seemed to exist between them: whereupon, in the tone of a guardian, rather than a lover, he took upon him to chide her for the disreputable company she kept. Miss Jennings was haughty beyond conception, when once she took it into her head; and as she liked Miss Price's conversation much better than Talbot's, she took the liberty of desiring him "to attend to his own affairs, and that if he only came from Ireland to read lectures about her conduct, he might take the trouble to go back as soon as he pleased." He was offended at a sally which he thought ill-timed, considering the situation of affairs between them:

and went out of her presence more abruptly than became the respect due from a man greatly in love. He for some time appeared offended; but perceiving that he gained nothing by such conduct, he grew weary of acting that part, and assumed that of an humble lover, in which he was equally unsuccessful: neither his repentance nor submissions could produce any effect upon her, and the mutinous little gipsy was still in her pouts, when Jermyn returned to court.

It was above a year since he had triumphed over the weakness of Lady Castlemaine, and above two since the king had been weary of his triumphs. His uncle, being one of the first who perceived the king's disgust, obliged him to absent himself from court, at the very time that orders were going to be issued for that purpose; for though the king's affections for Lady Castlemaine were now greatly diminished, yet he did not think it consistent with his dignity, that a mistress, whom he had honoured with public distinction, and who still received a considerable support from him, should appear chained to the car of the most ridiculous conqueror that ever existed. His majesty had frequently expostulated with the countess upon this subject; but his expostulations were never attended to; it was in one of these differences, that he, advising her rather to bestow her favours upon Jacob Hall, the rope-dancer, who was able to return them, than lavish away her money upon Jermyn to no purpose, since it would be more honourable for her to pass for the mistress of the first, than for the very humble servant of the other, she was not proof against his raillery. The impetuosity of her temper broke forth like lightning. She told him, "that it very ill became him to throw out such reproaches against one, who, of all the women in England, deserved them the least; that he had never ceased quarrelling thus unjustly with her, ever since he had betrayed his own mean low inclinations; that to gratify

such a depraved taste as his, he wanted only such silly things as Stewart, Wells, and that pitiful strolling actress,[140] whom he had lately introduced into their society." Floods of tears, from rage, generally attended these storms; after which, resuming the part of Medea, the scene closed with menaces of tearing her children in pieces, and setting his palace on fire. What course could he pursue with such an outrageous fury, who, beautiful as she was, resembled Medea less than her dragons, when she was thus enraged!

The indulgent monarch loved peace; and as he seldom contended for it, on these occasions, without paying something to obtain it, he was obliged to be at great expense, in order to reconcile this last rupture: as they could not agree of themselves, and both parties equally complained, the Chevalier de Grammont was chosen, by mutual consent, mediator of the treaty. The grievances and pretensions on each side were communicated to him, and what is very extraordinary, he managed so as to please them both. Here follow the articles of peace, which they agreed to:

"That Lady Castlemaine should for ever abandon Jermyn; that as a proof of her sincerity, and the reality of his disgrace, she should consent to his being sent, for some time, into the country; that she should not rail any more against Miss Wells, nor storm any more against Miss Stewart; and this without any restraint on the king's behaviour towards her: that in consideration of these condescensions, his majesty should immediately give her the title of duchess,[141] with all the honours and privileges thereunto belonging, and an addition to her pension, in order to enable her to support the dignity."

As soon as this peace was proclaimed, the political critics, who, in all nations, never fail to censure all state proceedings, pretended that the mediator of this treaty, being every day at play with Lady Castlemaine, and never losing, had,

for his own sake, insisted a little too strongly upon this last article.

Some days after, she was created Duchess of Cleveland, and little Jermyn repaired to his country-seat: however, it was in his power to have returned in a fortnight; for the Chevalier de Grammont, having procured the king's permission, carried it to the Earl of Saint Alban's: this revived the good old man; but it was to little purpose he transmitted it to his nephew; for whether he wished to make the London beauties deplore and lament his absence, or whether he wished them to declaim against the injustice of the age, or rail against the tyranny of the prince, he continued above half a year in the country, setting up for a little philosopher, under the eyes of the sportsmen in the neighbourhood, who regarded him as an extraordinary instance of the caprice of fortune. He thought the part he acted so glorious, that he would have continued there much longer had he not heard of Miss Jennings: he did not, however, pay much attention to what his friends writ to him concerning her charms, being persuaded he had seen equally as great in others: what was related to him of her pride and resistance, appeared to him of far greater consequence; and to subdue the last, he even looked upon as an action worthy of his prowess; and quitting his retreat for this purpose, he arrived in London at the time that Talbot, who was really in love, had quarrelled, in his opinion, so unjustly with Miss Jennings.

She had heard Jermyn spoken of, as a hero in affairs of love and gallantry. Miss Price, in the recital of those of the Duchess of Cleveland, had often mentioned him, without in any respect diminishing the insignificancy with which fame insinuated he had conducted himself in those amorous encounters: she nevertheless had the greatest curiosity to see a man, whose entire person, she thought, must be a moving

trophy, and monument of the favours and freedoms of the fair sex.

Thus Jermyn arrived at the right time to satisfy her curiosity by his presence; and though his brilliancy appeared a little tarnished, by his residence in the country; though his head was larger, and his legs more slender than usual, yet the giddy girl thought she had never seen any man so perfect; and yielding to her destiny, she fell in love with him, a thousand times more unaccountably than all the others had done before her. Every body remarked this change of conduct in her with surprise; for they expected something more from the delicacy of a person, who, till this time, had behaved with so much propriety in all her actions.

Jermyn was not in the least surprised at this conquest, though not a little proud of it; for his heart had very soon as great a share in it as his vanity. Talbot, who saw with amazement the rapidity of this triumph, and the disgrace of his own defeat, was ready to die with jealousy and spite; yet he thought it would be more to his credit to die, than to vent those passions unprofitably; and shielding himself under a feigned indifference, he kept at a distance to view how far such an extravagant prepossession would proceed.

In the mean time, Jermyn quietly enjoyed the happiness of seeing the inclinations of the prettiest and most extraordinary creature in England declared in his favour. The duchess, who had taken her under her protection, ever since she had declined placing herself under that of the duke, sounded Jermyn's intentions towards her, and was satisfied with the assurances she received from a man, whose probity infinitely exceeded his merit in love: he therefore let all the court see that he was willing to marry her, though, at the same time, he did not appear particularly desirous of hastening the consummation. Every person now complimented Miss Jennings

upon having reduced to this situation the terror of husbands, and the plague of lovers: the court was in full expectation of this miracle, and Miss Jennings of a near approaching happy settlement; but in this world one must have fortune in one's favour, before one can calculate with certainty upon happiness.

The king did not use to let Lord Rochester remain so long in exile: he grew weary of it, and being displeased that he was forgotten, he posted up to London to wait till it might be his majesty's pleasure to recall him.

He first took up his habitation in the city, among the capital tradesmen and rich merchants, where politeness indeed is not so much cultivated as at court; but where pleasure, luxury, and abundance reign with less confusion, and more sincerity. His first design was only to be initiated into the mysteries of those fortunate and happy inhabitants; that is to say, by changing his name and dress, to gain admittance to their feasts and entertainments; and, as occasion offered, to those of their loving spouses: as he was able to adapt himself to all capacities and humours, he soon deeply insinuated himself into the esteem of the substantial wealthy aldermen, and into the affections of their more delicate, magnificent, and tender ladies: he made one in all their feasts, and at all their assemblies; and, whilst in the company of the husbands he declaimed against the faults and mistakes of government, he joined their wives in railing against the profligacy of the court ladies, and in inveighing against the king's mistresses: he agreed with them, that the industrious poor were to pay for these cursed extravagances; that the city beauties were not inferior to those of the other end of the town, and yet a sober husband in this quarter of the town was satisfied with one wife; after which, to out-do their murmurings, he said, that he wondered Whitehall was not yet consumed by

fire from heaven, since such rakes as Rochester, Killegrew, and Sidney were suffered there, who had the impudence to assert, that all the married men in the city were cuckolds, and all their wives painted. This conduct endeared him so much to the cits, and made him so welcome at their clubs, that at last he grew sick of their cramming and endless invitations.

But, instead of approaching nearer the court, he retreated into one of the most obscure corners of the city; where, again changing both his name and his dress, in order to act a new part, he caused bills to be dispersed, giving notice, of "The recent arrival of a famous German doctor, who, by long application and experience, had found out wonderful secrets, and infallible remedies."[142] His secrets consisted in knowing what was past, and foretelling what was to come, by the assistance of astrology: and the virtue of his remedies principally consisted in giving present relief to unfortunate young women in all manner of diseases, and all kinds of accidents incident to the fair sex, either from too unbounded charity to their neighbours, or too great indulgence to themselves.

His first practice being confined to his neighbourhood, was not very considerable; but his reputation soon extending to the other end of the town, there presently flocked to him the women attending on the court, next, the chambermaids of ladies of quality, who, upon the wonders they related concerning the German doctor, were soon followed by some of their mistresses.

Among all the compositions of a ludicrous and satirical kind, there never existed any that could be compared to those of Lord Rochester, either for humour, fire, or wit; but, of all his works, the most ingenious and entertaining is that which contains a detail of the intrigues and adventures in which he

was engaged, while he professed medicine and astrology in the suburbs of London.

The fair Jennings was very near getting a place in this collection; but the adventure that prevented her from it, did not, however, conceal from the public her intention of paying a visit to the German doctor.

The first chambermaids that consulted him were only those of the maids of honour; who had numberless questions to ask, and not a few doubts to be resolved, both upon their own and their mistresses' accounts. Notwithstanding their disguise, he recognized some of them, particularly Miss Temple's and Miss Price's maids, and her whom Miss Hobart had lately discarded: these creatures all returned either filled with wonder and amazement, or petrified with terror and fear. Miss Temple's chambermaid deposed, that he assured her, she would have the small-pox, and her mistress the great, within two months at farthest, if her aforesaid mistress did not guard against a man in woman's clothes. Miss Price's woman affirmed, that, without knowing her, and only looking in her hand, he told her at first sight, that, according to the course of the stars, he perceived that she was in the service of some good-natured lady, who had no other fault than loving wine and men. In short, every one of them, struck with some particular circumstance relating to their own private affairs, had either alarmed or diverted their mistresses with the account, not failing, according to custom, to embellish the truth, in order to enhance the wonder.

Miss Price, relating these circumstances one day to her new friend, the devil immediately tempted her to go in person, and see what sort of a creature this new magician was. This enterprise was certainly very rash; but nothing was too rash for Miss Jennings, who was of opinion that a woman might

despise appearances, provided she was in reality virtuous. Miss Price was all compliance, and thus having fixed upon this glorious resolution, they only thought of the proper means of putting it into execution.

It was very difficult for Miss Jennings to disguise herself, on account of her excessive fair and bright complexion, and of something particular in her air and manner; however, after having well considered the matter, the best disguise they could think of was to dress themselves like orange-girls.[143] This was no sooner resolved upon, but it was put in execution: they attired themselves alike, and, taking each a basket of oranges under their arms, they embarked in a hackney-coach, and committed themselves to fortune, without any other escort than their own caprice and indiscretion.

The duchess was gone to the play with her sister: Miss Jennings had excused herself under pretence of indisposition: she was overjoyed at the happy commencement of their adventure; for they had disguised themselves, had crossed the park, and taken their hackney-coach at Whitehall-gate, without the least accident. They mutually congratulated each other upon it, and Miss Price taking a beginning so prosperous as a good omen of their success, asked her companion what they were to do at the fortune-teller's, and what they should propose to him.

Miss Jennings told her, that, for her part, curiosity was her principal inducement for going thither; that, however, she was resolved to ask him, without naming any person, why a man, who was in love with a handsome young lady, was not urgent to marry her, since this was in his power to do, and by so doing he would have an opportunity of gratifying his desires. Miss Price told her, smiling, that without going to the astrologer, nothing was more easy than to explain the

enigma, as she herself had almost given her a solution of it, in the narrative of the Duchess of Cleveland's adventures.

Having by this time nearly arrived at the play-house, Miss Price, after a moment's reflection, said, that since fortune favoured them, a fair opportunity was now offered to signalize their courage, which was to go and sell oranges in the very play-house, in the sight of the duchess and the whole court. The proposal being worthy of the sentiments of the one, and of the vivacity of the other, they immediately alighted, paid off their hack, and, running through the midst of an immense number of coaches, with great difficulty they reached the play-house door. Sidney, more handsome than the beautiful Adonis, and dressed more gay than usual, alighted just then from his coach: Miss Price went boldly up to him, as he was adjusting his curls; but he was too much occupied with his own dear self, to attend to any thing else, and so passed on without deigning to give her an answer. Killegrew came next, and the fair Jennings, partly encouraged by the other's pertness, advanced towards him, and offered him her basket, whilst Price, more used to the language, desired him to buy her fine oranges. "Not now," said he, looking at them with attention; "but if thou wilt to-morrow morning bring this young girl to my lodgings, I will make it worth all the oranges in London to thee;" and while he thus spoke to the one, he chucked the other under the chin, examining her bosom. These familiarities making little Jennings forget the part she was acting, after having pushed him away with all the violence she was able, she told him with indignation, that it was very insolent to dare — "Ha! ha!" said he, "here's a rarity indeed! a young w—, who, the better to sell her goods, sets up for virtue and pretends innocence!"

Price immediately perceived that nothing could be gained

by continuing any longer in so dangerous a place; and taking her companion under the arm, she dragged her away, while she was still in emotion, at the insult that had been offered to her.

Miss Jennings, resolving to sell no more oranges on these terms, was tempted to return, without accomplishing the other adventure; but Price having represented to her the disgrace of such cowardly behaviour, more particularly after having before manifested so much resolution, she consented to go and pay the astrologer a short visit, so as they might be enabled to regain the palace before the play was ended.

They had one of the doctor's bills for a direction, but there was no occasion for it; for the driver of the coach they had taken, told them he knew very well the place they wanted, for he had already carried above a hundred persons to the German doctor's: they were within half a street of his house, when fortune thought proper to play them a trick.

Brounker[144] had dined by chance with a merchant in that part of the city, and just as he was going away, they ordered their coach to stop, as ill luck would have it, just opposite to him: two orange-girls in a hackney-coach, one of whom appeared to have a very pretty face, immediately drew his attention; besides, he had a natural curiosity for such objects.

Of all the men at court, he had the least regard for the fair sex, and the least attention to their reputation: he was not young, nor was his person agreeable; however, with a great deal of wit, he had a violent passion for women. He did himself justice respecting his own merit; and, being persuaded that he could only succeed with those who were desirous of having his money, he was at open war with all the rest. He had a little country-house four or five miles from London always well stocked with girls: in other

respects he was a very honest man, and the best chess-player in England.

Price, alarmed at being thus closely examined by the most dangerous enemy they could encounter, turned her head the other way, bid her companion do the same, and told the coachman to drive on. Brounker followed them unperceived on foot; and the coach having stopped twenty or thirty yards farther up the street, they alighted. He was just behind them, and formed the same judgment of them, which a man much more charitable to the sex must unavoidably have done, concluding that Miss Jennings was a young courtesan upon the look-out, and that Miss Price was the mother-abbess. He was, however, surprised to see them have much better shoes and stockings than women of that rank generally wear, and that the little orange-girl, in getting out of a very high coach, shewed one of the handsomest legs he had ever seen; but as all this was no obstruction to his designs, he resolved to purchase her at any rate, in order to place her in his seraglio.

He came up to them, as they were giving their baskets in guard to the coachman, with orders to wait for them exactly in that place. Brounker immediately pushed in between them: as soon as they saw him, they gave themselves up for lost; but he, without taking the least notice of their surprise, took Price aside with one hand, and his purse with the other, and began immediately to enter upon business, but was astonished to perceive that she turned away her face, without either answering or looking at him: as this conduct appeared to him unnatural, he stared her full in the face, notwithstanding all her endeavours to prevent him: he did the same to the other; and immediately recognized them, but determined to conceal his discovery.

The old fox possessed a wonderful command of temper on

such occasions, and having teazed them a little longer, to remove all suspicions he quitted them, telling Price; "that she was a great fool to refuse his offers, and that her girl would not, perhaps, get so much in a year, as she might with him in one day; that the times were greatly changed, since the queen's and the duchess's maids of honour forestalled the market, and were to be had cheaper than the town ladies." Upon this he went back to his coach, whilst they blessed themselves, returning heaven their most hearty thanks for having escaped this danger without being discovered.

Brounker, on the other hand, would not have taken a thousand guineas for this rencounter; he blessed the Lord that he had not alarmed them to such a degree as to frustrate their intention; for he made no doubt but Miss Price had managed some intrigue for Miss Jennings: he therefore immediately concluded, that at present it would be improper to make known his discovery, which would have answered no other end but to have overwhelmed them with confusion.

Upon this account, although Jermyn was one of his best friends, he felt a secret joy in not having prevented his being made a cuckold, before his marriage; and the apprehension he was in of preserving him from that accident, was his sole reason for quitting them with the precautions afore-mentioned.

Whilst they were under these alarms, their coachman was engaged in a squabble with some blackguard boys, who had gathered round his coach in order to steal the oranges: from words they came to blows: the two nymphs saw the commencement of the fray as they were returning to the coach, after having abandoned the design of going to the fortune-teller's. Their coachman being a man of spirit, it was with great difficulty they could persuade him to leave their oranges to the mob, that they might get off without any farther dis-

turbance: having thus regained their hack, after a thousand frights, and after having received an abundant share of the most low and infamous abuse applied to them during the fracas, they at length reached St. James's, vowing never more to go after fortune-tellers, through so many dangers, terrors, and alarms, as they had lately undergone.

Brounker, who from the indifferent opinion he entertained of the fair sex, would have staked his life that Miss Jennings did not return from this expedition in the same condition she went, kept his thoughts, however, a profound secret; since it would have afforded him the highest satisfaction to have seen the all-fortunate Jermyn marry a little street-walker, who pretended to pass for a pattern of chastity, that he might the day after his marriage congratulate him upon his virtuous spouse; but heaven was not disposed to afford him that satisfaction, as will appear in the sequel of these memoirs.

Miss Hamilton was in the country, as we before mentioned, at a relation's: the Chevalier de Grammont bore this short absence of hers with great uneasiness, since she would not allow him permission to visit her there, upon any pretence whatever; but play, which was favourable to him, was no small relief to his extreme impatience.

Miss Hamilton, however, at last returned. Mrs. Wetenhall [145] (for that was the name of her relation) would by all means wait upon her to London, in appearance out of politeness; for ceremony, carried beyond all bearing, is the grand characteristic of country gentry: yet this mark of civility was only a pretence, to obtain a peevish husband's consent to his wife's journey to town. Perhaps he would have done himself the honour of conducting Miss Hamilton up to London, had he not been employed in writing some remarks upon the ecclesiastical history, a work in which he had long been engaged: the ladies were more civil than to interrupt him in

his undertaking, and besides it would entirely have disconcerted all Mrs. Wetenhall's schemes.

This lady was what may be properly called a beauty, entirely English, made up of lilies and roses, of snow and milk, as to colour; and of wax, with respect to the arms, hands, neck, and feet; but all this without either animation or air: her face was uncommonly pretty; but there was no variety, no change of countenance in it: one would have thought, she took it in the morning out of a case, in order to put it up again at night, without using it in the smallest degree in the daytime. What can I say of her! nature had formed her a baby from her infancy, and a baby remained till death the fair Mrs. Wetenhall. Her husband had been destined for the church; but his elder brother dying just at the time he had gone through his studies of divinity, instead of taking orders, he came to England, and took to wife Miss Bedingfield, the lady of whom we are now speaking.

His person was not disagreeable, but he had a serious contemplative air, very apt to occasion disgust: as for the rest, she might boast of having one of the greatest theologists in the kingdom for her husband: he was all day poring over his books, and went to bed soon, in order to rise early; so that his wife found him snoring when she came to bed, and when he arose he left her there sound asleep: his conversation at table would have been very brisk, if Mrs. Wetenhall had been as great a proficient in divinity, or as great a lover of controversy as he was; but being neither learned in the former, nor desirous of the latter, silence reigned at their table, as absolutely as at a refectory.

She had often expressed a great desire to see London; but though they were only distant a very short day's journey from it, she had never been able to satisfy her curiosity: it was not therefore without reason, that she grew weary of the

life she was forced to lead at Peckham.[146] The melancholy retired situation of the place was to her insupportable; and as she had the folly, incident to many other women, of believing sterility to be a kind of reproach, she was very much hurt to see that she might fall under that suspicion; for she was persuaded, that although heaven had denied her children, she nevertheless had all the necessary requisites on her part, if it had been the will of the Lord. This had occasioned her to make some reflections, and then to reason upon those reflections; as for instance, that since her husband chose rather to devote himself to his studies, than to the duties of matrimony, to turn over musty old books, rather than attend to the attractions of beauty, and to gratify his own pleasures, rather than those of his wife, it might be permitted her to relieve some necessitous lover, in neighbourly charity, provided she could do it conscientiously, and to direct her inclinations in so just a manner, that the evil spirit should have no concern in it. Mr. Wetenhall, a zealous partisan for the doctrine of the casuists, would not perhaps have approved of these decisions; but he was not consulted.

The greatest misfortune was, that neither solitary Peckham, nor its sterile neighbourhood, presented any expedients, either for the execution of the afore-mentioned design, or for the relief of poor Mrs. Wetenhall: she was visibly pining away, when through fear of dying either with solitude or of want, she had recourse to Miss Hamilton's commiseration.

Their first acquaintance was formed at Paris, whither Mr. Wetenhall had taken his wife half a year after they were married, on a journey thither to buy books. Miss Hamilton, who from that very time greatly pitied her, consented to pass some time in the country with her, in hopes by that visit to deliver her, for a short time at least, out of her captivity; which project succeeded according to her wish.

The Chevalier de Grammont, being informed of the day on which they were to arrive, borne on the wings of love and impatience, had engaged George Hamilton to go with him, and meet them some miles out of London. The equipage he had prepared for the purpose corresponded with his usual magnificence; and on such an occasion, we may reasonably suppose he had not neglected his person: however, with all his impatience, he checked the ardour of the coachman, through fear of accidents; rightly judging that upon a road prudence is preferable to eagerness. The ladies at length appeared, and Miss Hamilton, being in his eyes ten or twelve times more handsome than before her departure from London, he would have purchased with his life so kind a reception as she gave her brother.

Mrs. Wetenhall had her share of the praises, which at this interview were liberally bestowed upon her beauty, for which her beauty was very thankful to those who did it so much honour; and as Hamilton regarded her with a tender attention, she regarded Hamilton as a man very well qualified for putting in execution the little projects she had concerted with her conscience.

As soon as she was in London, her head was almost turned, through an excess of contentment and felicity: every thing appeared like enchantment to her in this superb city; more particularly, as in Paris she had never seen any thing farther than the Rue Saint Jaques, and a few booksellers' shops: Miss Hamilton entertained her at her own house, and she was presented, admired, and well received at both courts.

The Chevalier de Grammont, whose gallantry and magnificence were inexhaustible, taking occasion, from this fair stranger's arrival, to exhibit his grandeur, nothing was to be seen but balls, concerts, plays, excursions by land and by water, splendid collations and sumptuous entertainments. Mrs.

Wetenhall was transported with pleasures, of which the greatest part were entirely new to her; she was greatly delighted with all, except now and then at a play, when tragedy was acted, which she confessed she thought rather wearisome: she agreed, however, that the show was very interesting, when there were many people killed upon the stage, but thought the players were very fine handsome fellows, who were much better alive than dead.

Hamilton, upon the whole, was pretty well treated by her, if a man in love, who is never satisfied until the completion of his wishes, could confine himself within the bounds of moderation and reason: he used all his endeavours to determine her to put in execution the projects she had formed at Peckham: Mrs. Wetenhall, on the other hand, was much pleased with him. This is the Hamilton[147] who served in the French army with distinction: he was both agreeable and handsome. All imaginable opportunities conspired to favour the establishment of an intimacy, whose commencement had been so brisk, that in all probability it would not languish for a conclusion; but the more he pressed her to it, the more her resolution began to fail, and regard for some scruples, which she had not well weighed, kept her in suspense: there was reason to believe that a little perseverance would have removed these obstacles; yet this at the present time was not attempted. Hamilton, not able to conceive what could prevent her from completing his happiness, since in his opinion the first and greatest difficulties of an amour were already overcome, with respect to the public, resolved to abandon her to her irresolutions, instead of endeavouring to conquer them by a more vigorous attack. It was not consistent with reason, to desist from an enterprise, where so many prospects of success presented themselves, for such inconsiderable obstacles; but he suffered himself to be intoxicated with chimeras and visions,

which unseasonably cooled the vigour of his pursuit, and led him astray in another unprofitable undertaking.

I know not whether poor Wetenhall took the blame upon herself; but it is certain, she was extremely mortified upon it. Soon after, being obliged to return to her cabbages and turkeys at Peckham, she had almost gone distracted: that residence appeared a thousand times more dreadful to her, since she had been initiated into the amusements of London; but as the queen was to set out within a month for Tunbridge Wells, she was obliged to yield to necessity, and return to the philosopher, Wetenhall, with the consolation of having engaged Miss Hamilton to come and live at her house, which was within ten or twelve miles of Tunbridge, as long as the court remained there.

Miss Hamilton promised not to abandon her in her retirement, and farther engaged to bring the Chevalier de Grammont along with her, whose humour and conversation extremely delighted her; and the Chevalier de Grammont, who on all occasions started agreeable raillery, engaged on his part to bring George Hamilton, which words overwhelmed her with blushes.

The court set out soon after to pass about two months in the place,[148] of all Europe the most rural and simple, and yet, at the same time, the most entertaining and agreeable.

Tunbridge is the same distance from London, that Fontainebleau is from Paris, and is, at the season, the general rendezvous of all the gay and handsome of both sexes. The company, though always numerous, is always select: since those who repair thither for diversion, ever exceed the number of those who go thither for health, every thing there breathes mirth and pleasure: constraint is banished, familiarity is established upon the first acquaintance, and joy and pleasure are the sole sovereigns of the place.

The company are accommodated with lodgings, in little, clean, and convenient habitations, that lie straggling and separated from each other, a mile and a half all around the Wells, where the company meet in the morning: this place consists of a long walk, shaded by spreading trees, under which they walk while they are drinking the waters: on one side of this walk is a long row of shops, plentifully stocked with all manner of toys, lace, gloves, stockings, and where there is raffling, as at Paris, in the Foire de Saint Germain: on the other side of the walk is the market: and, as it is the custom here for every person to buy their own provisions, care is taken that nothing offensive appears on the stalls. Here young, fair, fresh-coloured country girls, with clean linen, small straw hats, and neat shoes and stockings, sell game, vegetables, flowers, and fruit: here one may live as well as one pleases: here is, likewise, deep play, and no want of amorous intrigues. As soon as the evening comes, every one quits his little palace to assemble on the bowling-green, where, in the open air, those who choose dance upon a turf more soft and smooth than the finest carpet in the world.

Lord Muskerry[149] had, within two or three short miles of Tunbridge, a very handsome seat called Summer-hill:[150] Miss Hamilton, after having spent eight or ten days at Peckham, could not excuse herself from passing the remainder of the season at his house; and, having obtained leave of Mr. Wetenhall, that his lady should accompany her, they left the melancholy residence of Peckham, and its tiresome master, and fixed their little court at Summer-hill.

They went every day to court, or the court came to them. The queen even surpassed her usual attentions in inventing and supporting entertainments: she endeavoured to increase the natural ease and freedom of Tunbridge, by

dispensing with, rather than requiring, those ceremonies that were due to her presence; and, confining in the bottom of her heart that grief and uneasiness she could not overcome, she saw Miss Stewart triumphantly possess the affections of the king without manifesting the least uneasiness.

Never did love see his empire in a more flourishing condition than on this spot: those who were smitten before they came to it, felt a mighty augmentation of their flame; and those who seemed the least susceptible of love, laid aside their natural ferocity, to act in a new character. For the truth of the latter, we shall only relate the change which soon appeared in the conduct of Prince Rupert.[151]

He was brave and courageous, even to rashness; but cross-grained and incorrigibly obstinate: his genius was fertile in mathematical experiments, and he possessed some knowledge of chemistry: he was polite even to excess, unseasonably; but haughty, and even brutal, when he ought to have been gentle and courteous: he was tall, and his manners were ungracious: he had a dry hard-favoured visage, and a stern look, even when he wished to please; but, when he was out of humour, he was the true picture of reproof.

The queen had sent for the players, either that there might be no intermission in the diversions of the place, or, perhaps, to retort upon Miss Stewart, by the presence of Nell Gwyn, part of the uneasiness she felt from hers: Prince Rupert found charms in the person of another player, called Hughes,[152] who brought down, and greatly subdued his natural fierceness. From this time, adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black furniture of the forges: a complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations: sweet powder and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention. The impertinent gipsy chose to be attacked in form; and proudly

refusing money, that, in the end, she might sell her favours at a dearer rate, she caused the poor prince to act a part so unnatural, that he no longer appeared like the same person. The king was greatly pleased with this event, for which great rejoicings were made at Tunbridge; but nobody was bold enough to make it the subject of satire, though the same constraint was not observed with other ridiculous personages.

There was dancing every day at the queen's apartments, because the physicians recommended it, and no person thought it amiss; for even those who cared least for it, chose that exercise to digest the waters rather than walking. Lord Muskerry thought himself secure against his lady's rage for dancing; for, although he was ashamed of it, the princess of Babylon was, by the grace of God, six or seven months advanced in pregnancy; and, to complete her misfortune, the child had fallen all on one side, so that even Euclid would have been puzzled to say what her figure was. The disconsolate lady seeing Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Wetenhall set out every morning, sometimes on horseback, and sometimes in a coach, but ever attended by a gallant troop to conduct them to court, and to convey them back, she fancied a thousand times more delights at Tunbridge than in reality there were, and she did not cease, in her imagination, to dance over at Summer-hill all the country dances which she thought had been danced at Tunbridge. She could no longer support the racking torments which disturbed her mind, when relenting heaven, out of pity to her pains and sufferings, caused Lord Muskerry to repair to London, and kept him there two whole days: as soon as ever he had turned his back, the Babylonian princess declared her resolution to make a trip to court.

She had a domestic chaplain who did not want sense, and Lord Muskerry, for fear of accidents, had recommended her to the wholesome counsels and good prayers of this prudent

divine; but in vain were all his preachings and exhortations to stay at home; in vain did he set before her eyes her husband's commands, and the dangers to which she would expose herself in her present condition; he likewise added, that her pregnancy being a particular blessing from heaven, she ought therefore to be so much the more careful for its preservation, since it cost her husband, perhaps, more trouble than she was aware of, to obtain it. These remonstrances were altogether ineffectual: Miss Hamilton, and her cousin Wetenhall, having the complaisance to confirm her in her resolution, they assisted in dressing her the next morning, and set out along with her: all their skill and dexterity were requisite to reduce her shape into some kind of symmetry; but, having at last pinned a small cushion under her petticoat on the right side, to counteract the untoward appearance the little infant occasioned, by throwing itself on the left, they almost split their sides with laughter, assuring her at the same time that she looked perfectly charming.

As soon as she appeared, it was generally believed that she had dressed herself in a farthingale, in order to make her court to the queen; but every person was pleased at her arrival: those who were unacquainted with the circumstances, assured her in earnest that she was pregnant with twins; and the queen, who envied her condition, notwithstanding the ridiculous appearance she then made, being made acquainted with the motive of her journey, was determined to gratify her inclinations.

As soon as the hour for country-dances arrived, her cousin Hamilton was appointed her partner: she made some faint excuses at first, on account of the inconvenient situation she was then in; but soon suffered them to be overcome, in order, as she said, to shew her duty to the queen; and never did a woman in this world enjoy such complete satisfaction.

We have already observed, that the greatest prosperity is liable to the greatest change: Lady Muskerry, trussed up as she was, seemed to feel no manner of uneasiness from the motion in dancing; on the contrary, being only apprehensive of the presence of her husband, which would have destroyed all her happiness, she danced with uncommon briskness, lest her ill stars should bring him back before she had fully satisfied herself with it. In the midst, therefore, of her capering in this indiscreet manner, her cushion came loose without her perceiving it, and fell to the ground, in the very middle of the first round. The Duke of Buckingham, who watched her, took it up instantly, wrapped it up in his coat, and, mimicking the cries of a new-born infant, he went about inquiring for a nurse for the young Muskerry among the maids of honour.

This buffoonery, joined to the strange figure of the poor lady, had almost thrown Miss Stewart into hysterics; for the princess of Babylon, after this accident, was quite flat on one side, and immoderately protuberant on the other. All those, who had before suppressed their inclinations to laugh, now gave themselves free scope, when they saw that Miss Stewart was ready to split her sides. The poor lady was greatly disconcerted: every person was officious to console her; but the queen, who inwardly laughed more heartily than any, pretended to disapprove of their taking such liberties.

Whilst Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Wetenhall endeavoured to refit Lady Muskerry in another room, the Duke of Buckingham told the king, that, if the physicians would permit a little exercise immediately after a delivery, the best way to recover Lady Muskerry was to renew the dance as soon as ever her infant was replaced: this advice was approved, and accordingly put in execution. The queen proposed, as soon as she appeared, a second round of country-dances; and Lady

Muskerry accepting the offer, the remedy had its desired effect, and entirely removed every remembrance of her late mishap.

Whilst these things were passing at the king's court, that of the Duke of York took a journey on the other side of London: the pretence of this journey was to visit the county whose name he bore; but love was the real motive.[152] The duchess, since her elevation, had conducted herself with such prudence and circumspection, as could not be sufficiently admired: such were her manners, and such the general estimation in which she was held, that she appeared to have found out the secret of pleasing every one; a secret yet more rare than the grandeur to which she had been raised: but, after having gained universal esteem, she was desirous of being more particularly beloved; or, more properly speaking, malicious Cupid assaulted her heart, in spite of the discretion, prudence, and reason with which she had fortified it.

In vain had she said to herself a hundred times, that, if the duke had been so kind as to do her justice by falling in love with her, he had done her too much honour by making her his wife; that, with respect to his inconstant disposition, which estranged him from her, she ought to bear it with patience, until it pleased heaven to produce a change in his conduct; that the frailties on his part, which might to her appear injurious, would never justify in her the least deviation from her duty; and, as resentment was still less allowable, she ought to endeavour to regain him by a conduct entirely opposite to his own. In vain was it, as we have said before, that she had long resisted Love and his emissaries by the help of these maxims: how solid soever reason, and however obstinate wisdom and virtue may be, there are yet certain attacks which tire by their length, and, in the end, subdue both reason and virtue itself.

The Duchess of York was one of the highest feeders in England: as this was an unforbidden pleasure, she indulged herself in it, as an indemnification for other self-denials. It was really an edifying sight to see her at table. The duke, on the contrary, being incessantly in the hurry of new fancies, exhausted himself by his inconstancy, and was gradually wasting away; whilst the poor princess, gratifying her good appetite, grew so fat and plump, that it was a blessing to see her. It is not easy to determine how long things would have continued in this situation, if Love, who was resolved to have satisfaction for her late conduct, so opposite to the former, had not employed artifice, as well as force, to disturb her repose.

He at first let loose upon her resentment and jealousy, two mortal enemies to all tranquillity and happiness. A tall creature, pale-faced, and nothing but skin and bone, named Churchill,[158] whom she had taken for a maid of honour, became the object of her jealousy, because she was then the object of the duke's affection. The court was not able to comprehend how, after having been in love with Lady Chesterfield, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Jennings, he could have any inclination for such a creature; but they soon perceived that something more than unaccountable variety had a great share in effecting this conquest.

The duchess beheld with indignation a choice which seemed to debase her own merit in a much greater degree than any of the former; at the very instant that indignation and jealousy began to provoke her spleen, perfidious Cupid threw in the way of her passions and resentments the amiable, handsome Sidney; and, whilst he kept her eyes fixed upon his personal perfections, diverted her attention from perceiving the deficiency of his mental accomplishments: she was wounded before she was aware of her danger; but the good

opinion Sidney had of his own merit did not suffer him long to be ignorant of such a glorious conquest; and, in order more effectually to secure it, his eyes rashly answered every thing which those of her royal highness had the kindness to tell him, whilst his personal accomplishments were carefully heightened by all the advantages of dress and show.

The duchess, foreseeing the consequences of such an engagement, strongly combated the inclination that hurried her away; but Miss Hobart, siding with that inclination, argued the matter with her scruples, and, in the end, really vanquished them. This girl had insinuated herself into her royal highness's confidence by a fund of news with which she was provided the whole year round: the court and the city supplied her; nor was it very material to her whether her stories were true or false, her chief care being that they should prove agreeable to her mistress: she knew, likewise, how to gratify her palate, and constantly provided a variety of those dishes and liquors which she liked best. These qualifications had rendered her necessary; but, desirous of being still more so, and having perceived both the airs that Sidney gave himself, and what was passing in the heart of her mistress, the cunning Hobart took the liberty of telling her royal highness, that this unfortunate youth was pining away solely on her account; that it was a thousand pities a man of his figure should lose the respect for her which was most certainly her due, merely because she had reduced him to such a state, that he could no longer preserve it; that he was gradually dying away on her account in the sight of the whole court; that his situation would soon be generally remarked, except she made use of the proper means to prevent it; that, in her opinion, her royal highness ought to pity the miserable situation into which her charms had reduced him, and to endeavour to alleviate his pain in some way or other. The duchess asked her

what she meant by "endeavouring to alleviate his pain in some way or other." "I mean, Madam," answered Miss Hobart, "that, if either his person be disagreeable, or his passion troublesome, you will give him his discharge; or, if you choose to retain him in your service, as all the princesses in the world would do in your place, you will permit me to give him directions from you for his future conduct, mixed with a few grains of hope, to prevent his entirely losing his senses, until you find a proper occasion yourself to acquaint him with your wishes." "What!" said the duchess, "would you advise me, Hobart, you, who really love me, to engage in an affair of this nature, at the expense of my honour, and the hazard of a thousand inconveniences? If such frailties are sometimes excusable, they certainly are not so in the high station in which I am placed: and it would be an ill requital, on my part, for his goodness, who raised me to the rank I now fill, to"—— "All this is very fine," interrupted Miss Hobart; "but, is it not very well known, that he only married you because he was importuned so to do? Since that I refer to yourself, whether he has ever restrained his inclination a single moment, giving you the most convincing proofs of the change that has taken place in his heart, by a thousand provoking infidelities? Is it still your intention to persevere in a state of indolence and humility, whilst the duke, after having received the favours, or suffered the repulses of all the coquettes in England, pays his addresses to the maids of honour, one after the other, and at present places his whole ambition and desires in the conquest of that ugly skeleton, Churchill? What! Madam, must then your prime of life be spent in a sort of widowhood, in deploring your misfortunes, without ever being permitted to make use of any remedy that may offer? A woman must be endowed with insuperable patience, or with an inexhaustible degree of resig-

nation, to bear this. Can a husband, who disregards you both night and day, really suppose, because his wife eats and drinks heartily, as, God be thanked, your royal highness does, that she wants nothing else than to sleep well too? Faith, such conduct is too bad: I therefore once more repeat, that there is not a princess in the universe who would refuse the homage of a man like Sidney, when a husband pays his addresses elsewhere."

These reasons were certainly not morally good; but had they been still worse, the duchess would have yielded to them, so much did her heart act in concert with Miss Hobart, to overthrow her discretion and prudence.

This intrigue began at the very time that Miss Hobart advised Miss Temple not to give any encouragement to the addresses of the handsome Sidney. As for him, no sooner was he informed, by the confidant Hobart, that the goddess accepted his adoration, than he immediately began to be particularly reserved and circumspect in his behaviour, in order to divert the attention of the public; but the public is not so easily deceived as some people imagine.

As there were too many spies, too many inquisitive people, and critics, in a numerous court, residing in the midst of a populous city, the duchess, to avoid exposing the inclinations of her heart to the scrutiny of so many inquisitors, engaged the Duke of York to undertake the journey before mentioned, whilst the queen and her court were at Tunbridge.

This conduct was prudent; and, if agreeable to her, was far from displeasing to any of her court, except Miss Jennings: Jermyn was not of the party; and, in her opinion, every party was insipid in which he was not one of the company. He had engaged himself in an enterprise above his strength, in laying a wager, which the Chevalier de Grammont had laid before, and lost: he betted five hundred guineas, that

he would ride twenty miles in one hour upon the same horse in the high road. The day he had fixed upon for this race was the very same in which Miss Jennings went to the fortune-teller's.

Jermyn was more fortunate than her in this undertaking. He came off victorious; but as his courage had far exceeded the strength of his constitution, in this exertion to win the wager, he got a violent fever into the bargain, which brought him very low. Miss Jennings inquired after his health; but that was all she dared to do. In modern romances, a princess need only pay a visit to some hero, abandoned by his physicians, a perfect cure would be wrought in three days; but since Miss Jennings had not been the cause of Jermyn's fever, she was not certain of relieving him from it, although she had been sure that a charitable visit would not have been censured in a malicious court. Without therefore paying any attention to the uneasiness she might feel upon the occasion, the court set out without him. She had, however, the gratification to testify her ill-humour throughout the whole journey, by appearing displeased with every thing which seemed to afford satisfaction to all the rest of the company.

Talbot made one of the company; and flattering himself, that the absence of a dangerous rival might produce some change in his favour, he was attentive to all the actions, motions, and even gestures, of his former mistress. There was certainly enough fully to employ his attention. It was contrary to her disposition to remain long in a serious humour. Her natural vivacity hurried her away, from being seemingly lost in thought, into sallies of wit, which afforded him hopes that she would soon forget Jermyn, and remember that his own passion was the first she had encouraged. However, he kept his distance, notwithstanding his love and his hopes, being of opinion, that it ill became an injured lover to betray either the

least weakness, or the smallest return of affection, for an ungrateful mistress, who had deserted him.

Miss Jennings was so far from thinking of his resentments, that she did not even recollect he had ever paid his addresses to her; and her thoughts being wholly occupied upon the poor sick man, she conducted herself towards Talbot, as if they never had had any thing to say to each other It was to him that she most usually gave her hand, either in getting into or out of the coach; she conversed more readily with him than any other person, and, without intending it, did every thing to make the court believe she was cured of her passion for Jermyn in favour of her former lover.

Of this he seemed likewise convinced, as well as the rest; and thinking it now proper to act another part, in order to let her know that his sentiments with respect to her were still the same, he had resolved to address her in the most tender and affectionate manner upon this subject. Fortune seemed to have favoured him, and to have smoothed the way for his intended harangue: he was alone with her in her chamber; and, what was still better, she was rallying him concerning Miss Boynton; saying, "that they were undoubtedly much obliged to him, for attending them on their journey, whilst poor Miss Boynton had fainting-fits at Tunbridge, at least twice every day, for love of him." Upon this discourse, Talbot thought it right to begin the recital of his sufferings and fidelity, when Miss Temple, with a paper in her hand, entered the room. This was a letter in verse, which Lord Rochester had written some time before, upon the intrigues of the two courts; wherein, upon the subject of Miss Jennings, he said: "that Talbot had struck terror among the people of God, by his gigantic stature; but that Jermyn, like a little David, had vanquished the great Goliath." Jennings, delighted with this allusion, read it over two or three times, thought it more en-

tertaining than Talbot's conversation, at first heartily laughed at it, but soon after, with a tender air, "poor little David!" said she, with a deep sigh, and turning her head on one side during this short reverie, she shed a few tears, which assuredly did not flow for the defeat of the giant. This stung Talbot to the quick; and, seeing himself so ridiculously deceived in his hopes, he went abruptly out of the room, vowing never to think any more of a giddy girl, whose conduct was regulated neither by sense nor reason; but he did not keep his resolution.

The other votaries of love, who were numerous in this court, were more successful, the journey being undertaken solely on that account. There were continual balls and entertainments upon the road; hunting, and all other diversions, wherever the court halted in its progress. The tender lovers flattered themselves with the thought of being able to crown their happiness as they proceeded in their journey; and the beauties who governed their destiny did not forbid them to hope. Sidney paid his court with wonderful assiduity. The duchess made the duke take notice of his late perfect devotion to his service: his royal highness observed it, and agreed that he ought to be remembered upon the first opportunity, which happened soon after.

Montagu, as before mentioned, was master of the horse to the duchess: he was possessed of a great deal of wit, had much penetration, and loved mischief. How could she bear such a man near her person, in the present situation of her heart? This greatly embarrassed her; but Montagu's elder brother[154] having, very à-propos, got himself killed where he had no business, the duke obtained for Montagu the post of master of the horse to the queen, which the deceased enjoyed; and the handsome Sidney was appointed to succeed him in the same employment to the duchess. All this happened according to her wish; and the duke was highly pleased that

he had found means to promote these two gentlemen at once, without being at the least expense.

Miss Hobart greatly applauded these promotions: she had frequent and long conversations with Sidney, which, being remarked, some did her the honour to believe it was upon her own account; and the compliments that were made her upon the occasion she most willingly received. The duke, who believed it at first, observed to the duchess the unaccountable taste of certain persons, and how the handsomest young fellow in England was infatuated with such a frightful creature.

The duchess confessed that taste was very arbitrary; the truth whereof he himself seemed to be convinced of, since he had fixed upon the beauteous Helen for his mistress. I know not whether this raillery caused him to reflect for what reasons he had made his choice; but it is certain he began to cool in his affections for Miss Churchill; and perhaps he would entirely have abandoned this pursuit, had not an accident taken place, which raised in him an entirely new inclination for her.

The court having halted for a few days in a fine open country, the duchess was desirous of seeing a greyhound course. This diversion is practised in England upon large downs, where the turf, eaten by the sheep, is particularly green, and wonderfully even. She was in her coach, and all the ladies on horseback, every one of them being attended by her squire; it therefore was but reasonable that the mistress should likewise have her squire. He accordingly was at the side of her coach, and seemed to compensate for his deficiencies in conversation, by the uncommon beauty of his mien and figure.

The duke attended Miss Churchill, not for the sake of besieging her with soft flattering tales of love, but, on the

contrary, to chide her for sitting so ill on horseback. She was one of the most indolent creatures in the world; and although the maids of honour are generally the worst mounted of the whole court, yet, in order to distinguish her, on account of the favour she enjoyed, they had given her a very pretty, though rather a high-spirited, horse; a distinction she would very willingly have excused them.

The embarrassment and fear she was under had added to her natural paleness. In this situation, her countenance had almost completed the duke's disgust, when her horse, desirous of keeping pace with the others, set off in a gallop, notwithstanding her greatest efforts to prevent it; and her endeavours to hold him in, firing his mettle, he at length set off at full speed, as if he was running a race against the duke's horse.

Miss Churchill lost her seat, screamed out, and fell from her horse. A fall in so quick a pace must have been violent; and yet it proved favourable to her in every respect; for, without receiving any hurt, she gave the lie to all the unfavourable suppositions that had been formed of her person, in judging from her face. The duke alighted, in order to help her. She was so greatly stunned, that her thoughts were otherwise employed than about decency on the present occasion; and those who first crowded around her found her rather in a negligent posture. They could hardly believe that limbs of such exquisite beauty could belong to Miss Churchill's face. After this accident, it was remarked that the duke's tenderness and affection for her increased every day; and, towards the end of the winter, it appeared that she had not tyrannized over his passion, nor made him languish with impatience.

The two courts returned to London much about the same time, equally satisfied with their respective excursions; though the queen was disappointed in the hopes she had entertained of the good effects of the Tunbridge waters.

It was about this time that the Chevalier de Grammont received a letter from the Marchioness de Saint Chaumont, his sister, acquainting him that he might return when he thought proper, the king having given him leave. He would have received this news with joy at any other time, whatever had been the charms of the English court; but, in the present situation of his heart, he could not resolve to quit it.

He had returned from Tunbridge a thousand times deeper in love than ever; for, during this agreeable excursion, he had every day seen Miss Hamilton, either in the marshes of melancholy Peckham, or in the delicious walks of cheerful Summerhill, or in the daily diversions and entertainments of the queen's court; and whether he saw her on horseback, heard her conversation, or observed her in the dance, still he was persuaded that Heaven had never formed an object in every respect more worthy of the love, and more deserving of the affection, of a man of sense and delicacy. How then was it possible for him to bear the thoughts of leaving her? This appeared to him absolutely impracticable; however, as he was desirous of making a merit with her, of the determination he had made to neglect his fortune, rather than to be separated from her charms, he shewed her his sister's letter; but this confidence had not the success he expected.

Miss Hamilton, in the first place, congratulated him upon his recall: she returned him many thanks for the sacrifice he intended to make her; but as this testimony of affection greatly exceeded the bounds of mere gallantry, however sensibly she might feel this mark of his tenderness, she was however determined not to abuse it. In vain did he protest that he would rather meet death, than part from her irresistible charms; and her irresistible charms protested that he should never see them more, unless he departed immediately. Thus was he forced to obey. However, he was allowed to flatter

himself, that these positive orders, how harsh soever they might appear, did not flow from indifference; that she would always be more pleased with his return than with his departure, for which she was now so urgent; and having generously given him assurances that, so far as depended upon herself, he would find, upon his return, no variation in her sentiments during his absence, he took leave of his friends, thinking of nothing but his return, at the very time he was making preparations for his departure.

CHAPTER XI.

The nearer the Chevalier de Grammont approached the court of France, the more did he regret his absence from that of England; not but that he expected a gracious reception at the feet of his master, whose anger no one provoked with impunity; but who likewise knew how to pardon, in such a manner as to make the favour he conferred in every respect to be felt.

A thousand different thoughts occupied his mind upon the journey: sometimes he reflected upon the joy and satisfaction his friends and relations would experience upon his return; sometimes upon the congratulations and embraces of those, who, being neither the one nor the other, would nevertheless overwhelm him with impertinent compliments: all these ideas passed quickly through his head; for a man deeply in love makes it a scruple of conscience not to suffer any other thoughts to dwell upon his mind than those of the object beloved. It was then the tender, endearing remembrance of what he had left in London that diverted his thoughts from Paris; and it was the torments of absence that prevented his feeling those of the bad roads and the bad horses. His heart protested to Miss Hamilton, between Montreuil and Abbeville, that he only tore himself from her with such haste, to return the sooner; after which, by a short reflection, comparing the regret he had formerly felt upon the same road, in quitting France for England, with that which he now experienced, in quitting England for

France, he found the last much more insupportable than the former.

It is thus that a man in love entertains himself upon the road; or rather, it is thus that a trifling writer abuses the patience of his reader, either to display his own sentiments, or to lengthen out a tedious story; but God forbid that this character should apply to ourselves, since we profess to insert nothing in these memoirs but what we have heard from the mouth of him whose actions and sayings we transmit to posterity.

Who, except Squire Feraulas, has ever been able to keep a register of all the thoughts, sighs, and exclamations of his illustrious master? For my own part, I should never have thought that the attention of the Count de Grammont, which is at present so sensible to inconveniences and dangers, would have ever permitted him to entertain amorous thoughts upon the road, if he did not himself dictate to me what I am now writing.

But let us speak of him at Abbeville. The postmaster was his old acquaintance: his hotel was the best provided of any between Calais and Paris; and the Chevalier de Grammont, alighting, told Termes he would drink a glass of wine during the time they were changing horses. It was about noon; and, since the preceding night, when they had landed at Calais, until this instant, they had not eaten a single mouthful. Termes, praising the Lord, that natural feelings had for once prevailed over the inhumanity of his usual impatience, confirmed him as much as possible in such reasonable sentiments.

Upon their entering the kitchen, where the Chevalier generally paid his first visit, they were surprised to see half a dozen spits loaded with game at the fire, and every other preparation for a magnificent entertainment. The heart of

Termes leaped for joy: he gave private orders to the hostler to pull the shoes off some of the horses, that he might not be forced away from this place before he had satisfied his craving appetite.

Soon after, a number of violins and hautboys, attended by all the mob of the town, entered the court. The landlord being asked the reason of these great preparations, acquainted the Chevalier de Grammont that they were for the wedding of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the neighbourhood, with one of the handsomest girls in the whole province; that the entertainment was to be at his house; and that, if his lordship chose to stop, in a very short time he would see the new-married couple arrive from the church, since the music was already come. He was right in his conjectures; for these words were scarce out of his mouth, when three uncommonly large coaches, loaded with lackeys, as tall as Swiss, with most gaudy liveries, all covered with lace, appeared in the court, and disembarked the whole wedding company. Never was country magnificence more naturally displayed: rusty tinsel, tarnished lace, striped silks, little eyes, and full swelling breasts, appeared on every side.

If the first sight of the procession surprised the Chevalier de Grammont, faithful Termes was no less astonished at the second. The little that was to be seen of the bride's face appeared not without beauty; but no judgment could be formed of the remainder: four dozen of patches, at least, and ten ringlets of hair, on each side, most completely concealed her from all human eyes; but it was the bridegroom who most particularly attracted the Chevalier de Grammont's attention.

He was as ridiculously dressed as the rest of the company, except a coat of the greatest magnificence, and of the most exquisite taste. The Chevalier de Grammont, walking up to him to examine his dress, began to commend the embroidery

of his coat. The bridegroom thought himself much honoured by this examination, and told him he bought it for one hundred and fifty louis, at the time he was paying his addresses to his wife. "Then you did not get it made here?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "No," replied the other; "I bought it of a London merchant, who had ordered it for an English lord." The Chevalier de Grammont, who now began to perceive in what manner the adventure would end, asked him if he should recollect the merchant if he saw him again? "Recollect him!" replied the other, "I surely ought; for I was obliged to sit up drinking with him all night at Calais, as I was endeavouring to beat down the price." Termes had vanished out of sight as soon as ever this coat appeared, though he little supposed that the cursed bridegroom would have any conversation concerning it with his master.

The Chevalier's thoughts were some time wavering between his inclination to laugh, and a desire of hanging Master Termes; but the long habit of suffering himself to be robbed by his domestics, together with the vigilance of the criminal, whom his master could not reproach with having slept in his service, inclined him to clemency; and yielding to the importunities of the country gentleman, in order to confound his faithful servant, he sat down to table, to make the thirty-seventh of the company.

A short time after, he desired one of the waiters to call for a gentleman whose name was Termes. He immediately appeared; and as soon as the master of the feast saw him, he rose from table, and offering him his hand, "Welcome, my friend," said he; "you see that I have taken good care of the coat which you sold me with so much reluctance, and that I have kept it for a good purpose."

Termes, having put on a face of brass, pretended not to know him, and pushed him back with some degree of rudeness.

"No, no," said the other, "since I was obliged to sit up with you the whole night, in order to strike the bargain, you shall pledge me in the bride's health." The Chevalier de Grammont, who saw that Termes was disconcerted, notwithstanding his impudence, said to him with a smile, "Come, come, my good London merchant, sit down, as you are so civilly invited: we are not so crowded at table but that there will be room enough for such an honest gentleman as yourself." At these words five-and-thirty of the guests were in motion to receive this new visitor. The bride alone, out of an idea of decorum, remained seated; and the audacious Termes, having swallowed the first shame of this adventure, began to lay about him at such a rate, as if it had been his intention to swallow all the wine provided for the wedding, if his master had not risen from the table as they were taking off four-and-twenty soups, to serve up as many other dishes in their stead.

The company were not so unreasonable as to desire a man who was in such haste to remain to the end of a wedding-dinner; but they all got up when he arose from table, and all that he could obtain from the bridegroom was, that the company should not attend him to the gate of the inn: as for Termes, he wished they had not quitted him till the end of their journey, so much did he dread being left alone with his master.

They had advanced some distance from Abbeville, and were proceeding on in the most profound silence, when Termes, who expected an end to it in a short time, was only solicitous in what manner it might happen, whether his master would attack him with a torrent of invectives, and certain epithets which were most justly his due, or whether, in an insulting ironical manner, he might make use of such commendations as were most likely to confound him; but finding, instead of

either, that he remained in sullen silence, he thought it prudent rather to prevent the speech the Chevalier was meditating, than to suffer him to think longer about it; and, accordingly, arming himself with all his effrontery, "You seem to be very angry, Sir," said he, "and I suppose you think you have reason for being so; but the devil take me, if you are not mistaken in reality."

"How! traitor! in reality?" said the Chevalier de Grammont: "it is then because I have not had thee well threshed, as thou hast for a long time merited." "Look ye, Sir," replied Termes, "you always run into a passion, instead of listening to reason! Yes, Sir, I maintain that what I did was for your benefit." "And was not the quicksand likewise for my service?" said the Chevalier de Grammont. "Have patience, if you please," pursued the other: "I know not how that simpleton of a bridegroom happened to be at the custom-house when my portmanteau was examined at Calais; but these silly cuckolds thrust in their noses everywhere. As soon as ever he saw your coat, he fell in love with it. I immediately perceived he was a fool; for he fell down upon his knees, beseeching me to sell it him. Besides being greatly rumpled in the portmanteau, it was all stained in front by the sweat of the horses; I wonder how the devil he has managed to get it cleaned; but, faith, I am the greatest scoundrel in the world, if you would ever have put it on. In a word, it cost you one hundred and forty louis d'ors, and seeing he offered me one hundred and fifty for it; 'My master,' said I, 'has no occasion for this tinseled bauble to distinguish him at the ball; and, although he was pretty full of cash when I left him, how know I in what situation he may be upon my return? there is no certainty at play.' To be brief, Sir, I got ten louis d'ors for it more than it cost you: this you see is all clear profit: I will be accountable to you for it, and you know that I am

sufficiently substantial to make good such a sum. Confess now, do you think you would have appeared to greater advantage at the ball, if you had been dressed out in that damned coat, which would have made you look just like the village bridegroom to whom we sold it? and yet, how you stormed at London when you thought it lost; what fine stories you told the king about the quicksand; and how churlish you looked, when you first began to suppose that this country looby wore it at his wedding!"

What could the Chevalier reply to such uncommon impudence? If he indulged his resentment, he must either have most severely bastinadoed him, or he must have discarded him, as the easiest escape the rogue could expect; but he had occasion for him during the remainder of his journey; and, as soon as he was at Paris, he had occasion for him for his return.

The Maréchal de Grammont had no sooner notice of his arrival, than he went to him at the hotel; and, the first embraces being over on both sides; "Chevalier," said the Maréchal, "how many days have you been in coming from London hither? for God knows at what a rate you travel on such occasions." The Chevalier told him, he had been three days upon the road; and, to excuse himself for making no more haste, he related to him his Abbeville adventure. "It is a very entertaining one," said his brother; "but, what is yet more entertaining, is, that it will be your fault if you do not find your coat still at table; for the country gentry are not accustomed to rise very soon from a wedding dinner." And then, in a very serious tone, told him, "he knew not who had advised him to this unexpected return, which might probably ruin all his affairs; but he had orders from the king to bid him go back again without appearing at court. He told him afterwards that he was very much astonished at his impatience,

as, till this time, he had conducted himself uncommonly well, and was sufficiently acquainted with the king's temper to know, that the only way to merit his pardon was to wait until it freely came from his clemency."

The Chevalier, in justification of his conduct, produced Madame de Saint Chaumont's letter, and told the Maréchal that he would very willingly have spared her the trouble of writing him such kind of news, to occasion him so useless a journey. "Still more indiscretion," replied his brother; "for, pray how long has our sister been either secretary of state, or minister, that she should be employed by the king to make known his majesty's order? Do you wish to know the real state of the case? Some time ago the king told Madame[155] how you had refused the pension the king of England offered you. He appeared pleased with the manner in which Comminges had related to him the circumstances attending it, and said he was pleased with you for it. Madame interpreted this as an order for your recall; and Madame de Saint Chaumont being very far from possessing that wonderful discretion she imagines herself mistress of, she hastened to despatch to you this consequential order in her own hand. To conclude; Madame said yesterday, when the king was at dinner, that you would very soon be here; and the king, as soon as dinder was over, commanded me to send you back as soon as you arrived. Here you are; set off again immediately."

This order might have appeared severe to the Chevalier de Grammont at any other time; but, in the present state of his heart, he soon resolved upon obeying. Nothing gave him uneasiness, but the officious advice which had obliged him to leave the English court; and, being entirely unconcerned that he was not allowed to see the French court before his departure, he only desired the Maréchal to obtain leave for him to stay

a few days to collect in some play debts which were owing him. This request was granted, on condition that he should not remain in Paris.

He chose Vaugirard for his retreat. It was there that he had several adventures which he so often related in so humorous and diverting a manner, that it would be tedious to repeat them. There it was that he administered the sacrament in so solemn a manner, that, as there did not remain a sufficient number of Swiss at Versailles to guard the chapel, Vardes was obliged to acquaint the king that they were all gone to the Chevalier de Grammont, who was administering the sacrament at Vaugirard. There likewise happened that wonderful adventure which threw the first slur upon the reputation of the great Saucourt, when, having a *tête-à-tête* with the gardener's daughter, the horn, which was agreed upon as the signal to prevent surprises, was sounded so often, that the frequent alarms cooled the courage of the celebrated Saucourt, and rendered useless the assignation that was procured for him with one of the prettiest girls in the neighbourhood. It was, likewise, during his stay at Vaugirard, that he paid a visit to Mademoiselle de l'Hôpital at Issy, to inquire into the truth of a report of an amour between her and a man of the long robe; and it was there that, on his arriving unexpectedly, the President de Maisons was forced to take refuge in a closet, with so much precipitation, that half of his robe remained on the outside when he shut the door; while the Chevalier de Grammont, who observed it, made his visit excessively long, in order to keep the two lovers upon the rack.

His business being settled, he set out for England on the wings of love. Termes redoubled his vigilance upon the road. The post-horses were ready in an instant at every stage. The winds and tides favoured his impatience; and he reached London with the highest satisfaction. The court was both

surprised and charmed at his sudden return. No person condoled with him upon his late disappointment, which had occasioned him to come back, as he testified no manner of uneasiness concerning it himself. Nor was Miss Hamilton in the least displeased at his readiness in obeying the orders of the king his master.

Nothing new had happened in the English court during his short absence; but it assumed a different aspect soon after his return: I mean with respect to love and pleasure, which were the most serious concerns of the court during the greatest part of this gay reign.

The Duke of Monmouth,[156] natural son to Charles the Second, now made his first appearance in his father's court: his entrance upon the stage of the world was so brilliant, his ambition had occasioned so many considerable events, and the particulars of his tragical end are so recent, that it were needless to produce any other traits to give a sketch of his character. By the whole tenor of his life, he appeared to be rash in his undertakings, irresolute in the execution, and dejected in his misfortunes, in which, at least, an undaunted resolution ought to equal the greatness of the attempt.

His figure and the exterior graces of his person were such, that nature, perhaps, never formed any thing more complete: his face was extremely handsome; and yet it was a manly face, neither inanimate nor effeminate; each feature having its beauty and peculiar delicacy: he had a wonderful genius for every sort of exercise, an engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur: in a word, he possessed every personal advantage; but then, he was greatly deficient in mental accomplishments. He had no sentiments but such as others inspired him with; and those who first insinuated themselves into his friendship took care to inspire him with none but such as were pernicious. The astonishing beauty of his outward form caused universal

admiration: those who before were looked upon as handsome. were now entirely forgotten at court; and all the gay and beautiful of the fair sex were at his devotion. He was particularly beloved by the king; but the universal terror of husbands and lovers. This, however, did not long continue; for nature not having endowed him with qualifications to secure the possession of the heart, the fair sex soon perceived the defect.

The Duchess of Cleveland was out of humour with the king, because the children she had by his majesty were like so many little puppets, compared to this new Adonis: she was the more particularly hurt, as she might have boasted of being the queen of love, in comparison with the duke's mother. The king, however, laughed at her reproaches, as, for some time, she had certainly no right to make any; and, as this piece of jealousy appeared to be more ill-founded than any she had formerly affected, no person approved of her ridiculous resentment. Not succeeding in this, she formed another scheme to give the king uneasiness: instead of opposing his extreme tenderness for his son, she pretended to adopt him in her affection, by a thousand commendations and caresses, which she was daily and continually increasing. As these endearments were public, she imagined they could not be suspected; but she was too well known for her real design to be mistaken. The king was no longer jealous of her; but, as the Duke of Monmouth was of an age not to be insensible to the attractions of a woman possessing so many charms, he thought it proper to withdraw him from this pretended mother-in-law, to preserve his innocence, or at least his fame, uncontaminated: it was for this reason, therefore, that the king married him so young.

An heiress, of five thousand pounds a year, in Scotland, offered very *à-propos*:[157] her person was full of charms, and her

mind possessed all those perfections in which the handsome Monmouth was deficient.

New festivals and entertainments celebrated this marriage: the most effectual method to pay court to the king, was to outshine the rest in brilliancy and grandeur; and whilst these rejoicings brought forward all manner of gallantry and magnificence, they either revived old, or established new amours.

The fair Stewart, then in the meridian of her glory, attracted all eyes, and commanded universal respect and admiration: the Duchess of Cleveland endeavoured to eclipse her at this fête, by a load of jewels, and by all the artificial ornaments of dress; but it was in vain: her face looked rather thin and pale, from the commencement of a third or fourth pregnancy, which the king was still pleased to place to his own account; and, as for the rest, her person could in no respect stand in competition with the grace and beauty of Miss Stewart.

It was during this last effort of her charms, that she would have been queen of England, had the king been as free to give his hand as he was to surrender his heart; for it was at this time that the Duke of Richmond took it into his head either to marry her, or to die in the attempt.

A few months after the celebration of the Duke of Monmouth's nuptials, Killegrew,[158] having nothing better to do, fell in love with Lady Shrewsbury; and, as Lady Shrewsbury, by a very extraordinary chance, had no engagement at that time, their amour was soon established. No one thought of interrupting an intimacy which did not concern any one; but Killegrew thought proper to disturb it himself: not that his happiness fell short of his expectation, nor did possession put him out of love with a situation so enviable; but he was amazed that he was not envied, and offended that his good fortune raised him no rivals.

He possessed a great deal of wit, and still more eloquence, which most particularly displayed itself when he was a little elevated with the juice of the grape: he then indulged himself in giving luxurious descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's most secret charms and beauties, which above half the court were as well acquainted with as himself.

The Duke of Buckingham was one of those who could only judge from outward appearances; and appearances, in his opinion, did not seem to promise any thing so exquisite as the extravagant praises of Killegrew would infer. As this indiscreet lover was a frequent guest at the Duke of Buckingham's table, he was continually employing his rhetoric on this subject, and he had full opportunity for his harangues; for they generally sat down to dinner at four o'clock, and only rose just in time for the play in the evening.

The Duke of Buckingham, whose ears were continually deafened with descriptions of Lady Shrewsbury's merits, resolved at last to examine into the truth of the matter himself: as soon as he had made the experiment, he was satisfied; and, though he fancied that fame did not exceed the truth, yet this intrigue began in such a manner, that it was generally believed its duration would be short, considering the fickleness of both parties, and the vivacity with which they had engaged in it: nevertheless no amour in England ever continued so long.

The imprudent Killegrew, who could not be satisfied without rivals, was obliged, in the end, to be satisfied without a mistress: this he bore very impatiently; but so far was Lady Shrewsbury from hearkening to, or affording any redress for, the grievances at first complained of, that she pretended even not to know him. His spirit could not brook such treatment; and, without ever considering that he was the author of his own disgrace. he let loose all his abusive

eloquence against her ladyship: he attacked her with the most bitter invectives from head to foot: he drew a frightful picture of her conduct; and turned all her personal charms, which he used to extol, into defects. He was privately warned of the inconveniences to which these declamations might subject him, but despised the advice, and, persisting, he soon had reason to repent it.

As he was returning one evening from the Duke of York's apartments at St. James's, three passes with a sword were made at him through his chair, one of which went entirely through his arm. Upon this, he was sensible of the danger to which his intemperate tongue had exposed him, over and above the loss of his mistress. The assassins made their escape across the Park, not doubting but they had despatched him.

Killegrew thought that all complaints would be useless; for what redress from justice could he expect for an attempt of which his wounds were his only evidence? And, besides, he was convinced that if he began a prosecution founded upon appearances and conjectures, the parties concerned would take the shortest and most effectual means to put a stop to all inquiries upon the subject, and that their second attempt would not prove ineffectual. Being desirous, therefore, of deserving mercy from those who had endeavoured to assassinate him, he no longer continued his satires, and said not a word of the adventure. The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury remained for a long period both happy and contented:[159] never before had her constancy been of so long a duration; nor had he ever been so submissive and respectful a lover.

This continued until Lord Shrewsbury, who never before had shewn the least uneasiness at his lady's misconduct, thought proper to resent this: it was public enough, indeed,

but less dishonourable to her than any of her former intrigues. Poor Lord Shrewsbury, too polite a man to make any reproaches to his wife, was resolved to have redress for his injured honour: he accordingly challenged the Duke of Buckingham; and the Duke of Buckingham, as a reparation for his honour, having killed him upon the spot, remained a peaceable possessor of this famous Helen. The public was at first shocked at the transaction; but the public grows familiar with every thing by habit, and by degrees both decency, and even virtue itself, are rendered tame, and overcome. The queen was at the head of those who exclaimed against so public and scandalous a crime, and against the impunity of such a wicked act. As the Duchess of Buckingham[169] was a short fat body, like her majesty, who never had had any children, and whom her husband had abandoned for another; this sort of parallel in their situations interested the queen in her favour; but it was all in vain: no person paid any attention to them; the licentiousness of the age went on uncontrolled, though the queen endeavoured to raise up the serious part of the nation, the politicians and devotees, as enemies against it.

The fate of this princess was in many cases truly melancholy: the king, indeed, paid her every outward attention; but that was all: she easily perceived that the respect he entertained for her daily diminished, in proportion as the credit of her rivals increased: she saw that the king her husband was now totally indifferent about legitimate children, since his all-charming mistresses bore him others. As all the happiness of her life depended upon that blessing, and as she flattered herself that the king would prove kinder to her if heaven would vouchsafe to grant her desires, she had recourse to all the celebrated secrets against sterility: pious

vows, nine-day prayers, and offerings having been tried in all manners, but all to no purpose, she was at last obliged to return to natural means.

What would she have given on this occasion for the ring which Archbishop Turpin wore on his finger, and which made Charlemagne run after him, in the same manner as it had made him run after one of his concubines, from whose finger Turpin had taken it after her death! But it is now many years since the only talismans for creating love are the charms of the person beloved, and foreign enchantments have been looked upon as ineffectual. The queen's physicians, men of great prudence, sagacity, and wisdom, as they always are, having duly weighed and considered that the cold waters of Tunbridge had not succeeded in the preceding year, concluded that it would be advisable for her to try the warm baths at Bristol:[161] this journey was therefore fixed for the next season; and in the confidence of its proving effectual, this excursion would have afforded her much pleasure, if the most dangerous of her rivals had not been one of the first that was appointed to attend the court. The Duchess of Cleveland being then near her time, there was no uneasiness on her account: the common rules of decency required a little attention. The public, it is true, was not either more or less acquainted with the circumstances of her situation, by the care which she now took to conceal it; but her appearing at court in her present condition would have been too great an insult to the queen. Miss Stewart, more handsome than ever, was appointed for this excursion, and began to make magnificent preparations: the poor queen durst say nothing against it; but all hopes of success immediately forsook her. What could the baths, or the feeble virtue of the waters, perform against charms that entirely

counteracted their effects, either through the grief and uneasiness they occasioned her, or by their still more powerful consequences?

The Chevalier de Grammont, to whom all pleasures were insipid without the presence of Miss Hamilton, was yet unable to excuse himself from attending the court. The king delighted too much in his sprightly conversation to leave him behind; and however pleasing his company might have been in the solitude occasioned by the absence of the court, Miss Hamilton did not think it right to accept his offer of staying in town, because she was obliged to remain there: she however granted him the permission of writing her an account of any news that might occur upon the journey. He failed not to make use of this permission, in such a manner as one may imagine; and his own concerns took up so much space in his letters, that there was very little room left for other subjects during his stay at the baths. As absence from the object of his affections rendered this place insupportable, he engaged in every thing that might dissipate his impatience, until the happy moment of return arrived.

He had a great esteem for the elder of the Hamiltons; no less esteem, and far more friendship for his brother, whom he made the confidant of his passion and attachment for his sister. The Chevalier was also acquainted with his first engagements with his cousin Wetenhall; but being ignorant of the coldness that had interrupted a commerce so brisk in its commencement, he was surprised at the eagerness he shewed upon all occasions to please Miss Stewart: his assiduity appeared to the Chevalier de Grammont to exceed those civilities and attentions that are usually paid for the purpose of making court to the favourites of princes. He observed him more strictly, and soon perceived that he was deeper in love with her than was consistent either with his fortune or his repose.

As soon as the remarks he made had confirmed him in his suspicions, he resolved to use his endeavours to prevent the consequences of an engagement pernicious in every respect; but he waited for a proper opportunity of speaking to him upon the subject.

In the mean time the court enjoyed every kind of diversion, in a place where amusement is sought with avidity. The game of bowls, which in France is the pastime of mechanics and servants only, is quite the contrary in England, where it is the exercise of gentlemen, and requires both art and address. It is only in use during the fair and dry part of the season, and the places where it is practised are charming, delicious walks, called bowling-greens, which are little square grass-plots, where the turf is almost as smooth and level as the cloth of a billiard-table. As soon as the heat of the day is over, all the company assemble there: they play deep, and spectators are at liberty to make what bets they please.

The Chevalier de Grammont, long before initiated in the English games and diversions, had been engaged in a horse-race, in which he was indeed unsuccessful; but he had the satisfaction of being convinced by experience, that an English horse can go twenty miles upon the high road in less than an hour: he was more fortunate at cock-fighting; and in the bets he made at the bowling-green, the party he betted upon never failed to win.

Near all these places of diversion there is usually a sort of inn, or house of entertainment, with a bower or harbour, in which are sold all sorts of English liquors, such as cider, mead, bottled beer, and Spanish wines. Here the rooks meet every evening to drink, smoke, and to try their skill upon each other; or, in other words, to endeavour to trick one another out of the winnings of the day. These rooks are, properly speaking, what we call *capons*, or *piqueürs*, in France;

men who always carry money about them, to enable them to lend to losing gamesters, for which they receive a gratification, which is nothing for such as play deep, as it is only two per cent., and the money to be repaid the next day.

These gentlemen are so nice in their calculations, and so particularly skilful in all manner of games, that no person would dare to enter the lists with them, were they even assured that no unfairness would be practised: besides, they make a vow, to win four or five guineas a day, and to be satisfied with that gain; a vow which they seldom or never break.

It was in the midst of a company of these rooks, that Hamilton found the Chevalier de Grammont, when he called in one evening to get a glass of cider. They were playing at hazard; and as he who holds the dice is supposed to have the advantage, the rooks did the Chevalier de Grammont that honour out of compliment: he had the dice in his hand when Hamilton came into the room. The rooks, secure of their odds, were betting against him at a high rate, and he took all.

Hamilton could hardly believe his eyes, to see a man of his experience and knowledge engaged in so unequal a contest; but it was to no purpose that he informed him of his danger, both aloud in French, and in private by signs; he still disregarded his warnings, and the dice, that bore Cæsar and his fortunes, performed a miracle in his favour. The rooks were defeated for the first time, but not without bestowing upon him all the encomiums and praises of being a very fair and honourable player, which they never fail to lavish upon those whom they wish to engage a second time; but all their commendations were lost, and their hopes deceived: the Chevalier was satisfied with the first experiment.

Hamilton, when the king was at supper, related to him how

he found the Chevalier de Grammont rashly engaged with the rooks, and in what manner he had been providentially preserved. "Indeed, Sir," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "the rooks were discomfited for once;" and thereupon related the adventure to his majesty in his usual way, attracting the attention of all the company, to a circumstance, trifling in itself, but rendered interesting by his humour.

After supper, Miss Stewart, in whose apartment there was play, called Hamilton to her to tell the story. The Chevalier de Grammont, perceiving that she attended to him with pleasure, was fully confirmed in the truth of his first conjectures; and, having carried Hamilton home with him to supper, they began to discourse freely together as usual. "George," said the Chevalier de Grammont, "are you in any want of money? I know you love play; perhaps it may not be so favourable to you as it is to me: we are at a great distance from London. Here are two hundred guineas, take them, I beseech you, they will do to play with at Miss Stewart's." Hamilton, who little expected this conclusion, was rather disconcerted. "How! at Miss Stewart's!" "Yes, in her apartments, friend George," continued the Chevalier de Grammont; "I have not yet lost my eyes: you are in love with her, and if I am not mistaken, she is not offended at it; but tell me how you could resolve to banish poor Wetenhall from your heart, and suffer yourself to be infatuated with a girl, who perhaps, after all, is not worth the other, and who, besides, whatever favourable dispositions she may have for you, will undoubtedly, in the end prove your ruin. Faith, your brother and you are two pretty fellows, in your choice. What! can you find no other beauties in all the court to fall in love with, except the king's two mistresses? As for the elder brother, I can pardon him: he only took Lady Castlemaine, after his master had done with her, and after Lady Chesterfield had

discarded him; but, as for you, what the devil do you intend to do with a creature, on whom the king seems every day to doat with increasing fondness? Is it because that drunken sot Richmond has again come forward, and now declares himself one of her professed admirers? You will soon see what he will make by it: I have not forgotten what the king said to me upon the subject.

"Believe me, my dear friend, there is no playing tricks with our masters, I mean, there is no ogling their mistresses. I myself wanted to play the agreeable in France, with a little coquette, whom the king did not care about, and you know how dearly I paid for it. I confess she gives you fair play, but do not trust to her. All the sex feel an unspeakable satisfaction at having men in their train, whom they care not for, and to use them as their slaves of state, merely to swell their equipage. Would it not be a great deal better to pass a week or ten days incognito at Peckham with the philosopher Wetenhall's wife, than to have it inserted in the Dutch Gazette,—'We hear from Bristol, that such a one is banished the court on account of Miss Stewart, and that he is going to make a campaign in Guinea on board the fleet that is fitting out for the expedition under the command of Prince Rupert?'"[162]

Hamilton, who was the more convinced of the truth of this discourse, the more he considered it, after musing some time, appeared to wake from a dream, and addressing himself with an air of gratitude to the Chevalier de Grammont: "Of all the men in the world, my dear friend," said he, "you have the most agreeable wit, and at the same time the clearest judgment with respect to your friends: what you have told me has opened my eyes: I began to suffer myself to be seduced by the most ridiculous illusion imaginable, and to be hurried away rather by frivolous appearances, than any real inclination: to you I owe the obligation of having preserved

me from destruction at the very brink of a precipice. This is not the only kindness you have done me, your favours have been innumerable; and, as a proof of my gratitude for this last, I will follow your advice, and go into retirement at my cousin Wetenhall's, to eradicate from my recollection every trace of those chimeras which lately possessed my brain; but so far from going thither incognito, I will take you along with me, as soon as the court returns to London. My sister shall likewise be of the party; for it is prudent to use all precautions with a man, who with a great deal of merit, on such occasions, is not over scrupulous, if we may credit your philosopher." "Do not pay any attention to that pedant," replied the Chevalier de Grammont: "but tell me what put it into your head to form a design upon that inanimate statue, Miss Stewart?" "How the devil should I know!" said Hamilton: "you are acquainted with all her childish amusements. The old Lord Carlingford[163] was at her apartment one evening, shewing her how to hold a lighted wax-candle in her mouth, and the grand secret consisted in keeping the burning end there a long time without its being extinguished. I have, thank God, a pretty large mouth, and, in order to out-do her teacher, I took two candles into my mouth at the same time, and walked three times round the room without their going out. Every person present adjudged me the prize of this illustrious experiment, and Killegrew maintained that nothing but a lantern could stand in competition with me. Upon this she was like to die with laughing; and thus was I admitted into the familiarity of her amusements. It is impossible to deny her being one of the most charming creatures that ever was. Since the court has been in the country, I have had a hundred opportunities of seeing her, which I had not before. You know that the dishabille of the bath is a great convenience for those ladies, who, strictly adhering to all the

rules of decorum, are yet desirous to display all their charms and attractions. Miss Stewart is so fully acquainted with the advantages she possesses over all other women, that it is hardly possible to praise any lady at court for a well-turned arm, and a fine leg, but she is ever ready to dispute the point by demonstration; and I really believe, that, with a little address, it would not be difficult to induce her to strip naked, without ever reflecting upon what she was doing. After all, a man must be very insensible to remain unconcerned and unmoved on such happy occasions; and besides, the good opinion we entertain of ourselves is apt to make us think a woman is smitten, as soon as she distinguishes us by habitual familiarity, which most commonly signifies nothing. This is the truth of the matter with respect to myself: my own presumption, her beauty, the brilliant station that sets it off, and a thousand kind things she had said to me, prevented me from making serious reflections; but then, as some excuse for my folly, I must likewise tell you, that the facility I found in making her the tenderest declarations by commending her, and her telling me in confidence a thousand things which she ought not to have intrusted me with, might have deceived or infatuated any other man as well as myself.

"I presented her with one of the prettiest horses in England. You know what peculiar grace and elegance distinguish her on horseback. The king, who, of all the diversions of the chase, likes none but hawking, because it is the most convenient for the ladies, went out the other day to take this amusement, attended by all the beauties of his court His majesty having galloped after a falcon, and the whole bright squadron after him, the rustling of Miss Stewart's petticoats frightened her horse, which was at full speed, endeavouring to come up with mine, that had been his companion; so that I was the only witness of a disorder in her clothes, which dis-

played a thousand new beauties to my view. I had the good fortune to make such gallant and flattering exclamations upon that charming disorder, as to prevent her being concerned or out of countenance upon it. On the contrary, this subject of my admiration has been frequently since the subject of our conversation, and did not seem to displease her.

"Old Lord Carlingford, and that mad fellow Crofts[164] (for I must now make you my general confession), those insipid buffoons, were frequently telling her some diverting stories, which passed pretty well with the help of a few old threadbare jests, or some apish tricks in the recital, which made her laugh heartily. As for myself, who know no stories, and do not possess the talent of improving them by telling, if I did know any, I was often greatly embarrassed when she desired me to tell her one: 'I do not know one, indeed,' said I, one day, when she was teasing me on the subject. 'Invent one, then,' said she. 'That would be still more difficult,' replied I; 'but, if you will give me leave, madam, I will relate to you a very extraordinary dream, which has, however, less appearance of truth in it than dreams generally have.' This excited her curiosity, which would brook no denial. I, therefore, began to tell her, that the most beautiful creature in the world, whom I loved to distraction, paid me a visit in my sleep. I then drew her own portrait, with a rapturous description of all her beauties; adding, that this goddess, who came to visit me with the most favourable intentions, did not counteract them by any unreasonable cruelty. This was not sufficient to satisfy Miss Stewart's curiosity: I was obliged to relate every particular circumstance of the kindness I experienced from this delicate phantom; to which she was so very attentive, that she never once appeared surprised or disconcerted at the luscious tale: on the contrary, she made me repeat the description of the beauty, which I drew as near as

possible after her own person, and after such charms as I imagined of beauties that were unknown to me.

"This is, in fact, the very thing that had almost deprived me of my senses: she knew very well that she herself was the person I was describing: we were alone, as you may imagine, when I told her this story; and my eyes did their utmost to persuade her that it was herself whom I drew. I perceived that she was not in the least offended at knowing this; nor was her modesty in the least alarmed at the relation of a fiction, which I might have concluded in a manner still less discreet, if I had thought proper. This patient audience made me plunge headlong into the ocean of flattering ideas that presented themselves to my imagination. I then no longer thought of the king, nor how passionately fond he was of her, nor of the dangers attendant upon such an engagement: in short, I know not what the devil I was thinking of; but I am very certain, that if you had not been thinking for me, I might have found my ruin in the midst of these distracted visions."

Not long after, the court returned to London; and from that time, some malevolent star having gained the ascendant, every thing went cross in the empire of love: vexation, suspicions, or jealousies, first entered the field, to set all hearts at variance; next, false reports, slander, and disputes completed the ruin of all.

The Duchess of Cleveland had been brought to bed while the court was at Bristol; and never before had she recovered from her lying-in with such a profusion of charms. This made her believe that she was in a proper state to retrieve her ancient rights over the king's heart, if she had an opportunity of appearing before him with this increased splendour. Her friends being of the same opinion, her equipage was prepared for this expedition; but the very evening before the day she had fixed on to set out, she saw young Churchill,[165] and was at once

seized with a disease, which had more than once opposed her projects, and which she could never completely get the better of.

A man who, from an ensign in the guards, was raised to such a fortune, must certainly possess an uncommon share of prudence, not to be intoxicated with his happiness. Churchill boasted in all places of the new favour he had received: the Duchess of Cleveland, who neither recommended to him circumspection in his behaviour, nor in his conversation, did not seem to be in the least concerned at his indiscretion. Thus this intrigue was become a general topic in all companies, when the court arrived in London, and occasioned an immense number of speculations and reasonings: some said she had already presented him with Jermyn's pension, and Jacob Hall's salary, because the merits and qualifications of both were united in his person: others maintained that he had too indolent an air, and too delicate a shape, long to maintain himself in her favour; but all agreed, that a man who was the favourite of the king's mistress, and brother to the duke's favourite, was in a fair way of preferment, and could not fail to make his fortune. As a proof, the Duke of York soon after gave him a place in his household: this was naturally to be expected; but the king, who did not think that Lady Cleveland's kindness to him was a sufficient recommendation to his favour, thought proper to forbid him the court.

This good-natured king began now to be rather peevish; nor was it altogether without reason: he disturbed no person in their amours, and yet others had often the presumption to encroach upon his. Lord Dorset, first lord of the bed-chamber, had lately debauched from his service Nell Gwyn,[166] the actress: Lady Cleveland, whom he now no longer regarded, continued to disgrace him by repeated infidelities with unworthy rivals, and almost ruined him by the immense sums

she lavished on her gallants; but that which most sensibly affected him, was the late coldness and threats of Miss Stewart. He long since had offered her all the settlements and all the titles she could desire, until he had an opportunity more effectually to provide for her, which she had pretended only to decline, for fear of the scandal they might occasion, on her being raised to a rank which would attract the public notice; but since the return of the court, she had given herself other airs. Sometimes she was for retiring from court, to appease the continual uneasiness her presence gave the queen: at other times, it was to avoid temptations, by which she wished to insinuate that her innocence was still preserved. In short, the king's heart was continually distracted by alarms, or oppressed by humour and caprice.

As he could not for his life imagine what Miss Stewart wished him to do, or what she would be at, he thought upon reforming his establishment of mistresses, to try whether jealousy was not the real occasion of her uneasiness. It was for this reason, that, after having solemnly declared he would have nothing more to say to the Duchess of Cleveland, since her intrigue with Churchill, he discarded, without any exception, all the other mistresses which he had in various parts of the town. The Nell Gwyns, the Miss Davis's,[167] and the joyous train of singers and dancers in his majesty's theatre, were all dismissed. All these sacrifices were ineffectual: Miss Stewart continued to torment, and almost to drive the king to distraction; but his majesty soon after found out the real cause of this coldness.

This discovery was owing to the officious Duchess of Cleveland, who, ever since her disgrace, had railed most bitterly against Miss Stewart as the cause of it, and against the king's weakness, who, for an inanimate idiot, had treated her with so much indignity. As some of her grace's creatures were still

in the king's confidence, by their means she was informed of the king's uneasiness, and that Miss Stewart's behaviour was the occasion of it; and as soon as she had found the opportunity she had so long wished for, she went directly into the king's cabinet, through the apartment of one of his pages called Chiffinch.[168] This way was not new to her.

The king was just returned from visiting Miss Stewart, in a very ill humour: the presence of the Duchess of Cleveland surprised him, and did not in the least diminish it. She, perceiving this, accosted him in an ironical tone, and with a smile of indignation: "I hope," said she, "I may be allowed to pay you my homage, although the angelic Stewart has forbid you to see me at my own house. I will not make use of reproaches and expostulations, which would disgrace myself: still less will I endeavour to excuse frailties which nothing can justify, since your constancy for me deprives me of all defence, considering I am the only person you have honoured with your tenderness, who has made herself unworthy of it by ill conduct. I come now, therefore, with no other intent than to comfort and to condole with you upon the affliction and grief into which the coldness, or new-fashioned chastity of the inhuman Stewart has reduced your majesty." These words were attended by a fit of laughter, as unnatural and strained as it was insulting and immoderate, which completed the king's impatience: he had, indeed, expected that some bitter jest would follow this preamble; but he did not suppose she would have given herself such blustering airs, considering the terms they were then upon; and, as he was preparing to answer her, "Be not offended," said she, "that I take the liberty of laughing at the gross manner in which you are imposed upon: I cannot bear to see that such particular affectation should make you the jest of your own court, and that you should be ridiculed with such impunity. I know that the

affected Stewart has sent you away, under pretence of some indisposition, or perhaps some scruple of conscience; and I come to acquaint you that the Duke of Richmond will soon be with her, if he is not there already. I do not desire you to believe what I say, since it might be suggested, either through resentment or envy: only follow me to her apartment, either that, no longer trusting calumny and malice, you may honour her with a just preference, if I accuse her falsely; or, if my information be true, you may no longer be the dupe of a pretended prude, who makes you act so unbecoming and ridiculous a part."

As she ended this speech, she took him by the hand, while he was yet undecided, and pulled him away towards her rival's apartments. Chiffinch being in her interest, Miss Stewart could have no warning of the visit; and Babiani, who owed all to the Duchess of Cleveland, and who served her admirably well upon this occasion, came and told her that the Duke of Richmond had just gone into Miss Stewart's chamber. It was in the middle of a little gallery, which, through a private door, led from the king's apartments to those of his mistresses. The Duchess of Cleveland wished him good-night, as he entered her rival's chamber, and retired, in order to wait the success of the adventure, of which Babiani, who attended the king, was charged to come and give her an account.

It was near midnight: the king, in his way, met his mistress's chambermaids, who respectfully opposed his entrance, and, in a very low voice, whispered his majesty that Miss Stewart had been very ill since he left her; but that, being gone to bed, she was, God be thanked, in a very fine sleep. "That I must see," said the king, pushing her back, who had posted herself in his way. He found Miss Stewart in bed, indeed, but far from being asleep: the Duke of Rich-

mond was seated at her pillow, and in all probability was less inclined to sleep than herself. The perplexity of the one party, and the rage of the other, were such as may easily be imagined upon such a surprise. The king, who, of all men, was one of the most mild and gentle, testified his resentment to the Duke of Richmond in such terms as he had never before used. The duke was speechless, and almost petrified: he saw his master and his king justly irritated. The first transports which rage inspires on such occasions are dangerous: Miss Stewart's window was very convenient for a sudden revenge, the Thames flowing close beneath it: he cast his eyes upon it; and, seeing those of the king more incensed and fired with indignation than he thought his nature capable of, he made a profound bow, and retired, without replying a single word to the vast torrent of threats and menaces that were poured upon him.

Miss Stewart, having a little recovered from her first surprise,[169] instead of justifying herself, began to talk in the most extravagant manner, and said every thing that was most capable to inflame the king's passion and resentment; that, if she were not allowed to receive visits from a man of the Duke of Richmond's rank, who came with honourable intentions, she was a slave in a free country; that she knew of no engagement that could prevent her from disposing of her hand as she thought proper; but, however, if this was not permitted her in his dominions, she did not believe that there was any power on earth that could hinder her from going over to France, and throwing herself into a convent, to enjoy there that tranquillity which was denied her in his court. The king, sometimes furious with anger, sometimes relenting at her tears, and sometimes terrified at her menaces, was so greatly agitated, that he knew not how to answer, either the nicety of a creature who wanted to act the part of

Lucretia under his own eye, or the assurance with which she had the effrontery to reproach him. In this suspense, love had almost entirely vanquished all his resentments, and had nearly induced him to throw himself upon his knees, and entreat pardon for the injury he had done her, when she desired him to retire, and leave her in repose, at least for the remainder of that night, without offending those who had either accompanied him, or conducted him to her apartments, by a longer visit. This impertinent request provoked and irritated him to the highest degree: he went out abruptly, vowing never to see her more, and passed the most restless and uneasy night he had ever experienced since his restoration.

The next day the Duke of Richmond received orders to quit the court, and never more to appear before the king; but it seems he had not waited for those orders, having set out early that morning for his country seat.

Miss Stewart, in order to obviate all injurious constructions that might be put upon the adventure of the preceding night, went and threw herself at the queen's feet; where, acting the new part of an innocent Magdalen, she entreated her majesty's forgiveness for all the sorrow and uneasiness she might have already occasioned her: she told her majesty that a constant and sincere repentance had induced her to contrive all possible means for retiring from court; that this reason had inclined her to receive the Duke of Richmond's addresses, who had courted her a long time; but since this courtship had caused his disgrace, and had likewise raised a vast noise and disturbance, which perhaps might be turned to the prejudice of her reputation, she conjured her majesty to take her under her protection, and endeavour to obtain the king's permission for her to retire into a convent, to re-

move at once all those vexations and troubles her presence had innocently occasioned at court: all this was accompanied with a proper deluge of tears.

It is a very agreeable spectacle to see a rival prostrate at our feet, entreating pardon, and at the same time justifying her conduct. The queen's heart not only relented, but she mingled her own tears with those of Miss Stewart: after having raised her up, and most tenderly embraced her, she promised her all manner of favour and protection, either in her marriage, or in any other course she thought fit to pursue, and parted from her with the firm resolution to exert all her interest in her support; but, being a person of great judgment, the reflections which she afterwards made induced her to change her opinion.

She knew that the king's disposition was not capable of an obstinate constancy: she therefore judged that absence would cure him, or that a new engagement would by degrees entirely efface the remembrance of Miss Stewart: and that, since she could not avoid having a rival, it was more desirable she should be one who had given such eminent proofs of her prudence and virtue. Besides, she flattered herself that the king would ever think himself eternally obliged to her, for having opposed the retreat and marriage of a girl, whom at that time he loved to distraction. This fine reasoning determined her conduct. All her industry was employed in persuading Miss Stewart to abandon her schemes; and what is most extraordinary in this adventure, is, that, after having prevailed upon her to think no more either of the Duke of Richmond, or of a nunnery, she charged herself with the office of reconciling these two lovers.

Indeed it would have been a thousand pities if her negotiation had miscarried: but she did not suffer this misfortune;

for never were the king's addresses so eager and passionate as after this peace, nor ever better received by the fair Stewart.

His majesty did not long enjoy the sweets of a reconciliation which brought him into the best good humour possible, as we shall see. All Europe was in a profound peace, since the treaty of the Pyrenees: Spain flattered herself she should be able to recruit, by means of the new alliance she had contracted with the most formidable of her neighbours; but despaired of being able to support the shattered remains of a declining monarchy, when she considered the age and infirmities of her prince, or the weakness of his successor: France, on the contrary, governed by a king indefatigable in business, young, vigilant, and ambitious of glory, wanted nothing but inclination to aggrandize herself.

It was about this time, that the king of France, not willing to disturb the tranquillity of Europe, was persuaded to alarm the coasts of Africa, by an attempt, which if it had even been crowned with success, would have produced little good: but the king's fortune, ever faithful to his glory, has since made it appear, by the miscarriage of the expedition of Gigeri,[170] that such projects only as were planned by himself were worthy of his attention.

A short time after, the king of England, having resolved also to explore the African coasts, fitted out a squadron for an expedition to Guinea, which was to be commanded by Prince Rupert.[171] Those who, from their own experience, had some knowledge of the country, related strange and wonderful stories of the dangers attendant upon this expedition: that they would have to fight not only the inhabitants of Guinea, a hellish people, whose arrows were poisoned, and who never gave their prisoners better quarter than to devour them, but that they must likewise endure heats that were insupportable, and

rains that were intolerable, every drop of which was changed into a serpent: that, if they penetrated farther into the country, they would be assaulted by monsters a thousand times more hideous and destructive than all the beasts mentioned in the Revelations.

But all these reports were vain and ineffectual: for so far from striking terror into those who were appointed to go upon this expedition, it rather acted as an incentive to glory, upon those who had no manner of business in it. Jermyn appeared among the foremost of those; and, without reflecting that the pretence of his indisposition had delayed the conclusion of his marriage with Miss Jennings, he asked the duke's permission and the king's consent to serve in it as a volunteer.

Some time before this, the infatuation which had imposed upon the fair Jennings in his favour, had begun to subside. All that now inclined her to this match were the advantages of a settlement. The careless indolence of a lover, who faintly paid his addresses to her, as it were, from custom or habit, disgusted her; and the resolution he had taken, without consulting her, appeared so ridiculous in him, and so injurious to herself, that, from that moment, she resolved to think no more of him. Her eyes being opened by degrees, she saw the fallacy of the splendour which had at first deceived her; and the renowned Jermyn was received according to his real merit when he came to acquaint her with his heroical project. There appeared so much indifference and ease in the raillery with which she complimented him upon his voyage, that he was entirely disconcerted, and so much the more so, as he had prepared all the arguments he thought capable of consoling her, upon announcing to her the fatal news of his departure. She told him "that nothing could be more glorious for him, who had triumphed over the liberty of so many persons in Europe, than to go and extend his conquests in other parts of the world;

and that she advised him to bring home with him all the female captives he might make in Africa, in order to replace those beauties whom his absence would bring to the grave."

Jermyn was highly displeased that she should be capable of raillery in the condition he supposed her reduced to; but he soon perceived she was in earnest. She told him, that she considered this farewell visit as his last, and desired him not to think of making her any more before his departure.

Thus far every thing went well on her side. Jermyn was not only confounded at having received his discharge in so cavalier a manner; but this very demonstration of her indifference had revived, and even redoubled, all the love and affection he had formerly felt for her. Thus she had both the pleasure of despising him, and of seeing him more entangled in the chains of love than he had ever been before. This was not sufficient: she wished still farther, and very unadvisedly, to strain her resentment.

Ovid's Epistles,[172] translated into English verse by the greatest wits at court, having lately been published, she wrote a letter from a shepherdess in despair, addressed to the perfidious Jermyn. She took the epistle of Ariadne to Theseus for her model. The beginning of this letter contained, word for word, the complaints and reproaches of that injured fair to the cruel man by whom she had been abandoned. All this was properly adapted to the present times and circumstances. It was her design to have closed this piece with a description of the toils, perils, and monsters that awaited him in Guinea, for which he quitted a tender mistress, who was plunged into the abyss of misery, and was overwhelmed with grief and despair; but not having had time to finish it, nor to get that which she had written, transcribed, in order to send it to him under a feigned name, she inconsiderately put this fragment, written in her own hand, into her pocket, and still more gid-

dily dropped it in the middle of the court. Those who took it up, knowing her writing, made several copies of it, which were circulated all over the town; but her former conduct had so well established the reputation of her virtue, that no person entertained the smallest doubt but the circumstances were exactly as we have related them. Some time after, the Guinea expedition was laid aside for reasons that are universally known, and Miss Jennings's subsequent proceedings fully justified her letter; for, notwithstanding all the efforts and attentions Jermyn practised to regain her affections, she would never more hear of him.

But he was not the only man who experienced the whimsical fatality, that seemed to delight in disuniting hearts, in order to engage them soon after to different objects. One would have imagined, that the God of Love, actuated by some new caprice, had placed his empire under the dominion of Hymen, and had, at the same time, blind-folded that god, in order to cross-match most of the lovers whom we have been speaking of.

The fair Stewart married the Duke of Richmond; the invincible Jermyn, a silly country girl;[173] Lord Rochester a melancholy heiress;[174] the sprightly Temple, the serious Littleton; Talbot, without knowing why or wherefore, took to wife the languishing Boynton;[175] George Hamilton, under more favourable auspices, married the lovely Jennings; and the Chevalier de Grammont, as the reward of a constancy he had never before known, and which he never afterwards practised, found Hymen and Love united in his favour, and was at last blessed with the possession of Miss Hamilton.[176]

NOTES

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

Note 1, Page 35.

Bussi and St. Evremont.

Voltaire, in the Age of Lewis XIV., ch. 24, speaking of that monarch, says, "Even at the same time when he began to encourage genius by his liberality, the Count de Bussi was severely punished for the use he made of his: he was sent to the Bastile in 1664. The Amours of the Gauls was the pretence of his imprisonment; but the true cause was the song in which the king was treated with too much freedom, and which, upon this occasion, was brought to remembrance, to ruin Bussi, the reputed author of it.

"Que Deodatus est heureux,
De baiser ce bec amoreux,
Qui d'une oreille à l'autre va!

"See Deodatus with his billing dear,
Whose amorous mouth breathes love from ear to ear!

"His works were not good enough to compensate for the mischief they did him. He spoke his own language with purity; he had some merit, but more conceit: and he made no use of the merit he had, but to make himself enemies." Voltaire adds,—"Bussi was released at the end of eighteen months; but he was in disgrace all the rest of his life, in vain protesting a regard for Lewis XIV." Bussi died 1693. Of St. Evremont, see note, *postea*.

Note 2, Page 36.

Louis XIII.

Son and successor of Henry IV. He began to reign 14th May, 1610, and died 14th May, 1643.

NOTE 3, Page 36.

Cardinal de Richelieu.

Of this great minister Mr. Hume gives the following character:—"This man had no sooner, by suppleness and intrigue, gotten possession of the reins of government, than he formed at once three mighty projects—to subdue the turbulent spirit of the great; to reduce the rebellious Hugonots; and to curb the encroaching power of the house of Austria. Undaunted and implacable, prudent and active, he braved all the opposition of the French princes and nobles in the prosecution of his vengeance; he discovered and dissipated all their secret cabals and conspiracies. His sovereign himself he held in subjection, while he exalted the throne. The people, while they lost their liberties, acquired, by means of his administration, learning, order, discipline, and renown. That confused and inaccurate genius of government, of which France partook in common with other European kingdoms, he changed into a simple monarchy, at the very time when the incapacity of Buckingham encouraged the free spirit of the Commons to establish in England a regular system of liberty."—(*History of England*, vol. iv. p. 232.) Cardinal Richelieu died 1642.

NOTE 4, Page 36.

Siege of Trino.

Trino was taken 4th May, 1639.

NOTE 5, Page 36.

Prince Thomas

Of Savoy, uncle of the reigning duke. He died 1656.

NOTE 6, Page 37.

As the post of Lieutenant-General was not then known.

The author has here made a mistake; for in the year 1638, while the Duke of Weimar was besieging Brisac, Cardinal Richelieu sent him two reinforcements, under the conduct of Turenne and the Count de Guébriant, as *Lieutenant-Generals*, a rank till that time not known in France. —*Mémoires de Turenne.*

NOTE 7, Page 37.

Du Plessis Praslin,

Afterwards Maréchal and Duke de Choiseul. He retired from the army in 1672. Monsieur Henault, in his History of France, under that year, says,—"Le Maréchal du Plessis ne fit pas cette campagne à cause de son grand âge; il dit au roi, qu'il portoit envie à ses enfans, qui avoient l'honneur de servir sa majesté, que pour lui il souhaitoit la mort, puisqu'il n'étoit plus bon à rien; le roi l'embrassa, et lui dit: *M. le Maréchal, on ne travaille que pour approcher de la réputation que vous avez acquise; il est agréable de se reposer après tant de victoires.*"

Note 8, Page 37.

Viscount Turenne.

This great general was killed July 27, 1675, by a cannot-shot, near the village of Saltzback, in going to choose a place whereon to erect a battery. "No one," says Voltaire, "is ignorant of the circumstances of his death; but we cannot here refrain a review of the principal of them, for the same reason that they are still talked of every day. It seems as if one could not too often repeat, that the same bullet which killed him, having shot off the arm of St. Hilaire, lieutenant-general of the artillery, his son came and bewailed his misfortune with many tears; but the father, looking towards Turenne, said, 'It is not I, but that great man, who should be lamented.' These words may be compared with the most heroic sayings recorded in all history, and are the best eulogy that can be bestowed upon Turenne. It is uncommon, under a despotic government, where people are actuated only by their private interests, for those who have served their country to die regretted by the public. Nevertheless, Turenne was lamented both by the soldiers and people; and Louvois was the only one who rejoiced at his death. The honours which the king ordered to be paid to his memory are known to every one; and that he was interred at St. Denis, in the same manner as the Constable du Guesclin, above whom he was elevated by the voice of the public, as much as the age of Turenne was superior to the age of the constable.

"Turenne had not always been successful in his wars; he had been defeated at Mariendal, Retel, and Cambray: he had also committed errors, and was himself so great a man as to confess them. He never made great and celebrated conquests, nor ever gained those great and important victories, by which nations are subjected: but having always repaired his defeats, and done a great deal with a little, he was regarded as the first general in Europe, at a time when the art of war was more studied and better understood than ever. Moreover, though he was reproached for his infidelity in the wars of the Fronde; though, at the age of sixty years, love made him reveal the secrets of the state; and though he had exercised cruelties in the Palatinate, which did not appear necessary; yet he had always the happiness to preserve the reputation of an honest, wise, and moderate man; because his virtues and his great abilities, which were peculiar to himself, made those errors and weaknesses pardonable in him, which he had in common with the rest of mankind. If he can be compared to any one, we presume, that among all the generals of the preceding ages, Gonzalvo de Cordova, surnamed the Great Captain, is the man whom he most resembles."—*The Age of Louis XIV.* ch. 11.

In former editions, the quotation from Voltaire was yet longer. It is more germain to the present matter to observe, that it appears, from the Memoirs of St. Hilaire, where Voltaire found his anecdote, that Count Hamilton was present at the death of Turenne. Monsieur de Boze had twice sent to Turenne, to beg him to come to the place where the battery was to be erected, which Turenne, as if by presentiment, declined. Count Hamilton brought the third anxious request from De Boze; and in riding to the place where he was, Turenne received his death-blow.

The horse of Montecuculi, the opposite general. was, in the course of the same day, killed by a cannon-shot.

Note 9, Page 37.

Of this number was Matta.

Matta, or Matha, of whom Hamilton has drawn so striking a picture, is said to have been of the house of Bourdeille, which had the honour to produce Brantome and Montresor. The combination of indolence and talent, of wit and simplicity, of bluntness and irony, with which he is represented, may have been derived from tradition, but could only have been united into the inimitable whole by the pen of Hamilton. Several of his bon mots have been preserved; but the spirit evaporates in translation. "Where could I get this nose," said Madame D'Albret, observing a slight tendency to a flush in that feature. "At the sideboard, madam," answered Matta. When the same lady, in despair at her brother's death, refused all nourishment, Matta administered this blunt consolation: "If you are resolved, madam, never again to swallow food, you do well; but if ever you mean to eat upon any future occasion, believe me, you may as well begin just now." Madame Caylus, in her *Souvenirs*, commemorates the simple and natural humour of Matta, as rendering him the most delightful society in the world. Mademoiselle, in her Memoirs, alludes to his pleasantry in conversation, and turn for deep gaming. When the Memoirs of Grammont were subjected to the examination of Fontenelle, then censor of the Parisian press, he refused to license them, on account of the scandalous conduct imputed to Grammont in this party at *quinze*. The count no sooner heard of this than he hastened to Fontenelle, and having joked him for being more tender of his reputation than he was himself, the license was instantly issued. The censor might have retorted upon Grammont the answer which the count made to a widow, who received coldly his compliments of condolence on her husband's death. "Nay, madam, if that is the way you take it, I care as little about it as you do." He died in 1674. "Matta est mort sans confession," says Madame Maintenon, in a letter to her brother.—Tome i. p. 67.

Note 10, Page 40.

Cæsars de Vendôme.

Cæsar Duke de Vendôme was the eldest son of Henry IV., by the celebrated Gabrielle d'Estrées. He died in 1665.

Note 11, Page 40.

The college of Pau.

Pau was the capital of the principality of *Bearn*, and lies on an eminence on the *Gave Bearnois*, being indeed small and well built, and formerly the seat of a parliament, a bailiwick, and a chamber of accounts. In the palace here was born Henry IV. Exclusive of an academy of sciences and liberal arts, there was in it a college of Jesuits, with five convents, and two hospitals.

Note 12, Page 42.

Bidache.

A principality belonging to the family of the Grammonts, in the province of Gascogny.

Note 13, Page 55.

The Baron de Batteville.

This officer appears to have been the same person who was afterwards ambassador from Spain to the court of Great Britain, where, in the summer of 1660, he offended the French court, by claiming precedence of their ambassador, Count D'Estrades, on the public entry of the Swedish ambassador into London. On this occasion the court of France compelled its rival of Spain to submit to the mortifying circumstance of acknowledging the French superiority. To commemorate this important victory, Lewis XIV. caused a medal to be struck, representing the Spanish ambassador, Marquis de Fuente, making the declaration to that king, "No concurrer con los ambassadores de Francia," with this inscription, "Jus præcedendi assertum," and under it, "Hispanorum excusatio coram xxx legatis principum, 1662." A very curious account of the fray occasioned by this dispute, drawn up by Mr. Evelyn, is to be seen in that gentleman's article in the Biographia Britannica. Lord Clarendon, speaking of Baron de Batteville, says, he was born in Burgundy, in the Spanish quarters, and bred a soldier, in which profession he was an officer of note, and at that time was governor of St. Sebastian's, and of that province. He seemed a rough man, and to have more of the camp, but in truth, knew the intrigues of a court better than most Spaniards; and, except when his passion surprised him, was wary and cunning in his negotiation. He lived with less reservation and more jollity than the ministers of that crown used to do, and drew such of the court to his table and conversation, who he observed were loud talkers, and confident enough in the king's presence. —*Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 84.

Note 14, Page 57.

Madame Royale.

Christina, second daughter of Henry IV., married to Victor Amadeus, Prince of Piedmont, afterwards Duke of Savoy. She seems to have been well entitled to the character here given of her. Keysler, in his Travels, vol. i. p. 239, speaking of a fine villa, called La Vigne de Madame Royale, near Turin, says, "During the minority under the regent Christina, both the house and garden were often the scenes of riot and debauchery. On this account, in the king's advanced age, when he was, as it were, inflamed with an external flame of religion, and with which possibly the admonitions of his father-confessor might concur, this place became so odious to him, that, upon the death of Madame Royale, he bestowed it on the hospital." She died in 1663.

Note 15, Page 59.

The Marchioness de Senantes.

Lord Orford says, the family of Senantes still remains in Piedmont, and bears the title of Marquis de Carailles.

Note 16, Page 60.

La Venerie.

This place is thus described by Keysler. Travels, vol. i. p. 235.—"The palace most frequented by the royal family is La Venerie, the court generally continuing there from the spring to December. It is about a league from Turin: the road that leads to it is well paved, and the greatest part of it planted with trees on each side: it is not always in a direct line, but runs a little winding between fine meadows, fields, and vineyards." After describing the palace as it then was, he adds,—"The palace garden at present consists only of hedges and walks, whereas formerly it had fine water-works and grottos, besides the fountain of Hercules and the temple of Diana, of which a description may be seen in the Nouveau Théâtre de Piedmont. But now nothing of these remains, being gone to ruin, partly by the ravages of the French, and partly by the king's order that they should be demolished, to make room for something else; but those vacuities have not yet, and probably will not very soon be filled up."

Note 17, Page 83.

The Prince de Condé.

Lewis of Bourbon, Duke d'Enguien, afterwards, by the death of his father in 1646, Prince de Condé. Of this great man Cardinal de Retz says, "he was born a general, which never happened but to Cæsar, to Spinola, and to himself. He has equalled the first: he has surpassed the second. Intrepidity is one of the least shining strokes in his character. Nature had formed him with a mind as great as his courage. Fortune, in setting him out in a time of wars, has given this last a full extent to work in: his birth, or rather his education, in a family devoted and enslaved to the court, has kept the first within too strait bounds. He was not taught time enough the great and general maxims which alone are able to form men to think always consistently. He never had time to learn them of himself, because he was prevented from his youth, by the great affairs that fell unexpectedly to his share, and by the continual success he met with. This defect in him was the cause, that with the soul in the world the least inclined to evil, he has committed injuries; that with the heart of an Alexander, he has, like him, had his failings; that with a wonderful understanding, he has acted imprudently; that having all the qualities which e Duke Francis of Guise had, he has not served the state in some occasions so well as he ought; and that having likewise all the qualities of the Duke Henry of Guise, he has not carried faction so far as he might. He could not come up to the height of his merit; which, though it be a defect, must yet be owned to be very uncommon, and only to be found in persons of the greatest abilities."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 248, edit. 1723.

He retired from the army, soon after the death of Turenne, to Chantilly, "from whence," says Voltaire, "he very rarely came to Versailles, to behold his glory eclipsed in a place where the courtier never regards any thing but favour. He passed the remainder of his days, tormented with the gout, relieving the severity of his pains, and employing the leisure of his retreat, in the conversation of men of genius of all kinds, with which France then abounded. He was worthy of their conversation; as he was not unacquainted with any of those arts and sciences in which they shone. He continued to be admired even in his retreat; but at last that devouring fire, which, in his youth, had made him a hero, impetuous, and full of passions, having consumed the strength of his body, which was naturally rather agile than robust, he declined before his time; and the strength of his mind decaying with that of his body, there remained nothing of the great Condé during the last two years of his life. He died in 1686."—*Age of Lewis XIV.*, chap. 11. He was aged 66 years.

[Pepys says, "The Prince of Condé's excellence is, that there is not a more furious man in the world; danger in fight never disturbs him, except just to make him civil, and to command in words of great obligation to his officers and men; but without any the least disturbance in his judgment or spirit."]

Note 18, Page 83.

Battles of Lens, Norlinguin, and Fribourg.

These were fought in the years 1648, 1645, and 1644.

Note 19, Page 84.

The Queen.

Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip III. of Spain, widow of Lewis XIII., to whom she was married in 1615, and mother of Lewis XIV. She died in 1666. Cardinal de Retz speaks of her in the following terms.—"The queen had more than anybody whom I ever knew, of that sort of wit which was necessary for her not to appear a fool to those that did not know her. She had in her more of harshness than haughtiness; more of haughtiness than of greatness; more of outward appearance than reality; more regard to money than liberality; more of liberality than of self-interest; more of self-interest than disinterestedness: she was more tied to persons by habit than by affection; she had more of insensibility than of cruelty; she had a better memory for injuries than for benefits; her intention towards piety was greater than her piety; she had in her more of obstinacy than of firmness; and more incapacity than of all the rest which I mentioned before."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 247.

Note 20, Page 84.

The policy of the minister.

Cardinal Mazarine, who, during a few of the latter years of his life, governed France. He died at Vincennes the 9th of March 1661, aged 59 years, leaving as heir to his name and property the Marquis de la Meil-

leray, who married his niece, and took the title of Duke of Mazarine. On his death, Lewis XIV. and the court appeared in mourning, an honour not common, though Henry IV. had shewn it to the memory of Gabrielle d'Estrées. Voltaire, who appears unwilling to ascribe much ability to the cardinal, takes an opportunity, on occasion of his death, to make the following observation.—"We cannot refrain from combating the opinion, which supposes prodigious abilities, and a genius almost divine, in those who have governed empires with some degree of success. It is not a superior penetration that makes statesmen; it is their character. All men, how inconsiderable soever their share of sense may be, see their own interest nearly alike. A citizen of Bern or Amsterdam, in this respect, is equal to Sejanus, Ximenes, Buckingham, Richelieu, or Mazarine; but our conduct and our enterprises depend absolutely on our natural dispositions, and our success depends upon fortune."—*Age of Lewis XIV.* chap. 5.

NOTE 21, Page 85.

The Archduke.

Leopold, brother of the Emperor Ferdinand III.

NOTE 22, Page 85.

Peronne.

A little but strong town, standing among marshes on the river Somme, in Picardy.

NOTE 23, Page 85.

The battle of Rocroy.

This famous battle was fought and won 19th May, 1643, five days after the death of Lewis XIII.

NOTE 24, Page 85.

The siege of Arras.

Voltaire observes, that it was the fortune of Turenne and Condé to be always victorious when they fought at the head of the French, and to be vanquished when they commanded the Spaniards. This was Condé's fate before Arras, August 25, 1654, when he and the archduke besieged that city. Turenne attacked them in their camp, and forced their lines: the troops of the archduke were cut to pieces; and Condé, with two regiments of French and Lorrainers, alone sustained the efforts of Turenne's army; and, while the archduke was flying, he defeated the Marshal de Hoquincourt, repulsed the Marshal de la Ferté, and retreated victoriously himself, by covering the retreat of the vanquished Spaniards. The king of Spain, in his letter to him after this engagement, had these words: "I have been informed that every thing was lost, and that you have recovered every thing."

NOTE 25, Page 87.

The Duke of York.

Priorato, in his Memoirs of Cardinal Mazarine, mentions other Englishmen besides the Duke of York being present; as Lords Gerrard, Barclay, and Jermyn, with others.—*Memoirs*, 12mo., 1673, tome i. pt. 3, p. 365.

NOTE 26, Page 87.

Marquis de Humières.

Lewis de Crevans, maréchal of France. He died 1694. Voltaire says of him, that he was the first who, at the siege of Arras, in 1658, was served in silver in the trenches, and had ragouts and entremets served up to his table.

NOTE 27, Page 91.

Montmorency.

Henry Duke of Montmorency, who was taken prisoner 1st September, 1632, and had his head struck off at Thoulouse in the month of November following.

NOTE 28, Page 93.

Bapaume.

A fortified town in Artois, seated in a barren country, without rivers or springs, and having an old palace, which gave rise to the town, with a particular governor of its own, a royal and forest court. In 1641 the French took it from the Spaniards.

NOTE 29, Page 97.

Without doubt he would have given him some severe reply.

This spirit seems not always to have attended him in his transactions with the cardinal. On occasion of the entry of the king in 1660, "Le Chevalier de Grammont, Rouville, Bellefonds, and some other courtiers, attended in the cardinal's suite, a degree of flattery which astonished every body who knew him. I was informed that the chevalier wore a very rich orange-coloured dress on that occasion."—*Lettres de Maintenon*, tome i. p. 32.

NOTE 30, Page 97.

Peter Mazarine.

Peter Mazarine was father to the cardinal. He was a native of Palermo in Sicily, which place he left in order to settle at Rome, where he died in the year 1654.

NOTE 31, Page 99.

The peace of the Pyrenées.

This treaty was concluded 7th November, 1659.

NOTE 32, Page 99.

The king's marriage.

Lewis XIV. with Mary Theresa of Austria. She was born 20th September, 1638, married 1st June, 1660, and entered Paris 26th August following. She died at Versailles 30th July, 1683, and was buried at St. Denis.

NOTE 33, Page 99.

The return of Prince de Conde.

11th April.—See *De Retz's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 119.

NOTE 34, Page 101.

La Motte Houdancourt, —— Meneville.

These two ladies at this period seem to have made a distinguished figure in the annals of gallantry. One of their contemporaries mentions them in these terms: "In this case, perhaps, I can give a better account than most people; as, for instance, they had raised a report, when the queen-mother expelled Mademoiselle de la Motte Agencourt, that it was on his score, when I am assured, upon very good grounds, that it was for entertaining the Marquis de Richelieu against her majesty's express command. This lady, who was one of her maids of honour, was a person whom I was particularly acquainted with; and that so much, as I was supposed to have a passion for her; she was counted one of the finest women of the court, and therefore I was not displeased at all to have it thought so; for, except Mademoiselle de Meneville (who had her admirers), there was none could pretend to dispute it."—*Memoirs of the Count de Rochfort*, 1696, p. 210.—See also *Anquetil Louis XIV. sa Cour et le Regent*, tome i. p. 46.

NOTE 35, Page 104.

Exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings for his return.

Bishop Burnet confirms this account. "With the restoration of the king," says he, "a spirit of extravagant joy spread over the nation, that brought on with it the throwing off the very professions of virtue and piety. All ended in entertainments and drunkenness, which overrun the three kingdoms to such a degree, that it very much corrupted all their morals. Under the colour of drinking the king's health, there were great disorders, and much riot every where: and the pretences of religion, both in those of the hypocritical sort, and of the more honest, but no less pernicious enthusiasts, gave great advantages, as well as they furnished much matter to the profane mockers of true piety."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i., p. 127, 8vo edit. Voltaire says, King Charles "was received at Dover by twenty thousand of his subjects, who fell upon their knees before him; and I have been told by some old men who were of this number, that hardly any of those who were present could refrain from tears."—*Age of Lewis XIV.* chap. 5.

NOTE 36, Page 105.

At his coronation.

There is some reason to believe that the Count de Grammont, whose circumstances at his first arrival at the court of Britain were inferior to his rank, endeavoured to distinguish himself by his literary acquirements. A scarce little book, in Latin and French, upon the coronation, has been ascribed to him with some probability. The initials subscribed in different places of the work are P. D. C., which may correspond to Philibert de Cramont, in which manner the family name was often spelled; and the dedication seems to apply accurately to the count's circumstances. The full title runs:

"Complementum Fortunatarum Insularum, sive Galathea Vaticinans; being part of an epithalamium upon the auspicious match of the most puissant and most serene Charles II., and the most illustrious Catharina, Infanta of Portugal; with a description of the Fortunate Islands. Written originally in French, by P. D. C., Gent.,* and since translated by him into Latin and English. With the translations also of the Description of S. James's Park, and the late Fight at S. Lucar, by Mr. Edmund Waller; the Panegyric of Charles the Second, by Mr. Dryden; and other pieces relating to the present times. London, printed by W. G., 1662."

It is dedicated to James Boteler, Earl of Ossory, Viscount Thorle, afterwards Duke of Ormond, previous to his going to Ireland,† which dedication concludes thus:—"The utmost height of my ambition, and the utmost scope of my desseine at present, my lord, is only, since I have no other means left me to provide for my attendance upon your lordship and the heads of your honourable family, in this your journey, that you will be pleased to accept of me, in this slender garbe, being every way otherwise disappointed by the frowns of fortune, and so unfit to pretend admittance in so splendid a train; unless it be

Nelle scorta di Febo, che a vos s'inchina,
Tutta ridente, tutta di scherzi piena.

But, my lord, my own words on another occasion:

——— Se quelque jour, la Fortune
Met en plus grande libertè
Mon Genie persecutè
Des rigueurs de cette importune,
Peut-être d'un Burin plus seur
Et d'un vers rempli de douceur
D'Ormond j'enterprendrai l'image;
Et dans les beaux exploits de tous ses descendans
La depeindray si bien que la plus fiere rage
Respectera ses traits jusqu'a la fin des temps.

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* The state of his fortune at this period not allowing the splendour of a French nobleman, he was only considered a private gentleman; and this he hints at in the dedication that follows.

† Philibert, Count Grammont married the Duke of Ormond's sister.

"This is the vow, this is the serious wish of him, my lord, who desires, for no better end, to be once again restored to the state of his former fortune, than to become thereby more ready and capable to wait hereafter on your lordship otherwise than by his pen, and so declare, by some more real deed than poetical expressions, how unfeignedly he is,

My lord,
Your lordship's
Most true and most devoted servant,
P. D. C."

The contents of the book consist chiefly of poetry of a complimentary nature. The following well-known lines of Waller's, on Westminster Abbey, he has given with much taste:—

"From hence he does that antique pile behold,
Where royal heads receive the sacred gold;
It gives them crowns, and does their ashes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they sleep."

"Passant plus outre il voit la chapelle ou nos rois
Reçoivent l'or sacrè et leur gardant les loix,
La terre aussi sacreè egalement leurs donne,
La droit de sepulture et la droit de couronne."

The contents of the volume are—

A Song of the Sea Nymph Galatea, upon the marriage of Charles II. and the Princess Infanta of Portugal (fifteen stanzas, of ten lines each.)

The same in Latin.

The same in French.

St. James's Park, by Waller, in English, French, and Latin.

Of the late War with Spain, 1657, and our Victory at St. Lucar, near Cadiz, by the same, in English and French.

On his sacred Majesty's Coronation, by Dryden, English and French.

The Fortunate Islands, being part of a larger poem written formerly in French, upon the happy inauguration of Charles II. By P. D. C.; and since by him translated in English and Latin. Dedicated to his dear friend Edmund Waller, Esq., with a specimen of an English version.

Another dedication:—"To Prince Rupert, as a monument of his devoted respects and due esteem of his highness's celebrated virtues and great experience in sea-voyages; and as a deserved acknowledgment of his highness's indefatigable endeavours in promoting English plantations, P. D. C. humbly dedicates this Pindaric Rapture; being part of his poem of the Fortunate Islands, formerly written in French, and addressed to the king's majesty upon the solemnity of his auspicious coronation."—Twenty-five stanzas, of ten lines each.

The same in Latin.

The king's excursion on the Thames, July, anno 1661; an extempore ode, "To the great and illustrious William, Earl of Devonshire, the noble and judicious Mecænas of polite literature; P. D. C. dedicates it in obedient and grateful testimony," &c.

A short ode of about sixty lines.

If we are correct in imputing this work to Grammont, he must have

been in England at the time of the coronation, which agrees tolerably with the vague expression in the text that he arrived *about* two years after the Restoration. For this ceremony did not take place until after the deaths of the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess of Orange. It was celebrated 22nd and 23rd April, 1661, with uncommon magnificence; the whole show, as Lord Clarendon observes, being the most glorious, in the order and expense, that had ever been seen in England. The procession began from the Tower, and continued so long, that they who rode first were in Fleet-street when the king issued from the Tower. The whole ceremonial took up two days.—See *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 29; *Kennet's Register*, 411.

[Pepys' account of the Coronation given in his amusing Diary is so characteristic and illustrative, that we think it deserves a place here.

"April 22nd, 1661. The King's going from the Tower to White Hall. Up early and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters and his son and wife, and Sir W. Penn and his son and I, went to Mr. Young's, the flag-maker, in Cornhill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rid, and their horses and horses-clothes. Among others, my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds were not ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarkable were the two men that represent the two Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops come next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow the vintner, at the Devil, in Fleet-street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks; but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window. In the evening, by water to White Hall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him 200*l.*, and very rich it is with embroidery.

"CORONATION DAY.

"23rd. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up

; nto a great scaffold across the North end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke, and the King with a sceptre (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the choir at the high altar, the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout began, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop: and his lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to every body. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I staid walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King came in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Heralds leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up (Dymock) the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a Herald proclaims 'That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was

a Champion that would fight with him;' and with these words the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. To which when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lords' table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as every body else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the twenty-four violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think, that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years: which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports, which they endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the city had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King-street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (whom I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King); and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. Thus did the day end with joy every where; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to any body through it all, but only to Serjeant Glynne, whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this: he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard, to whom people wish the

same fortune. There was also this night in King-street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say, that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

"24th. At night, set myself to write down these three days' diary, and while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers, and other things of the fire-works, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them.

"30th. This morning my wife and I and Mr. Creed, took coach, and in Fish-street took up Mr. Hater and his wife, who through her mask seemed at first to be an old woman, but afterwards I found her to be a very pretty modest black woman. We got a small bait at Leatherhead, and so to Godlyman, where we lay all night. I am sorry that I am not at London, to be at Hyde-park to-morrow, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine."]

Note 37, Page 105.

The death of the Duke of Gloucester.

This event took place September 3rd, 1660. He died of the small-pox. [Pepys says, "by the great negligence of his doctors." "Though mankind," as Mr. Macpherson observes, "are apt to exaggerate the virtues of princes who happen to die in early youth, their praises seem to have done no more than justice to the character of Gloucester. He joined in himself the best qualities of both his brothers; the understanding and good-nature of Charles, to the industry and application of James. The facility of the first was in him, a judicious moderation. The obstinacy of the latter was, in Gloucester, a manly firmness of mind. Attached to the religion, and a friend to the constitution of his country, he was most regretted, when his family regarded these the least. The vulgar, who crowd with eminent virtues and great actions the years which fate denies to their favourites, foresaw future misfortunes in his death; and even the judicious supposed that the measures of Charles might have derived solidity from his judgment and promising parts. The king lamented his death with all the vehemence of an affectionate sorrow." The Duke of York was much affected with the loss of a brother, whose high merit he much admired. "He was a prince," says James, "of the greatest hopes, undaunted courage, admirable parts, and a clear understanding." He had a particular talent of languages. Besides the Latin, he was master of the French, the Spanish, the Italian, and Low Dutch. He was, in short, possessed of all the natural qualities, as well as acquired accomplishments, necessary to make a great prince.—*Macpherson's History of Great Britain*, ch. 1. Bishop Burnet's character of this young prince is also very favourable. — See *Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 238.

Note 38, Page 105.

Princess Royal.

Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., born November 4th, 1631, married to the Prince of Orange 2nd May, 1641, who died 27th October, 1650. She arrived in England September 23rd. [Pepys says, in his Diary, March 17th, 1660, "In a coach we went to see a house of the Princess Dowager's, in a park about a mile from the Hague, where there is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world. She had here one picture upon the top, with these words, dedicating it to the memory of her husband:—'Incomparabili marito, inconsolabilis vidua.'"] She died of the small-pox December 24th, 1660, according to Bishop Burnet, "not much lamented. She had lived," says the author, "in her widowhood for some years with great reputation, kept a decent court, and supported her brothers very liberally; and lived within bounds. But her mother, who had the art of making herself believe any thing she had a mind to, upon a conversation with the queen-mother of France, fancied the King of France might be inclined to marry her. So she writ to her to come to Paris. In order to that, she made an equipage far above what she could support. So she ran herself into debt, sold all her jewels, and some estates that were in her power as her son's guardian; and was not only disappointed of that vain expectation, but fell into some misfortunes that lessened the reputation she had formerly lived in."—*Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 238. She was mother of William III.

Note 39, Page 105.

The reception of the Infanta of Portugal.

"The Infanta of Portugal landed in May (1662) at Portsmouth. [Pepys, in his Diary, May 15th, 1662, says, "At night, all the bells in the town rung, and bonfires made for the joy of the Queen's arrival, who landed at Portsmouth last night. But I do not see much true joy, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of people, who are much discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court, and running in debt."] The king went thither, and was married privately by Lord Aubigny, a secular priest, and almoner to the queen, according to the rites of Rome, in the queen's chamber; none present but the Portuguese ambassador, three more Portuguese of quality, and two or three Portuguese women. What made this necessary was, that the Earl of Sandwich did not marry her by proxy, as usual, before she came away. How this happened, the duke knows not, nor did the chancellor know of this private marriage. The queen would not be bedded, till pronounced man and wife by Sheldon, bishop of London."—Extract 2, from King James II.'s Journal.—*Macpherson's State Papers*, vol. i. In the same collection is a curious letter from the King to Lord Clarendon, giving his opinion of the queen after having seen her.

Note 40, Page 105.

The King was inferior to none.

Charles II. was born 29th May, 1630, and died 6th February, 1684-5. His character is very amply detailed, and accurately depicted by George

Saville, Marquis of Halifax, in a volume published by his grand-daughter the Countess of Burlington, 8vo. 1750. See also Burnet, Clarendon, and Sheffield Duke of Buckingham.

Note 41, Page 105.

The Duke of York.

James Duke of York, afterwards King James II. He was born 15th October, 1633; succeeded his brother 6th February, 1684-5; abdicated the crown in 1688; and died 6th September, 1701. Bishop Burnet's character of him appears not very far from the truth.—"He was," says this writer, "very brave in his youth; and so much magnified by Monsieur Turenne, that till his marriage lessened him, he really clouded the king, and passed for the superior genius. He was naturally candid and sincere, and a firm friend, till affairs and his religion wore out all his first principles and inclinations. He had a great desire to understand affairs: and in order to that he kept a constant journal of all that passed, of which he shewed me a great deal. The Duke of Buckingham gave me once a short but severe character of the two brothers. It was the more severe, because it was true: the king, (he said,) could see things if he would: and the duke would see things if he could. He had no true judgment, and was soon determined by those whom he trusted: but he was obstinate against all other advices. He was bred with high notions of kingly authority, and laid it down for a maxim, that all who opposed the king, were rebels in their hearts. He was perpetually in one amour or other, without being very nice in his choice: upon which the king once said, he believed his brother had his mistresses given him by his priests for penance. He was naturally eager and revengeful: and was against the taking off any, that set up in an opposition to the measures of the court, and who by that means grew popular in the house of commons. He was for rougher methods. He continued many years dissembling his religion, and seemed zealous for the church of England. But it was chiefly on design to hinder all propositions, that tended to unite us among ourselves. He was a frugal prince, and brought his court into method and magnificence, for he had 100,000*l.* a-year allowed him. He was made high admiral, and he came to understand all the concerns of the sea very particularly."

Note 42, Page 106.

Miss Hyde.

Miss Anne Hyde, eldest daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. King James mentions this marriage in these terms.—"The king at first refused the Duke of York's marriage with Miss Hyde. Many of the duke's friends and servants opposed it. The king at last consented, and the Duke of York privately married her, and soon after owned the marriage. Her want of birth was made up by endowments; and her carriage afterwards became her acquired dignity." Again. "When his sister, the princess royal, came to Paris to see the queen-mother, the Duke of York fell in love with Mrs. Anne Hyde, one of her maids of honour. Besides her person, she had all the qualities proper to inflame a heart less apt to take fire than his,

which she managed so well as to bring his passion to such an height, that, between the time he first saw her and the winter before the king's restoration, he resolved to marry none but her; and promised her to do it: and though, at first, when the duke asked the king his brother for his leave, he refused, and dissuaded him from it, yet at last he opposed it no more, and the duke married her privately, owned it some time after, and was ever after a true friend to the chancellor for several years."—*Macpherson's State Papers*, vol. i.

[Pepys, in his Diary, October 7th, 1660, says:—"To my lord's, and dined with him; he all dinner time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the king would have him to marry her, but that he will not. So that the thing is very bad for the duke, and them all; but my lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the duke to do abroad." Again, Feb. 23rd, 1660-1.—"Mr. Hartlett told me how my Lord Chancellor had lately got the Duke of York and Duchesse, and her woman, my Lord Ossory, and a doctor, to make oath before most of the judges of the kingdom, concerning all the circumstances of the marriage. And in fine, it is confessed that they were not fully married till about a month or two before she was brought to bed; but that they were contracted long before, and time enough for the child to be legitimate. But I do not hear that it was put to the judges to determine whether it was so or no."]

Note 43, Page 106.

Her father.

Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, "for his comprehensive knowledge of mankind, styled the chancellor of human nature. His character, at this distance of time, may, and ought to be impartially considered. His designing or blinded contemporaries heaped the most unjust abuse upon him. The subsequent age, when the partizans of prerogative were at least the loudest, if not the most numerous, smit with a work that deified their martyr, have been unbounded in their encomium."—*Catalogue of Noble Authors*, vol. ii. p. 18. Lord Orford, who professes to steer a middle course, and separate his great virtues as a man from his faults as an historian, acknowledges that he possessed almost every virtue of a minister which could make his character venerable. He died in exile, in the year 1674.

Note 44, Page 106.

The Duke of Ormond.

James Butler, Duke of Ormond, born 19th October, 1610, and died 21st July, 1688. Lord Clarendon, in the Continuation of his Life, observes, that "he frankly engaged his person and his fortune in the king's service, from the first hour of the troubles, and pursued it with that courage and constancy, that when the king was murdered, and he deserted by the Irish, contrary to the articles of peace which they had made with him,

and when he could make no longer defence, he refused all the conditions which Cromwell offered, who would have given him all his vast estate if he would have been contented to live quietly in some of his own houses, without further concerning himself in the quarrel; and transported himself, without so much as accepting a pass from his authority, in a little weak vessel into France, where he found the king, from whom he never parted till he returned with him into England. Having thus merited as much as a subject can do from a prince, he had much more credit and esteem with the king than any other man."—*Continuation of the Life of Lord Clarendon*, p. 4, fol. edit. Bishop Burnet says of him, "he was a man every way fitted for a court; of a graceful appearance, a lively wit, and a cheerful temper; a man of great expense; decent even in his vices, for he always kept up the form of religion. He had gone through many transactions in Ireland with more fidelity than success. He had made a treaty with the Irish, which was broken by the great body of them, though some few of them adhered still to him. But the whole Irish nation did still pretend, that though they had broke the agreement first, yet he, or rather the king, in whose name he had treated with them, was bound to perform all the articles of the treaty. He had miscarried so in the siege of Dublin, that it very much lessened the opinion of his military conduct. Yet his constant attendance on his master, his easiness to him, and his great suffering for him, raised him to be lord-steward of the household, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He was firm to the protestant religion, and so far firm to the laws, that he always gave good advices; but when bad ones were followed, he was not for complaining too much of them."—*Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 230.

Note 45, Page 106.

The Earl of St. Alban's.

Henry Jermyn, Earl of St. Alban's, and Baron of St. Edmund's Bury. He was master of the horse to Queen Henrietta, and one of the privy-council to Charles II. In July 1660, he was sent ambassador to the court of France, and, in 1671, he was made lord-chamberlain of his majesty's household. He died January 2, 1683. Sir John Reresby asserts, that Lord St. Alban's was married to Queen Henrietta. "The abbess of an English college in Paris, whither the queen used to retire, would tell me," says Sir John, "that Lord Jermyn, since St. Alban's, had the queen greatly in awe of him; and indeed it was obvious that he had great interest with her concerns; but he was married to her, or had children by her, as some have reported, I did not then believe, though the thing was certainly so."—*Memoirs*, p. 4. [Pepys says, in his Diary, Dec. 21st, 1660:—"I hear that the Princess Royal hath married herself to young Jermyn, which is worse than the Duke of York's marrying the Chancellor's daughter, which is now publicly owned."] Madame Baviere, in her letters, says, "Charles the First's widow made a clandestine marriage with her *chevalier d'honneur*, Lord St. Alban's, who treated her extremely ill, so that, whilst she had not a faggot to warm herself, he had in his apartment a good fire and a sumptuous table. He never gave the queen a kind word

and when she spoke to him he used to say, *Que me veut cette femme?*" Hamilton hints at his selfishness a little lower.

Note 46, Page 106.

Dissipated without splendour an immense estate, upon which he had just entered.

"The Duke of Buckingham is again one hundred and forty thousand pounds in debt; and by this prorogation his creditors have time to tear all his lands to pieces."—*Andrew Marvell's Works*, 4to. edit., vol. i. p. 406.

Note 47, Page 106.

Sir George Berkeley.

This Sir George Berkeley, as he is here improperly called, was Charles Berkley, second son of Sir —— Berkley, of Bruton, in Gloucestershire, and was the principal favourite and companion of the Duke of York in all his campaigns. He was created Baron Berkley of Rathdown, and Viscount Fitzharding of Ireland, and Baron Bottetort and Earl of Falmouth in England, 17th March, 1664. He had the address to secure himself in the affections equally of the king and his brother at the same time. Lord Clarendon, who seems to have conceived, and with reason, a prejudice against him, calls him "a fellow of great wickedness," and says, "he was one in whom few other men (except the king) had ever observed any virtue or quality, which they did not wish their best friends without. He was young, and of an insatiable ambition; and a little more experience might have taught him all things which his weak parts were capable of." —*Clarendon's Life*, pp. 34, 267. Bishop Burnet, however, is rather more favourable. "Berkley," says he, "was generous in his expence; and it was thought if he had outlived the lewdness of that time, and come to a more sedate course of life, he would have put the king on great and noble designs."—*History*, vol. i. p. 137. He lost his life in the action at Southwold Bay, the 2nd June, 1665, by a shot, which, at the same time, killed Lord Muskerry and Mr. Boyle, as they were standing on the quarter-deck, near the Duke of York, who was covered with their blood. "Lord Falmouth," as King James observes, "died not worth a farthing, though not expensive."—*Macpherson's State Papers*, vol. i. "He was, however, lamented by the king with floods of tears, to the amazement of all who had seen how unshaken he stood on other assaults of fortune."—*Clarendon's Life*, p. 269. Even his death did not save him from Marvell's satire.

> Falmouth was there, I know not what to act,
> Some say, 'twas to grow duke too by contract;
> An untaught bullet, in his wanton scope,
> Dashes him all to pieces, and his hope:
> Such was his rise, such was his fall unpraised,—
> A chance shot sooner took him than chance raised;
> His shattered head the fearless duke disdains,
> And gave the last first proof that he had brains.
>
> *Advice to a Painter*, p. 1.

Note 48, Page 107.

The Earl of Arran.

Richard Butler, Earl of Arran, fifth son of James Butler, the first Duke of Ormond. He was born 15th July, 1639, and educated with great care, being taught every thing suitable to his birth, and the great affection his parents had for him. As he grew up, he distinguished himself by a brave and excellent disposition, which determined him to a military life. When the duke, his father, was first made lord-lieutenant of Ireland, after the Restoration, his majesty was pleased, by his letter, dated April 23, 1662, to create Lord Richard, Baron Butler of Cloghgrenan, Viscount Tullogh, in the county of Catherlough, and Earl of Arran, with remainder to his brother. In September, 1664, he married Lady Mary Stuart, only surviving daughter of James Duke of Richmond and Lennox, by Mary, the only daughter of the great Duke of Buckingham, who died in July, 1667, at the age of eighteen, and was interred at Kilkenny. He distinguished himself in reducing the mutineers at Carrick-Fergus, and behaved with great courage in the famous sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1673. In August that year, he was created Baron Butler of Weston, in the county of Huntingdon. He married, in the preceding June, Dorothy, daughter of John Ferrars, of Tamworth Castle, in Warwickshire, Esq. In 1682, he was constituted lord-deputy of Ireland, upon his father's going over to England, and held that office until August, 1684, when the duke returned. In the year 1686, he died at London, and was interred in Westminster-abbey, leaving an only daughter, Charlotte, who was married to Charles Lord Cornwallis.

Note 49, Page 107.

The Earl of Ossory.

Thomas Earl of Ossory, eldest son of the first, and father of the last Duke of Ormond, was born at Kilkenny, 8th July, 1634. At the age of twenty-one years he had so much distinguished himself, that Sir Robert Southwell then drew the following character of him :—"He is a young man with a very handsome face; a good head of hair; well set; very good-natured; rides the great horse very well; is a very good tennis-player, fencer, and dancer; understands music, and plays on the guitar and lute; speaks French elegantly; reads Italian fluently; is a good historian; and so well versed in romances, that if a gallery be full of pictures and hangings, he will tell the stories of all that are there described. He shuts up his door at eight o'clock in the evening, and studies till midnight: he is temperate, courteous, and excellent in all his behaviour."

[Evelyn, who became acquainted with the Earl of Ossory at Paris in 1649-50, records the following amusing anecdote in his diary :—"May 7th, 1650.—I went with Sir Richard Browne's lady and my wife, together with the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Ossory, and his brother, to Vamber, a place near the City famous for butter; when coming homewards, being on foot, a quarrel arose between Lord Ossory and a man in a garden, who thrust Lord Ossory from the gate with uncivil language, on which our young gallants struck the fellow on the pate, and bid him

ask pardon, which he did with much submission, and so we parted; but we were not gone far before we heard a noise behind us, and saw people coming with guns, swords, staves, and forks, and who followed flinging stones; on which we turned and were forced to engage, and with our swords, stones, and the help of our servants (one of whom had a pistol), made our retreat for near a quarter of a mile, when we took shelter in a house, where we were besieged, and at length forced to submit to be prisoners. Lord Hatton with some others were taken prisoners in the flight, and his lordship was confined under three locks, and as many doors, in this rude fellow's master's house, who pretended to be steward to Monsieur St. Germain, one of the Presidents of the Grand Chambre du Parlement, and a Canon of Notre Dame. Several of us were much hurt. One of our lacquies escaping to Paris, caused the bailiff of St. Germain to come with his guard and rescue us. Immediately afterwards came Monsieur St. Germain himself in great wrath on hearing that his housekeeper was assaulted; but when he saw the king's officers, the gentlemen and noblemen, with his Majesty's Resident, and understood the occasion, he was ashamed of the accident, requesting the fellow's pardon, and desiring the ladies to accept their submission and a supper at his house."

And again, May 12th.—"I have often heard that gallant gentleman, my Lord Ossory, affirm solemnly that in all the conflicts he ever was in, at sea or on land (in the most desperate of which he had often been), he believed he was never in so much danger as when these people rose against us. He used to call it the *battaile de Vambre*, and remember it with a great deal of mirth as an adventure *en cavalier*."]

His death was occasioned by a fever, 30th July, 1680, to the grief of his family and the public.

Note 50, Page 107.

The elder of the Hamiltons.

Lord Orford, in a note on this passage, mentions George Hamilton, and Anthony Hamilton, the author of this present work, as the persons here intended to be pointed out; and towards the conclusion of the volume has attempted to disentangle the confusion occasioned by the want of particularly distinguishing to which of the gentlemen the several adventures belong in which their name occurs. The elder Hamilton, however, here described, was, I conceive, neither George nor Anthony, but James Hamilton, their brother, eldest son of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of the Earl of Abercorn, by Mary Butler, third sister to James, the first duke of Ormond. This gentleman was a great favourite with King Charles II., who made him a groom of his bed-chamber, and colonel of a regiment. In an engagement with the Dutch, he had one of his legs taken off by a cannon-ball, of which wound he died 6th June, 1673, soon after he was brought home, and was buried in Westminster-abbey. George Hamilton was afterwards knighted, made a count in France, and mareschal-du-camp in that service. He married Miss Jennings, hereafter mentioned, and died, according to Lodge, in 1667, leaving issue by her, three daughters.

Note 51, Page 107

The beau Sydney.

Robert Sydney, the third son of the Earl of Leicester, and brother of the famous Algernon Sydney, who was beheaded. This is Lord Orford's account; though, no less authority, I should have been inclined to have considered Henry Sydney, his younger brother, who was afterwards created Earl of Rumney, and died 8th April, 1704, as the person intended. There are some circumstances which seem particularly to point to him. Burnet, speaking of him, says, "he was a graceful man, and *had lived long in the court, where he had some adventures that became very public.* He was a man of a sweet and caressing temper, had no malice in his heart, but too great a love of pleasure. He had been sent envoy to Holland in the year 1679, where he entered into such particular confidences with the prince, that he had the highest measure of his trust and favour that any Englishman ever had." — *Burnet's Own Times*, vol. ii. p. 494.

In the Essay on Satire, by Dryden and Mulgrave, he is spoken of in no very decent terms.

> 'And little Sid, for simile renown'd.
> Pleasure has always sought, but never found:
> Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
> His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
> The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;
> His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
> But sure we all mistake this pious man,
> Who mortifies his person all he can:
> What we uncharitably take for sin,
> Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
> For never hermit, under grave pretence,
> Has lived more contrary to common sense."

These verses, however, have been applied to Sir Charles Sedley, whose name was originally spelled Sidley. Robert Sydney died at Penshurst, 1674.

Note 52, Page 108.

The queen-dowager, his mistress, lived not over well in France.

To what a miserable state the queen was reduced may be seen in the following extract from De Retz.—"Four or five days before the king removed from Paris, I went to visit the Queen of England, whom I found in her daughter's chamber, who hath been since Duchess of Orleans. At my coming in she said, 'You see I am come to keep Henrietta company. The poor child could not rise to-day for want of a fire.' The truth is, that the cardinal for six months together had not ordered her any money towards her pension; that no trades-people would trust her for any thing; and that there was not at her lodgings in the Louvre one single billet. You will do me the justice to suppose, that the Princess of England did not keep her bed the next day for want of a faggot; but it was not this which the Princess of Condé meant in her letter. What she spoke about

was, that some days after my visiting the Queen of England, I remembered the condition I had found her in, and had strongly represented the shame of abandoning her in that manner, which caused the parliament to send 40,000 livres to her majesty. Posterity will hardly believe that a Princess of England, grand-daughter of Henry the Great, had wanted a faggot, in the month of January, to get out of bed in the Louvre, and in the eyes of a French court. We read in histories, with horror, of baseness less monstrous than this; and the little concern I have met with about it in most people's minds, has obliged me to make, I believe, a thousand times, this reflection,—that examples of times past move men beyond comparison more than those of their own times. We accustom ourselves to what we see; and I have sometimes told you, that I doubted whether Caligula's horse being made a consul would have surprised us so much as we imagine."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 261. As for the relative situation of the king and Lord Jermyn (afterwards St. Alban's), Lord Clarendon says, that the "Marquis of Ormond was compelled to put himself in prison, with other gentlemen, at a pistole a-week for his diet, and to walk the streets a-foot, which was no honourable custom in Paris, whilst the Lord Jermyn kept an excellent table for those who courted him, and had a coach of his own, and all other accommodations incident to the most full fortune: and if the king had the most urgent occasion for the use but of twenty pistoles, as sometimes he had, he could not find credit to borrow it, which he often had experiment of."—*History of the Rebellion*, vol. iii. p. 2.

Note 53, Page 108.

Jermyn.

Henry Jermyn, younger son of Thomas, elder brother of the Earl of St. Alban's. He was created Baron Dover in 1685, and died without children, at Cheveley, in Cambridgeshire, April 6, 1708. His corpse was carried to Bruges, in Flanders, and buried in the monastery of the Carmelites there. St. Evremont, who visited Mr. Jermyn at Cheveley, says, "we went thither, and were very kindly received by a person, who, though he has taken his leave of the court, has carried the civility and good taste of it into the country."—*St. Evremont's Works*, vol. ii. p. 223.

Note 54, Page 108.

The princess-royal was the first who was taken with him.

It was suspected of this princess to have had a similar engagement with the Duke of Buckingham as the queen with Jermyn, and that was the cause she would not see the duke on his second voyage to Holland, in the year 1652.

Note 55, Page 108.

The Countess of Castlemaine.

This lady who made so distinguished a figure in the annals of infamy, was Barbara, daughter and heir of William Villiers, Lord Viscount Grandison, of the kingdom of Ireland, who died in 1642, in consequence of wounds received at the battle of Edge-hill. She was married, just before

the Restoration, to Roger Palmer, Esq., then a student in the Temple, and heir to a considerable fortune. In the 13th year of King Charles II. he was created Earl of Castlemaine in the kingdom of Ireland. She had a daughter, born in February 1661, while she cohabited with her husband; but shortly after she became the avowed mistress of the king, who continued his connection with her until about the year 1672, when she was delivered of a daughter, which was supposed to be Mr. Churchill's, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and which the king disavowed. Her gallantries were by no means confined to one or two, nor were they unknown to his majesty. In the year 1670, she was created Baroness of Nonsuch, in Surrey, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland, during her natural life, with remainder to Charles and George Fitzroy, her eldest and third son, and their heirs male. In July 1705, her husband died, and she soon after married a man of desperate fortune, known by the name of Handsome Fielding, who behaving in a manner unjustifiably severe towards her, she was obliged to have recourse to law for her protection. Fortunately it was discovered that Fielding had already a wife living, by which means the duchess was enabled to free herself from his authority. She lived about two years afterwards, and died of a dropsy, on the 9th of October, 1709, in her 69th year. Bishop Burnet says, "she was a woman of great beauty, but most enormously vicious and ravenous; foolish, but imperious; very uneasy to the king, and always carrying on intrigues with other men, while yet she pretended she was jealous of him. His passion for her, and her strange behaviour towards him, did so disorder him, that often he was not master of himself, nor capable of minding business, which, in so critical a time, required great application."—*Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 129.

[The following amusing morceaux, extracted from Pepys, are highly illustrative:—"May 21st, 1662.—My wife and I to my lord's lodging; where she and I stayed walking in White Hall garden. And in the Privy garden saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them. Sarah told me how the king dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped every day and night the last week; and that the night the bonfires were made for joy of the queen's arrival, the king was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street; which was much observed: and that the king and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she, being with child, was said to be heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of doors, since the king's going."

"July 22nd, 1663.—In discourse of the ladies at court, Capt. Ferrers tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now as great again as ever she was; and that her going away was only a fit of her own upon some slighting words of the king, so that she called for her coach at a quarter of an hour's warning, and went to Richmond; and the king, the next morning, under pretence of going a hunting, went to see her and make friends, and never was a hunting at all. After which she came back to court, and commands the king as much as ever, and hath and doth what she will. No longer ago than last night, there was a private entertainment made

for the king and queen at the Duke of Buckingham's, and she was not invited: but being at my Lady Suffolk's, her aunt's (where my Lady Jemimah and Lord Sandwich dined), yesterday, she was heard to say, "Well, much good may it do them, and for all that I will be as merry as they:" and so she went home and caused a great supper to be prepared. And after the king had been with the queen at Wallingford House, he come to my Lady Castlemaine's, and was there all night, and my Lord Sandwich with him. He tells me he believes that, as soon as the king can get a husband for Mrs. Stewart, however, my Lady Castlemaine's nose will be out of joint; for that she comes to be in great esteem, and is more handsome than she."

"June 10th, 1666.—The queen, in ordinary talk before the ladies in her drawing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the king did take cold, by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence (though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning), but must stay somewhere else. The king then coming in and overhearing, did whisper in her ear aside, and told her she was a bold impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pall Mall, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the king to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The king sent to her, she must first come and view them: and so she come, and the king went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the king, and print his letters to her."

"Aug. 7th, 1667.—Though the king and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at White Hall, but at Sir D. Harvey's, whither the king goes to her; and he says she will make him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more so: and that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet-door, and hath nearly hectored him out of his wits."]

Note 56, Page 109.

Lady Shrewsbury.

Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, eldest daughter of Robert Brudenel, Earl of Cardigan, and wife of Francis, Earl of Shrewsbury, who was killed in a duel, by George, Duke of Buckingham, March 16, 1667. She afterwards re-married with George Rodney Bridges, Esq., second son of Sir Thomas Bridges of Keynsham, in Somersetshire, knight, and died April 20, 1702. By her second husband she had one son, George Rodney Bridges, who died in 1751. This woman is said to have been so abandoned, as to have held, in the habit of a page, her gallant, the duke's horse, while he fought and killed her husband; after which she went to bed with him, stained with her husband's blood.

[Pepys says, in his Diary, Jan. 17th, 1667-8.—"Much discourse of the duel yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes, and one

Jenkins, on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury, Sir John Talbot, and one Bernard Howard, on the other side: and all about my Lady Shrewsbury, who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barne-Elmes, and there fought: and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his arms; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded. This will make the world think that the king hath good counsellors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but that my Lady Castlemaine do rule all at this time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham: though this is a time that the king will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the king had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my Lord General to confine the duke, or take security that he should not do any such thing as fight: and the general trusted to the king that he, sending for him, would do it; and the king trusted to the general. And it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared, that he may die too; and that may make it much worse for the Duke of Buckingham: and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government."

And again, "May 15th, 1668.—I am told that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house; where his duchess saying that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, 'Why, madam, I did think so, and therefore have ordered your coach to be ready to carry you to your father's;' which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems."]

Note 57, Page 109.

The Miss Brooks.

One of these ladies married Sir John Denham, and is mentioned hereafter.

Note 58, Page 109.

The new queen gave but little additional brilliancy to the court.

Lord Clarendon confirms, in some measure, this account. "There was a numerous family of men and women, that were sent from Portugal, the most improper to promote that conformity in the queen that was necessary for her condition and future happiness that could be chosen; the women, for the most part, old, and ugly, and proud, incapable of any conversation with persons of quality and a liberal education: and they desired, and indeed had conspired so far to possess the queen themselves, that she should neither learn the English language, nor use their habit, nor depart from the manners and fashions of her own country in any particulars; which

resolution," they told, "would be for the dignity of Portugal, and would quickly induce the English ladies to conform to her majesty's practice. And this imagination had made that impression, that the tailor who had been sent into Portugal to make her clothes could never be admitted to see her, or receive any employment. Nor when she came to Portsmouth, and found there several ladies of honour and prime quality to attend her in the places to which they were assigned by the king, did she receive any of them till the king himself came; nor then with any grace, or the liberty that belonged to their places and offices. She could not be persuaded to be dressed out of the wardrobe that the king had sent to her, but would wear the clothes which she had brought, until she found that the king was displeased, and would be obeyed; whereupon she conformed, against the advice of her women, who continued their opiniatrety, without any one of them receding from their own mode, which exposed them the more to reproach."—*Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 168. In a short time after their arrival in England, they were ordered back to Portugal.

Note 59, Page 110.

Katherine of Braganza was far from appearing with splendour in the charming court where she came to reign; however, in the end she was pretty successful.

[Evelyn says, "May 30th, 1662.—The queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingals or guard-infantas, their complexions olivader, and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her foretop long and turned aside very strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest, and, though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough."]

Lord Clarendon says, "the queen had beauty and wit enough to make herself agreeable to him (the king;) and it is very certain, that, at their first meeting, and for some time after, the king had very good satisfaction in her."—"Though she was of years enough to have had more experience of the world, and of as much wit as could be wished, and of a humour very agreeable at some seasons, yet, she had been bred, according to the mode and discipline of her country, in a monastery, where she had only seen the women who attended her, and conversed with the religious who resided there; and, without doubt, in her inclinations, was enough disposed to have been one of that number: and from this restraint she was called out to be a great queen, and to a free conversation in a court that was to be upon the matter new formed, and reduced from the manners of a licentious age to the old rules and limits which had been observed in better times; to which regular and decent conformity the present disposition of men or women was not enough inclined to submit, nor the king enough disposed to exact."—*Continuation of Lord Clarendon's Life*, p. 167. After some struggle, she submitted to the king's licentious conduct, and from that time lived upon easy terms with him, until his death. On the 30th of March, 1692, she left Somerset-house, her usual residence, and retired to Lisbon, where she died 31st December, 1705, N. S.

NOTE 60, Page 110.

This princess.

"The Duchess of York," says Bishop Burnet, "was a very extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things. She soon understood what belonged to a princess, and took state on her rather too much. She writ well, and had begun the duke's life, of which she shewed me a volume. It was all drawn from his journal; and he intended to have employed me in carrying it on. She was bred in great strictness in religion, and practised secret confession. Morley told me he was her confessor. She began at twelve years old, and continued under his direction till, upon her father's disgrace, he was put from the court. She was generous and friendly, but was too severe an enemy."—*Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 237. She was contracted to the duke at Breda, November 24, 1659, and married at Worcester-house, 3rd September, 1660, in the night, between eleven and two, by Dr. Joseph Crowther, the duke's chaplain; the Lord Ossory giving her in marriage. —*Kennet's Register*, p. 246. She died 31st March, 1671, having previously acknowledged herself to be a Roman Catholic.—See also her character by Bishop Morley.—*Kennet's Register*, p. 385, 390.

NOTE 61, Page 110.

The Queen-dowager returned after the marriage of the Princess-royal.

Queen Henrietta Maria arrived at Whitehall, 2nd November, 1660, after nineteen years' absence. She was received with acclamations; and bonfires were lighted on the occasion, both in London and Westminster. She returned to France with her daughter, the Princess Henrietta, 2nd January, 1660-1. She arrived again at Greenwich, 28th July, 1662, and continued to keep her court in England, until July, 1665, when she embarked for France, "and took so many things with her," says Lord Clarendon, "that it was thought by many that she did not intend ever to return into England. Whatever her intentions at that time were, she never did see England again, though she lived many years after."—*Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 263. She died at Colombe, near Paris, in August, 1669; and her son, the Duke of York, pronounces this eulogium on her: "She excelled in all the good qualities of a good wife, of a good mother, and a good Christian."—*Macpherson's Original Papers*, vol. i.

NOTE 62, Page 112.

St. Evremond.

Charles de St. Dennis, Seigneur de St. Evremond, was born at St. Denis le Guast, in Lower Normandy, on the 1st of April, 1613. He was educated at Paris, with a view to the profession of the law; but he early quitted that pursuit, and went into the army, where he signalized himself on several occasions. At the time of the Pyrenean treaty, he wrote a letter censuring the conduct of Cardinal Mazarine, which occasioned his being banished France. He first took refuge in Holland; but, in 1662, he removed into England, where he continued, with a short interval, during the

rest of his life. In 1675, the Duchess of Mazarine came to reside in England; and with her St. Evremond passed much of his time. He preserved his health and cheerfulness to a very great age, and died 9th of September, 1703, aged ninety years, five months, and twenty days. His biographer, Monsieur Des Maizeaux, describes him thus:—"M. de St. Evremond had blue, lively, and sparkling eyes, a large forehead, thick eye-brows, a handsome mouth, and a sneering physiognomy. Twenty years before his death, a wen grew between his eye-brows, which in time increased to a considerable bigness. He once designed to have it cut off, but as it was no ways troublesome to him, and he little regarded that kind of deformity, Dr. Le Fevre advised him to let it alone, lest such an operation should be attended with dangerous symptoms in a man of his age. He would often make merry with himself on account of his wen, his great leather-cap, and his grey hair, which he chose to wear rather than a periwig." St. Evremond was a kind of Epicurean philosopher, and drew his own character in the following terms, in a letter to Count de Grammont:—"He was a philosopher equally removed from superstition and impiety; a voluptuary who had no less aversion from debauchery than inclination for pleasure; a man who had never felt the pressure of indigence, and who had never been in possession of affluence; he lived in a condition despised by those who have every thing, envied by those who have nothing, and relished by those who make their reason the foundation of their happiness. When he was young he hated profusion, being persuaded that some degree of wealth was necessary for the conveniences of a long life: when he was old, he could hardly endure economy, being of opinion that want is little to be dreaded when a man has but little time left to be miserable. He was well pleased with nature, and did not complain of fortune. He hated vice, was indulgent to frailties, and lamented misfortunes. He sought not after the failings of men with a design to expose them; he only found what was ridiculous in them for his own amusement: he had a secret pleasure in discovering this himself, and would, indeed, have had a still greater in discovering this to others, had he not been checked by discretion. Life, in his opinion, was too short to read all sorts of books, and to burden one's memory with a multitude of things, at the expense of one's judgment. He did not apply himself to the most learned writings, in order to acquire knowledge, but to the most rational, to fortify his reason: he sometimes chose the most delicate, to give delicacy to his own taste, and sometimes the most agreeable, to give the same to his own genius. It remains that he should be described, such as he was, in friendship and in religion. In friendship he was more constant than a philosopher, and more sincere than a young man of good nature without experience. With regard to religion, his piety consisted more in justice and charity than in penance or mortification. He placed his confidence in God, trusting in his goodness, and hoping that in the bosom of his providence he should find his repose and his felicity."—He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Note 63, Page 112.

Avoid love, by pursuing other pleasures; love has never been favourable to you.

"Saint Evremond and Bussi-Rabutin, who have also written on the life of the Count de Grammont, agree with Hamilton in representing him as a man less fortunate in love than at play; not seeking for any other pleasure in the conquest of a woman but that of depriving another of her; and not able to persuade any one of his passion, because he spoke to her, as at all other times, in jest; but cruelly revenging himself on those who refused to hear him; corrupting the servants of those whom they did favour, counterfeiting their hand-writing, intercepting their letters, disconcerting their rendezvous; in one word, disturbing their amours by every thing which a rival, prodigal, indefatigable, and full of artifice, can be imagined to do. The straightest ties of blood could not secure any one from his detraction. His nephew, the Count de Guiche, was a victim; he had, in truth, offended the Count de Grammont, by having supplanted him in the affection of the Countess de Fiesque, whom he loved afterwards for the space of twelve years. Here was enough to irritate the self-love of a man less persuaded of his own merit."

Hamilton does not describe the exterior of the count, but accuses Bussi-Rabutin of having, in the following description, given a more agreeable than faithful portrait of him:—"The Chevalier had laughing eyes, a well-formed nose, a beautiful mouth, a small dimple in the chin, which had an agreeable effect on his countenance, a certain delicacy in his physiognomy, and a handsome shape, if he had not stooped."

Note 64, Page 114.

D'Olonne.

Mademoiselle de la Loupe, who is mentioned in De Retz's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 95. She married the Count d'Olonne, and became famous for her gallantries, of which the Count de Bussi speaks so much, in his "History of the Amours of the Gauls." Her maiden name was Catherine Henrietta d'Angennes, and she was daughter to Charles d'Angennes, Lord of la Loupe, Baron of Amberville, by Mary du Raynier. There is a long character of her by St. Evremond, in his works, vol. i. p. 17. The same writer, mentioning the concern of some ladies for the death of the Duke of Candale, says, "But his true mistress (the Countess d'Olonne) made herself famous by the excess of her affliction, and had, in my opinion, been happy, if she had kept it on to the last. One amour is creditable to a lady; and I know not whether it be not more advantageous to their reputation than never to have been in love."—*St. Evremond's Works*, vol. ii. p. 24.

Note 65, Page 114.

The Countess de Fiesque.

This lady seems to have been the wife of the Count de Fiesque, who is mentioned by St. Evremond, as "fruitful in military chimeras; who, besides the post of lieutenant-general, which he had at Paris, obtained a parti-

cular commission for the beating up of the quarters, and other rash and sudden exploits, which may be resolved upon whilst one is singing the air of La Barre, or dancing a minuet."—*St. Evremond's Works*, vol. i. p. 6. The count's name occurs very frequently in De Retz's Memoirs.

Note 66, Page 115.

Mr. Jones, afterwards Earl of Ranelagh.

Richard, the first Earl of Ranelagh, was member of the English house of Commons, and vice-treasurer of Ireland, 1674. He held several offices under King William and Queen Anne, and died 5th January, 1711. Bishop Burnet says, "Lord Ranelagh was a young man of great parts, and as great vices: he had a pleasantness in his conversation that took much with the king; and had a great dexterity in business."—*Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 373.

Note 67, Page 116.

Amongst the queen's maids of honour there was one called Warmestre.

Lord Orford observes, that there is a family of the name of Warminster settled at Worcester, of which five persons are interred in the cathedral. One of them was dean of the church, and his epitaph mentions his attachment to the royal family. Miss Warminster, however, was probably a fictitious name. The last Earl of Arran, who lived only a short time after the period these transactions are supposed to have happened, asserted, that the maid of honour here spoken of was Miss Mary Kirk, sister of the Countess of Oxford, and who, three years after she was driven from court, married Sir Thomas Vernon, under the supposed character of a widow. It was not improbable she then assumed the name of Warminster. In the year 1669, the following is the list of the maids of honour to the queen:—1. Mrs. Simona Carew. 2. Mrs. Catherine Bainton. 3. Mrs. Henrietta Maria Price. 4. Mrs. Winifred Wells. The lady who had then the office of mother of the maids was Lady Saunderson.—See *Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia*, 1669, p. 301.

Note 68, Page 116.

Mrs. Middleton.

Mrs. Jane Middleton, according to Granger, was a woman of small fortune, but great beauty. Her portrait is in the gallery at Windsor.

Note 69, Page 117.

Miss Stewart.

Frances, Duchess of Richmond, daughter of Walter Stewart, son of Walter, Baron of Blantyre, and wife of Charles Stewart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox: a lady of exquisite beauty, if justly represented in a puncheon made by Roettiere, his majesty's engraver of the mint, in order to strike a medal of her, which exhibits the finest face that perhaps was ever seen. The king was supposed to be desperately in love with her;

and it became common discourse, that there was a design on foot to get him divorced from the queen, in order to marry this lady. [Pepys describes her as the greatest beauty he ever saw in his life: "With her cocked hat and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille;" and adds, "If ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the king changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."] Lord Clarendon was thought to have promoted the match with the Duke of Richmond, thereby to prevent the other design, which he imagined would hurt the king's character, embroil his affairs at present, and entail all the evils of a disputed succession on the nation. Whether he actually encouraged the Duke of Richmond's marriage, doth not appear; but it is certain that he was so strongly possessed of the king's inclination to a divorce, that, even after his disgrace, he was persuaded the Duke of Buckingham had undertaken to carry that matter through the parliament. It is certain too that the king considered him as the chief promoter of Miss Stewart's marriage, and resented it in the highest degree. The ceremony took place privately, and it was publicly declared in April, 1667. From one of Sir Robert Southwell's dispatches, dated Lisbon, December $\frac{2}{12}$, 1667, it appears that the report of the queen's intended divorce had not then subsided in her native country.—*History of the Revolutions of Portugal*, 1740, p. 352. The duchess became a widow in 1672, and died October 15, 1702. See *Burnet's History*, *Ludlow's Memoirs*, and *Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond*. A figure in wax of this duchess is still to be seen in Westminster Abbey.

Note 70, Page 118.

Mrs. Hyde.

Theodosia, daughter of Arthur, Lord Capel, first wife of Henry Hyde, the second Earl of Clarendon.

Note 71, Page 118.

Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer.

"There was a symmetry and elegance, as well as strength and agility, in the person of Jacob Hall, which was much admired by the ladies, who regarded him as a due composition of Hercules and Adonis. The open-hearted Duchess of Cleveland was said to have been in love with this rope-dancer and Goodman the player at the same time. The former received a salary from her grace."—*Granger*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 461.

Note 72, Page 119.

Thomas Howard, brother to the Earl of Carlisle.

Thomas Howard, fourth son of Sir William Howard. He married Mary, Duchess of Richmond, daughter of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and died 1678.—See *Mad. Dunois's Memoirs of the English Court*, 8vo., 1708.

Note 73, Page 119.

Spring-garden.

This place appears, from the description of its situation in the following extract, and in some ancient plans, to have been near Charing-cross, probably where houses are now built, though still retaining the name of gardens. The entertainments usually to be met with there are thus described by a contemporary writer: "The manner is, as the company returns (*i. e.* from Hyde-park), to alight at the Spring-garden, so called in order to the parke, as our Thuilleries is to the course: the inclosure not disagreeable, for the solemness of the grove, the warbling of the birds, and *as it opens into the spacious walks at St. James's;* but the company walk in it at such a rate, you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas contending with their wooers; and, my lord, there was no appearance that I should prove Hippomenes, who could with much ado keep pace with them: but as fast as they run, they stay there so long as if they wanted not time to finish the race; for it is usual here to find some of the young company till midnight; and the thickets of the garden seem to be contrived to all advantages of gallantry, after they have refreshed with the collation, which is here seldom omitted, at a certain cabaret, in the middle of this paradise, where the forbidden fruits are certain trifling tarts, neats' tongues, salicious meats, and bad Rhenish, for which the gallants pay sauce, as indeed they do at all such houses throughout England; for they think it a piece of frugality beneath them to bargain or account for what they eat in any place, however unreasonably imposed upon."—*Character of England*, 12mo., 1659, p. 56, written, it is said, by John Evelyn, Esq. Spring-garden is the scene of intrigue in many of our comedies of this period.

Note 74, Page 121.

This was Montagu.

Ralph Montagu, second son of Edward, Lord Montagu. He was master of the horse to the queen, and, in 1669, was sent ambassador extraordinary to France; on his return from whence, in January, 1672, he was sworn of the privy-council. He afterwards became master of the great wardrobe, and was sent a second time to France. He took a very decided part in the prosecution of the popish plot, in 1678; but on the sacrifice of his friend, Lord Russell, he retired to Montpelier during the rest of King Charles's reign. He was active at the Revolution, and soon after created Viscount Monthermer, and Earl of Montagu. In 1705, he became Marquis of Monthermer, and Duke of Montagu. He died 7th March, 1709, in his 73rd year, leaving behind him the character of a very indulgent parent, a kind and bountiful master, a very hearty friend, a noble patron of men of merit, and a true assertor of English liberty.

Note 75, Page 122.

Miss Hamilton.

Elizabeth, sister of the author of these Memoirs, and daughter of Sir George Hamilton, fourth son of James, the first Earl of Abercorn, by

Mary, third daughter of Thomas, Viscount Thurles, eldest son of Walter, eleventh Earl of Ormond, and sister to James, the first Duke of Ormond. She married Philibert, Count of Grammont, the hero of these Memoirs, by whom she had two daughters: Claude Charlotte, married, 3rd April, 1694, to Henry, Earl of Stafford; and another, who became superior, or abbess, of the Chanonesses in Lorraine.

Note 76, Page 125.

Lady Muskerry.

Lady Margaret, only child of Ulick, fifth Earl of Clanricarde, by Lady Anne Compton, daughter of William, Earl of Northampton, She was three times married:—1. To Charles, Lord Viscount Muskerry, who lost his life in the great sea-fight with the Dutch, 3rd June, 1665. 2. In 1676, to Robert Villiers, called Viscount Purbeck, who died in 1685. 3. To Robert Fielding, Esq. She died in August, 1698. Lord Orford, by mistake, calls her Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Kildare.—See note 149.

Note 77, Page 125.

Miss Blague.

It appears, by *Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia*, 1669, that this lady, or perhaps her sister, continued one of the duchess's maids of honour at that period. The list, at that time, was as follows:—1. Mrs. Arabella Churchill. 2. Mrs. Dorothy Howard. 3. Mrs. Anne Ogle. 4. Mrs. Mary Blague. The mother of the maids then was Mrs. Lucy Wise. Miss Blague performed the part of Diana, in Crown's Calisto, acted at court in 1675, and was then styled late maid of honour to the *queen*. Lord Orford, however, it should be observed, calls her Henrietta Maria, daughter of Colonel Blague. It appears, she became the wife of Sir Thomas Yarborough, of Snaith, in Yorkshire. She was also, he says, sister of the wife of Sydney, Lord Godolphin. That nobleman married, according to Collins, in his peerage, Margaret, at that time maid of honour to Katherine, Queen of England, fourth daughter, and one of the co-heirs of Thomas Blague, Esq., groom of the bed-chamber to Charles I. and Charles II., colonel of a regiment of foot, and governor of Wallingford during the civil wars, and governor of Yarmouth and Landguard Fort, after the Restoration.

Note 78, Page 129.

Prince Rupert.

Grandson of James the First, whose actions during the civil wars are well known. He was born 19th December, 1619, and died at his house in Spring Gardens, November 22, 1682. Lord Clarendon says of him, that "he was rough and passionate, and loved not debate; liked what was proposed, as he liked the persons who proposed it; and was so great an enemy to Digby and Colepepper, who were only present in the debates of the war with the officers, that he crossed all they proposed."—*History of the Rebellion*, vol. ii. p. 554. He is supposed to have invented the art of mezzotinto.—See note 151.

NOTE 79, Page 129.

Lord Thanet.

This nobleman, I believe, was John Tufton, second Earl of Thanet, who died 6th May, 1664. Lord Orford, however, imagines him to have been Nicholas Tufton, the third Earl of Thanet, his eldest son, who died 24th November, 1679. Both these noblemen suffered much for their loyalty.

NOTE 80, Page 130.

Young wild boar's eyes.

Marcassin is French for a wild boar; the eyes of this creature being remarkably small and lively, from thence the French say, "Des yeux marcassins," to signify *little, though roguish eyes;* or, as we say, *pig's eyes.*

NOTE 81, Page 131.

Miss Price, one of the maids of honour to the duchess.

Our author's memory here fails him; Miss Price was maid of honour to the queen. Mr. Granger says, "There was a Lady Price, a fine woman, who was daughter of Sir Edmund Warcup," concerning whom, see *Wood's Fasti Oxon.* ii. 184. Her father had the vanity to think that Charles II. would marry her, though he had then a queen. There were letters of his wherein he mentioned, that "his daughter was one night and t'other with the king, and very graciously received by him."—*Granger*, vol. iv. p. 338.

NOTE 82, Page 132.

Duncan.

I believe this name should be written Dongan. Lord Orford says, of this house were the ancient earls of Limerick.

NOTE 83, Page 135.

Duchess of Newcastle.

[Pepys, in his Diary, April 11th, 1667, says:—"To Whitehall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle coming this night to court to make a visit to the queen, the king having been with her yesterday to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in an antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, 'The Humorous Lovers,' the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her lord mightily pleased with it; and she at the end made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to court, that people may come to see her, as if it were the Queen of Sweden; but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night."]

This fantastic lady, as Lord Orford properly calls her, was the young-

est daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and had been one of the maids of honour to Charles the First's queen, whom she attended when forced to leave England. At Paris she married the Duke of Newcastle, and continued in exile with him until the Restoration. After her return to England, she lived entirely devoted to letters, and published many volumes of plays, poems, letters, &c. She died in 1673, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Lord Orford says, there is a whole length of this duchess at Welbeck, in a theatric dress, which, tradition says, she generally wore. She had always a maid of honour in waiting during the night, who was often called up to register the duchess's conceptions. These were all of a literary kind; for her grace left no children.

NOTE 84, Page 137

The uncle.

John Russel, third son of Francis, the fourth Earl of Bedford, and colonel of the first regiment of foot guards. He died unmarried, in November, 1681.

NOTE 85, Page 137.

The nephew.

William, eldest son of Edward Russel, younger brother of the above John Russel. He was standard-bearer to Charles II., and died unmarried, 1674. He was elder brother to Russel, Earl of Orford.

NOTE 86, Page 140.

Henry Howard.

This was Henry Howard, brother to Thomas, Earl of Arundel, who, by a special Act of Parliament, in 1664, was restored to the honours of the family, forfeited by the attainder of his ancestor, in the time of Queen Elizabeth. On the death of his brother, in 1677, he became Duke of Norfolk, and died January 11, 1683-4, at his house in Arundel-street, aged 55.

NOTE 87, Page 141.

Toulongeon will die without my assistance.

Count de Toulongeon was elder brother to Count Grammont, who, by his death, in 1679, became, according to St. Evremond, on that event, one of the richest noblemen at court.—See *St. Evremond's Works*, vol. ii. p. 237.

NOTE 88, Page 141.

Semeat.

A country seat belonging to the family of the Grammonts.

Note 89, Page 142.

He was extremely handsome.

George Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, was born 30th January, 1627. Lord Orford observes, "When this extraordinary man, with the figure and genius of Alcibiades, could equally charm the presbyterian Fairfax and the dissolute Charles; when he alike ridiculed that witty king and his solemn chancellor; when he plotted the ruin of his country with a cabal of bad ministers, or, equally unprincipled, supported its cause with bad patriots,—one laments that such parts should have been devoid of every virtue; but when Alcibiades turns chemist; when he is a real bubble and a visionary miser; when ambition is but a frolic; when the worst designs are for the foolishest ends,—contempt extinguishes all reflection on his character.

"The portrait of this duke has been drawn by four masterly hands. Burnet has hewn it out with his rough chisel; Count Hamilton touched it with that slight delicacy that finishes while it seems but to sketch; Dryden catched the living likeness; Pope completed the historical resemblance."—*Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. ii. p. 78.

Of these four portraits, the second is in the text; the other three will complete the character of this extraordinary nobleman.

Bishop Burnet says, he "was a man of noble presence. He had a great liveliness of wit, and a peculiar faculty of turning all things into ridicule, with bold figures, and natural descriptions. He had no sort of literature, only he was drawn into chymistry; and for some years he thought he was very near the finding the philosopher's stone, which had the effect that attends on all such men as he was, when they are drawn in, to lay out for it. He had no principles of religion, virtue, or friendship; pleasure, frolic, or extravagant diversion was all that he laid to heart. He was true to nothing; for he was not true to himself. He had no steadiness nor conduct; he could keep no secret, nor execute any design without spoiling it. He could never fix his thoughts, nor govern his estate, though then the greatest in England. He was bred about the king, and for many years he had a great ascendant over him; but he spake of him to all persons with that contempt, that at last he drew a lasting disgrace upon himself. And he at length ruined both body and mind, fortune and reputation equally. The madness of vice appeared in his person in very eminent instances; since at last he became contemptible and poor, sickly, and sunk in his parts, as well as in all other respects; so that his conversation was as much avoided as ever it had been courted."—*Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 137.

Dryden's character of him is in these lines:—

> "In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
> A man so various that he seemed to be
> Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
> Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
> Was every thing by starts, and nothing long,
> But, in the course of one revolving moon,
> Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;

Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman, who could every hour employ
With something new to wish or to enjoy!
Railing and praising were his usual themes,
And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes;
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was god or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
He had his jest, and they had his estate:
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left."

Absalom and Achitophel.

Pope describes the last scene of this nobleman's life in these lines:—

"In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw;
The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies:—alas! how chang'd from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Clieveden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or, just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic'd statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit, to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousand ends."

Moral Essays, Epist. iii. l. 299.

He died 16th April, 1688, at the house of a tenant, at Kirby Moorside, near Helmsly, in Yorkshire, aged 61 years, and was buried in Westminster-abbey.

Though this note is already long, the reader will hardly complain at an extension of it, by the addition of one more character of this licentious nobleman, written by the able pen of the author of Hudibras. "The Duke of Bucks is one that has studied the whole body of vice. His parts are disproportionate to the whole, and, like a monster, he has more of some, and less of others, than he should have. He has pulled down all that nature raised in him, and built himself up again after a model of his own. He has dammed up all those lights that nature made into the

noblest prospects of the world, and opened other little blind loop-holes backward, by turning day into night, and night into day. His appetite to his pleasures is diseased and crazy, like the pica in a woman, that longs to eat that which was never made for food, or a girl in the green sickness, that eats chalk and mortar. Perpetual surfeits of pleasure have filled his mind with bad and vicious humours (as well as his body with a nursery of diseases), which makes him affect new and extravagant ways, as being sick and tired with the old. Continual wine, women, and music, put false values upon things, which, by custom, become habitual, and debauch his understanding so, that he retains no right notion nor sense of things. And as the same dose of the same physic has no operation on those that are much used to it, so his pleasures require a larger proportion of excess and variety, to render him sensible of them. He rises, eats, and goes to bed by the Julian account, long after all others that go by the new style, and keeps the same hours with owls and the antipodes. He is a great observer of the Tartar customs, and never eats till the great cham, having dined, makes proclamation that all the world may go to dinner. He does not dwell in his house, but haunts it like an evil spirit, that walks all night, to disturb the family, and never appears by day. He lives perpetually benighted, runs out of his life, and loses his time as men do their ways in the dark: and as blind men are led by their dogs, so is he governed by some mean servant or other, that relates to his pleasures. He is as inconstant as the moon which he lives under; and although he does nothing but advise with his pillow all day, he is as great a stranger to himself as he is to the rest of the world. His mind entertains all things very freely that come and go, but, like guests and strangers, they are not welcome if they stay long. This lays him open to all cheats, quacks, and impostors, who apply to every particular humour while it lasts, and afterwards vanish. Thus, with St. Paul, though in a different sense, he dies daily, and only lives in the night. He deforms nature, while he intends to adorn her, like Indians that hang jewels in their lips and noses. His ears are perpetually drilled with a fiddlestick. He endures pleasures with less patience than other men do their pains."—*Butler's Posthumous Works*, vol. ii. p. 72.

[Pepys, in speaking of the release of the duke after his imprisonment in the Tower for high treason, says: "July 17th, 1667. The Duke of Buckingham is, it seems, set at liberty without any further charge against him or other clearing of him, but let to go out; which is one of the strangest instances of the fool's play, with which all publick things are done in this age, that is to be apprehended. And it is said that when he was charged with making himself popular (as indeed he is, for many of the discontented Parliament, Sir Robert Howard, and Sir Thomas Meres, and others, did attend at the council-chamber when he was examined), he should answer, that whoever was committed to prison by my Lord Chancellor or my Lord Arlington, could not want being popular. But it is worth considering the ill state a minister of state is in, under such a prince as ours is; for, undoubtedly, neither of those two great men would have been so fierce against the Duke of Buckingham at the council-table the other day, had they been assured of the king's good liking, and

supporting them therein: whereas, perhaps at the desire of my Lady Castlemaine (who, I suppose, hath at last overcome the king), the Duke of Buckingham is well received again, and now these men delivered up to the interest he can make for his revenge."

Pepys also relates the following anecdote of him:—"July 22nd, 1667. Creed tells me of the fray between the Duke of Buckingham (at the duke's playhouse the last Saturday) and Henry Killigrew, whom the Duke of Buckingham did soundly beat and take away his sword, and make a fool of, till the fellow prayed him to spare his life; and I am glad of it, for it seems in this business the Duke of Buckingham did carry himself very innocently and well, and I wish he had paid this fellow's coat well.]

Note 90, Page 143.

Lord Arlington.

Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, principal secretary of state, and lord-chamberlain to King Charles II.: a nobleman whose practices, during that reign, have not left his character free from reproach. Mr. Macpherson says of him, that he "supplied the place of extensive talents by an artful management of such as he possessed. Accommodating in his principles, and easy in his address, he pleased when he was known to deceive; and his manner acquired to him a kind of influence where he commanded no respect. He was little calculated for bold measures, on account of his natural timidity; and that defect created an opinion of his moderation that was ascribed to virtue. His facility to adopt new measures was forgotten in his readiness to acknowledge the errors of the old. The deficiency of his integrity was forgiven in the decency of his dishonesty. Too weak not to be superstitious, yet possessing too much sense to own his adherence to the church of Rome, he lived a Protestant in his outward profession, but he died a Catholic. Timidity was the chief characteristic of his mind; and that being known, he was even commanded by cowards. He was the man of the least genius of the party; but he had most experience in that slow and constant current of business, which, perhaps, suits affairs of state better than the violent exertions of men of grea parts."—*Original Papers*, vol. i. Lord Arlington died July 28, 1685 See a character of him in Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's Works.

Note 91, Page 144.

He sent to Holland for a wife.

This lady was Isabella, daughter to Lewis de Nassau, Lord Beverwaert, son to Maurice, Prince of Orange, and Count Nassau. By her, Lord Arlington had an only daughter, named Isabella, who married, August 1, 1672, Henry, Earl of Euston, son to King Charles II., by Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, created afterwards Duke of Grafton; and, after his death, to Sir Thomas Hanmer, Bart. She assisted at the coronation of King George I., as Countess of Arlington, in her own right, and died February 7, 1722-3

NOTE 92, Page 144.

Hamilton was, of all the courtiers, the best qualified, &c.

Lord Orford says, this was George Hamilton; but it evidently refers to James Hamilton, the eldest brother, already mentioned at p. 107 and note 50. The whole of the adventures in this book in which the Hamiltons are introduced, evidently relate but to two, James and George; what belongs to each is most clearly and distinctly pointed out by the author.

NOTE 93, Page 145.

She was daughter to the Duke of Ormond.

And second wife of the Earl of Chesterfield. She survived the adventures here related a very short time, dying in July, 1665, at the age of twenty-five years.

NOTE 94, Page 145.

The queen was given over by her physicians.

This happened in October, 1663. Lord Arlington, in a letter to the Duke of Ormond, dated the 17th of that month, says, "the condition of the queen is much worse, and the physicians give us but little hopes of her recovery: by the next you will hear she is either in a fair way to it, or dead: to-morrow is a very critical day with her: God's will be done. The king coming to see her this morning, she told him she willingly left all the world but him; which hath very much afflicted his majesty, and all the court with him."—*Brown's Miscellanea Aulica*, 1702, p. 306.

NOTE 95, Page 146.

The Thames washes the sides of a large though not a magnificent palace of the kings of Great Britain.

This was Whitehall, which was burnt down, except the banqueting-house, 4th January, 1698.—See *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. vi. p. 367.

NOTE 96, Page 148.

Monsieur de Comminge.

This gentleman was ambassador in London, from the court of France, during the years 1663, 1664, and 1665. Lord Clarendon, speaking of him, describes him as something capricious in his nature, which made him hard to treat with, and not always vacant at the hours himself assigned; being hypochondriac, and seldom sleeping without opium.—*Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 263.

NOTE 97, Page 148.

Hyde Park, every one knows, is the promenade of London.

The writer already quoted gives this description of the entertainments of this place, at this period:—

"I did frequently, in the spring, accompany my lord N—— into a field near the town, which they call Hide Park; the place not unpleasant, and which they use as our Course; but with nothing of that order, equipage, and splendour; being such an assembly of wretched jades, and hackney coaches, as, next a regiment of carr-men, there is nothing approaches the resemblance. This parke was (it seemes) used by the late king and nobility for the freshness of the air, and the goodly prospect; but it is that which now (besides all other excises) they pay for here, in England, though it be free in all the world besides; every coach and horse which enters buying his mouthful, and permission of the publicane who has purchased it; for which the entrance is guarded with porters and long staves."—*A Character of England, as it was lately presented to a Nobleman of France*, 12mo. 1659, p. 54.

Note 98, Page 148.

Coaches with glasses.

Coaches were first introduced into England in the year 1564. Taylor, the water poet (*Works*, 1630, p. 240), says,—"One William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither; and the said Boonen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman; for, indeed, a coach was a strange monster in those days, and the sight of them put both horse and man into amazement." Dr. Percy observes, they were first drawn by two horses, and that it was the favourite Buckingham, who, about 1619, began to draw with six horses. About the same time, he introduced the sedan. *The Ultimum Vale of John Carleton*, 4to. 1663, p. 23, will, in a great measure, ascertain the time of the introduction of glass coaches. He says, "I could wish her (*i.e.* Mary Carleton's) coach (which she said my lord Taff bought for her in England, and sent it over to her, made of *the new fashion, with glasse*, very stately; and her pages and acquies were of the same livery), was come for me," &c. *For further information on the history of coaches, see that very interesting work Beckmann's History of Inventions*, new edition, in *Bohn's Standard Library*.

Note 99, Page 152.

The Prince of Condé besieged Lerida.

This was in 1647. Voltaire says "he, Condé, was accused, upon this occasion, in certain books, of a bravado, in having opened the trenches to the music of violins; but these writers were ignorant that this was the custom of Spain."—*Age of Lewis XIV.*, chap. 2.

Note 100, Page 152.

Marshal de Grammont.

Anthony, maréchal of France. He appears to have quitted the army in 1672. "Le Duc de la Feuillade est colonel du regiment des gardes sur la demission volontaire du Maréchal de Grammont."—*Henault's History of France.* He died 1678.

NOTE 101, Page 157.

Description of Lord Chesterfield.

Philip, the second Earl of Chesterfield. He was constituted, in 1662, lord-chamberlain to the queen, and colonel of a regiment of foot, June 13, 1667. On November 29, 1679, he was appointed lord-warden and chief-justice of the king's forests on this side Trent, and sworn of the privy-council, January 26, 1680. On November 6, 1682, he was made colonel of the third regiment of foot, which, with the rest of his preferments, he resigned on the accession of James II. He lived to the age of upwards of 80, and died, January 28, 1713, at his house in Bloomsbury-square.

NOTE 102, Page 162.

The Duke of York's marriage.

The material facts in this narrative are confirmed by Lord Clarendon. —*Continuation of his Life*, p. 33. It is difficult to speak of the persons concerned in this infamous transaction without some degree of asperity, notwithstanding they are, by a strange perversion of language, styled, *all men of honour*.

NOTE 103, Page 167.

Lady Carnegy.

Anne, daughter of William, Duke of Hamilton, and wife of Robert Carnegy, Earl of Southesk.

NOTE 104, Page 168.

Talbot.

Afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel. See note on p. 98.

NOTE 105, Page 169.

The traitor Southesk meditated a revenge.

Bishop Burnet, taking notice of the Duke of York's amours, says, "A story was set about, and generally believed, that the Earl of Southesk, that had married a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, suspecting some familiarities between the duke and his wife, had taken a sure method to procure a disease to himself, which he communicated to his wife, and was, by that means, sent round till it came to the duchess. Lord Southesk was, for some years, not ill pleased to have this believed. It looked like a peculiar strain of revenge, with which he seemed much delighted. But I know he has, to some of his friends, denied the whole of the story very solemnly."—*Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 395, Oxford, 1823. It is worthy of notice, that the passage in the text was omitted in most editions of Grammont, and retained in that of Strawberry-hill, in 1772.

Note 106, Page 170.

Lady Robarts.

Lord Orford says, this lady was Sarah, daughter of John Bodville, of Bodville Castle, in Caernarvonshire, wife of Robert Robarts, who died in the lifetime of his father, and was eldest son of John, Earl of Radnor. This, however, may be doubted. There was no Earl of Radnor until the year 1679, which was after the date of most, if not all the transactions related in this work; consequently, no other person, who could be called Lord Robarts, than John, the second lord, who was created Earl of Radnor, with whose character several of the qualities here enumerated, particularly his age, moroseness, &c., will be found to agree. Supposing this to be admitted, the lady will be Isabella, daughter of Sir John Smith, knight, second wife of the above John, Lord Robarts, whose character is thus portrayed by Lord Clarendon:—"Though of a good understanding, he was of so morose a nature, that it was no easy matter to treat with him. He had some pedantic parts of learning, which made his other parts of judgment the worse. He was naturally proud and imperious, which humour was increased by an ill education; for, excepting some years spent in the inns of court, he might very justly be said to have been born and bred in Cornwall. When lord deputy in Ireland, he received the information of the chief persons there so negligently, and gave his answers so scornfully, that they besought the king that they might not be obliged to attend him any more: but he was not a man that was to be disgraced and thrown off without much inconvenience and hazard. He had parts, which, in council and parliament, were very troublesome; for, of all men alive, who had so few friends, he had the most followers. They who conversed most with him knew him to have many humours which were very intolerable; they who were but little acquainted with him took him to be a man of much knowledge, and called his morosity gravity."—*Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 102.

Note 107, Page 171.

The Earl of Bristol.

George Digby. The account here given of the practices of this nobleman receives confirmation from Lord Clarendon, who observes of him, "that he had left no way unattempted to render himself gracious to the king, by saying and doing all that might be acceptable unto him, and contriving such meetings and jollities as he was pleased with."—*Continuation of his Life*, p. 208. Lord Orford says of him, that "his life was one contradiction. He wrote against popery, and embraced it; he was a zealous opposer of the court, and a sacrifice to it; was conscientiously converted in the midst of his prosecution of Lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prosecutor of Lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery, he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke for the Test Act, though a Roman Catholic, and addicted himself to astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy."—*Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, vol. ii. p. 25.

The histories of England abound with the adventures of this inconsistent nobleman, who died, neither loved nor regretted by any party, in the year 1676.

Note 108, Page 172.

Sir John Denham.

That Sir John Denham "had passed his youth in the midst of those pleasures which people at that age indulge in without restraint," all his biographers seem to admit; but, if our author is to be relied on, Wood's account of the date of his birth, 1615, must be erroneous. He was not loaded with years when he died, if that statement is true; and so far from being seventy-nine when he married Miss Brook, he had not attained the age of more than fifty-three when he died. In this particular, I am inclined to doubt the accuracy of Wood, who omits to mention that Sir John had a former wife, by whom he had a daughter. In the year 1667, he appears to have been a lunatic, either real or feigned. Lord Lisle, in a letter to Sir William Temple, dated September 26th, says,—"Poor Sir John Denham is fallen to the ladies also. He is at many of the meetings at dinners, talks more than ever he did, and is extremely pleased with those that seem willing to hear him, and, from that obligation, exceedingly praises the Duchess of Monmouth and my Lady Cavendish. If he had not the name of being mad, I believe, in most companies, he would be thought wittier than ever he was. He seems to have few extravagancies besides that of telling stories of himself, which he is always inclined to. Some of his acquaintance say, that extreme vanity was the cause of his madness, as well as it is an effect."—*Temple's Works*, vol. i. p. 484. In Butler's Posthumous Works, vol. ii. p. 155, is an abuse of Sir John Denham, under the title of "A Panegyric upon his recovery from his madness." Sir John died 19th March, 1668, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

[Aubrey relates the following anecdotes of him:—"I have heard Mr. Joseph Howe say that he was the dreamingest young fellow; he never expected such things from him as he hath left the world. When he was at Trinity College, Oxford, he would game extremely; when he had played away all his money, he would play away his father's wrought caps with gold. (His father was Sir John Denham, one of the Barons of the Exchequer; he had been one of Lords Justices in Ireland.) From Trinity College he went to Lincoln's Inn, where (as Judge Wadham Wyndham, who was his countryman, told me) he was as good a student as any in the house. Was not supposed to be a wit. At last, viz. 1640, his play of 'The Sophe' came out, which did take extremely. Mr. Edmund Waller said then of him, that he broke out like the Irish Rebellion—threescore thousand strong, when nobody suspected it. He was much rooked by gamesters, and fell acquainted with that unsanctified crew to his ruin. His father had some suspicion of it, and chid him severely; whereupon his son John (only child) wrote a little Essay, printed in 8vo., 'Against Gaming,' to shew the vanities and inconveniences of it, which he presented to his father, to let him know his detestation of it; but shortly after

his father's death (who left 2,000 or 1,500 lib. in ready money, two houses well furnished, and much plate), the money was played away first, and next the plate was sold. I remember, about 1646, he lost 200 lib. one night at New Cut. Miss Brooks was his second wife, a very beautiful young lady, Sir John being ancient and limping. The Duke of York fell deeply in love with her, and this occasioned Sir John's distemper of madness, which first appeared when he went from London to see the famous free-stone quarries at Portland, in Dorset. When he came within a mile of it, he turned back to London again, and would not see it; he went to Hounslow, and demanded rents of lands he had sold many years before; went to the king and told him he was the Holy Ghost; but it pleased God that he was cured of this distemper, and wrote excellent verses, particularly on the death of Mr. Abraham Cowley, afterwards. One time, when he was a student of Lincoln's Inn, having been merry at the tavern with his comrades, late at night, a frolic came into his head, to get a plasterer's brush and a pot of ink, and blot out all the signs between Temple Bar and Charing Cross, which made a strange confusion the next day, and it was in Term time. But it happened that they were discovered, and it cost him and them some moneys. This I had from R. Estcourt, Esq., that carried the ink-pot. In the time of the civil wars, George Withers, the poet, begged Sir John Denham's estate of the Parliament, in whose cause he was a captain of horse. It happened that G. W. was taken prisoner, and was in danger of his life, having written severely against the king, &c. Sir John Denham went to the king, and desired his Majesty not to hang him, for that whilst G. W. lived, he should not be the worst poet in England."]

Note 109, Page 189.

Rochester.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester; "a man," as Lord Orford observes, "whom the muses were fond to inspire, and ashamed to avow; and who practised, without the least reserve, that secret which can make verses more read for their defects than for their merits" (*Noble Authors*, vol. ii. p. 43); was born, according to Burnet and Wood, in the month of April, 1648; but Gladbury, in his almanac for 1695, fixes the date on April 1, 1647, from the information of Lord Rochester himself. His father was Henry, Earl of Rochester, better known by the title of Lord Wilmot. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and, in 1665, went to sea with the Earl of Sandwich, and displayed a degree of valour which he never shewed at any period afterwards. Bishop Burnet says, he "was naturally modest, till the court corrupted him. His wit had in it peculiar brightness, to which none could ever arrive. He gave himself up to all sorts of extravagance, and to the wildest frolics that wanton wit could devise. He would have gone about the streets as a beggar, and made love as a porter. He set up a stage as an Italian mountebank. [For a copy of his speech on this occasion, see note 142.] He was for some years always drunk; and was ever doing some mischief. The king loved his company, for the diversion it afforded, better than his person; and there was no love lost between them. He took his revenges in many libels. He found out a

footman that knew all the court; and he furnished him with a red coat and a musket, as a sentinel, and kept him all the winter long, every night, at the doors of such ladies as he believed might be in intrigues. In the court, a sentinel is little minded, and is believed to be posted by a captain of the guards to hinder a combat; so this man saw who walked about and visited at forbidden hours. By this means Lord Rochester made many discoveries; and when he was well furnished with materials, he used to retire into the country for a month or two to write libels. Once, being drunk, he intended to give the king a libel he had writ on some ladies, but, by mistake, he gave him one written on himself. He fell into an ill habit of body, and, in set fits of sickness, he had deep remorses, for he was guilty both of much impiety and of great immoralities. But as he recovered, he threw these off, and turned again to his former ill courses. In the last year of his life, I was much with him, and have writ a book of what passed between him and me: I do verily believe, he was then so changed, that, if he had recovered, he would have made good all his resolutions."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 372. On this book, mentioned by the bishop, Dr. Johnson pronounces the following eulogium:—that it is one "which the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety. It were an injury to the reader to offer him an abridgment."—*Life of Lord Rochester*. [Pepys gives the following account of Lord Rochester's run-away match. May 28, 1665. "To my Lady Sandwiche's, where, to my shame, I had not been a great while. Here, upon my telling her a story of my Lord of Rochester's running away on Friday night last with Mrs. Mallett, the great beauty and fortune of the north, who had supped at White Hall with Mrs. Stewart, and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Hally, by coach; and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse and footmen, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my Lord of Rochester (for whom the king had spoke to the lady often, but with no success) was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the king mighty angry, and the lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon my lady did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story. For if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchingbroke stands fair, and is invited for her. She is worth, and will be at her mother's death (who keeps but little from her), 2,500*l.* per annum."] Lord Rochester died July 26, 1680.

NOTE 110, Page 189.

Middlesex.

At this time the Earl of Middlesex was Lionel, who died in 1674. The person intended by our author was Charles, then Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Middlesex, and, lastly, Duke of Dorset. He was born January 24, 1637. Bishop Burnet says, he "was a generous, good-natured man. He was so oppressed with phlegm, that, till he was a little heated with wine, he scarce ever spoke; but he was, upon that exaltation,

a very lively man. Never was so much ill-nature in a pen as in his, joined with so much good-nature as was in himself, even to excess; for he was against all punishing, even of malefactors. He was bountiful, even to run himself into difficulties, and charitable to a fault; for he commonly gave all he had about him when he met an object that moved him. But he was so lazy, that, though the king seemed to court him to be a favourite, he would not give himself the trouble that belonged to that post. He hated the court, and despised the king, when he saw he was neither generous nor tender-hearted."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 370. Lord Orford says of him, that "he was the finest gentleman of the voluptuous court of Charles the Second, and in the gloomy one of King William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester, without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principles, or the earl's want of thought. The latter said, with astonishment, 'that he did not know how it was, but Lord Dorset might do any thing, and yet was never to blame.' It was not that he was free from the failings of humanity, but he had the tenderness of it too, which made everybody excuse whom everybody loved; for even the asperity of his verses seems to have been forgiven to

The best good man, with the worst-natured muse.'

Noble Authors, vol. ii. p. 96. Lord Dorset died January 19, 1705-6.

[Pepys thus notices his connection with Nell Gwynn. July 13th, 1667. "Mr. Pierce tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the king's house, and gives her 100*l.* a year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more." And again, July 14th. "To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; were much company. And to the towne to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them: and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the king's house." Also, August 26th. "Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and Hart, her great admirer, now hates her; and she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend, also; but she is come to the play-house, but is neglected by them all."]

Note 111, Page 189.

Sydley.

Sir Charles Sedley was born about the year 1639, and was educated at Wadham College, Oxford. He ran into all the excesses of the times in which he lived. Burnet says, "Sedley had a more sudden and copious wit, which furnished a perpetual run of discourse; but he was not so correct as Lord Dorset, nor so sparkling as Lord Rochester."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 372. He afterwards took a more serious turn, and was active against the reigning family at the Revolution; to which he was probably urged by the dishonour brought upon his daughter, created Countess of Dorchester by King James II. [The following well-known

anecdote refers to this circumstance. Sedley was one day asked why he appeared so inflamed against the king, to whom he was under so many obligations? "I hate ingratitude," he said, "and therefore, as the king has made *my* daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make *his* daughter a queen." Referring to the Princess Mary, wife of the Prince of Orange, who, by the success of this great outbreak, was called to the throne under the name of William III.] Lord Rochester's lines on his powers of seduction are well known. He died 20th August, 1701.

[Among other numerous frolics related of Sir Charles Sedley, that which took place in June, 1663, when he was in company with Lord Buckhurst, Sir Thomas Ogle, &c. at the Cock Tavern, in Bow Street, Covent Garden, as recorded by Anthony Wood (see his *Life*, p. 53, and his *Athenæ*, vol. iv. p. 732), is the most notorious. "His indecent and blasphemous proceedings there raised a riot, wherein the people became very clamorous, and would have forced the door next to the street open; but being hindered, he and his companions were pelted into the room, and the windows belonging thereunto were broken. This frolic being soon spread abroad, especially by the fanatical party, who aggravated it to the utmost, by making it the most scandalous thing in nature, and nothing more reproachful to religion than that; the said company were summoned to the court of justice in Westminster Hall, where, being indicted of a riot before Sir Robert Hyde, lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, were all fined, and Sir Charles to the amount of 500*l*. Sir Robert Hyde asked him whether ever he read the book called *The Complete Gentleman*, &c., to which Sir Charles made answer, that set aside his lordship, he had read more books than himself, &c. The day for payment being appointed, Sir Charles desired Mr. Henry Killegrew, and another gentleman, to apply themselves to his majesty to get it off; but instead of that, they beg'd the said sum of his majesty, and would not abate Sir Charles two-pence of the money."

Pepys thus alludes to a somewhat similar frolic in 1668: "Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolic and debauchery of Sir Charles Sedley and Buckhurst running up and down all the night, almost naked, through the streets; and at last fighting, and being beat by the watch and clapped up all night: and how the king takes their parts; and my Lord Chief Justice Keeling hath laid the constable by the heels to answer it next sessions: which is a horrid shame."]

Note 112, Page 189.

Etheridge.

Sir George Etheridge, author of three comedies, was born about the year 1636. He was, in James the Second's reign, employed abroad; first as envoy to Hamburgh, and afterwards as minister at Ratisbon, where he died, about the time of the Revolution. The authors of the *Biographia Britannica* say that his death happened in consequence of an unlucky accident; for that, after having treated some company with a liberal entertainment at his house there (Ratisbon), where he had taken his glass too freely, and being, through his great complaisance, too forward in waiting

on his guests at their departure, flushed as he was, he tumbled down stairs, and broke his neck, and so fell a martyr to jollity and civility.

Note 113, Page 191.

A celebrated portrait painter, called Lely.

Sir Peter Lely was born at Soest, in Westphalia, 1617, and came to England in 1641. Lord Orford observes, "If Vandyck's portraits are often tame and spiritless, at least they are natural: his laboured draperies flow with ease, and not a fold but is placed with propriety. Lely supplied the want of taste with clinquant: his nymphs trail fringes and embroidery through meadows and purling streams. Add, that Vandyck's habits are those of the times; Lely's a sort of fantastic night-gowns, fastened with a single pin. The latter was, in truth, the ladies' painter; and whether the age was improved in beauty or in flattery, Lely's women are certainly much handsomer than those of Vandyck. They please as much more as they evidently meaned to please. He caught the reigning character, and

——— on the animated canvas stole
The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.

I do not know whether, even in softness of the flesh, he did not excel his predecessor. The beauties at Windsor are the court of Paphos, and ought to be engraved for the memoirs of its charming biographer, Count Hamilton."—*Anecdotes of Painting*, vol. iii. p. 27. Sir Peter Lely died 1680, and was buried in St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

Note 114, Page 192.

Merciless fate robbed her of life.

The lampoons of the day, some of which are to be found in Andrew Marvell's works, more than insinuated that she was deprived of life by a mixture infused into some chocolate. The slander of the times imputed her death to the jealousy of the Duchess of York.

[Pepys says in his Diary, Jan. 7th, 1666-7:—"Lord Brouncker tells me, that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened to-day, she dying yesterday morning. The Duke of York is troubled for her; but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again; which I shall be glad of, and would the king would do the like." It appears that her body was never opened, and Aubrey says, "she was poisoned by the hands of the co. of Roc. with chocolate."]

Note 115, Page 199.

— he saw a very fine house, situated on the banks of a river, in the most delightful and pleasant country imaginable.

This was Bretby, in the county of Derby. A late traveller has the following reflections on this place:—"Moving back again a few miles to the west, we trace, with sad reflection, the melancholy ruins and destruction

of what was once the boasted beauty of the lovely country, viz. Bretby, the ancient seat of the Earls of Chesterfield. Nothing scarce is left of that former grandeur, those shades, those sylvan scenes that everywhere graced the most charming of all parks: the baneful hand of luxury hath, with rude violence, laid them waste. About ten years ago, the venerable and lofty pile was standing, and exhibited delightful magnificence to its frequent visitors: its painted roofs and walls, besides a large collection of pictures, afforded much entertainment to the fond admirer of antique beauties; and the whole stood as a lasting monument of fame and credit to its lordly owner. Would they were standing now! but that thought is vain:—not only each surrounding monument, but the very stones themselves, have been converted to the purpose of filthy lucre."—*Tour, in* 1787, *from London to the Western Highlands of Scotland*, 12mo., p. 29.

Note 116, Page 200.

Mademoiselle de l'Orme.

Marion de l'Orme, born at Chalons, in Champagne, was esteemed the most beautiful woman of her times. It is believed that she was secretly married to the unfortunate Monsieur Cinqmars. After his death, she became the mistress of Cardinal Richelieu, and, at last, of Monsieur d'Emery, superintendent of the finances.

Note 117, Page 204.

Marquis de Flamarens.

A Monsieur Flamarin, but whether the same person as here described cannot be exactly ascertained, is mentioned, in Sydney's Letters, to have been in England at a later period than is comprehended in these Memoirs. "Monsieur de Flamarin hath been received at Windsor as seriously as if it had been believed the Queen of Spain's marriage should not hold unless it were here approved; and the formalities that are usual with men of business having been observed to him, he is grown to think he is so."—*Sydney's Works*, p. 94.

The following account of the singular duel which was the occasion of this nobleman coming to England is extracted from the "Memoirs of the Count de Rochefort," already quoted:—

"A fortnight or three weeks after, as I mentioned before, the quarrel took place between Messrs. de la Frette, which did not terminate very happily. The eldest happened to be present at a ball given at court, which was attended by numerous persons of distinction; on the company leaving the ball-room, this haughty man, who owed a grudge to M. de Chalais on account of a mistress, pushed purposely against him; M. de Chalais turning about to know the cause, and discovering la Frette, loaded him with the most opprobrious terms. Had swords been in the way, the affair would have taken a more serious turn, although the scene of action was ill adapted to such sort of discussions; that the ball etiquette however might not be disturbed, La Frette made no reply, but waiting until coming out, then demanded satisfaction. It was in consequence agreed on be-

tween them to fight three against three ; and a spot being fixed upon, the next morning was appointed for the rencontre, it being then too late. In the mean time, the quarrel having happened too publicly to remain a secret, the king was informed of it, and immediately despatched the Chevalier St. Agnan, to inform La Frette that he forbade his having recourse to the means he proposed to avenge himself, and that if he still persisted in them, he should lose his head. The Chevalier St. Agnan, who was his first cousin, upon meeting with him, acquainted him with the commands of the king ; to which La Frette made answer, that he considered him too much his friend, to suppose that he would be instrumental in preventing the intended meeting, which was only delayed until daybreak : he added that he had better be himself a party in the contest, and that Chalais would not fail providing a match for him. The Chevalier St. Agnan, without considering that he was sent by the king, and that even allowing duels had not been so strictly prohibited as they were, he was still involving himself in a difficulty from which he could not hope to extricate himself, agreed to the request, and Chalais had notice given to him to provide him an antagonist. The Marquis de Noirmoustier, his brother-in-law, who was to assist him, being acquainted, as I said before, with the affair which had taken place betwixt La Frette and myself, I occurred to his mind, and he sent for me ; but luckily I had been engaged at play at a friend's house until it grew late ; and although at Paris it is not very customary to sleep from home, yet as it was reported that robbers were then much abroad, I was prevailed on to take a bed with him ; this circumstance saved me ; and in this instance I was convinced, that fortune, who had long persecuted, was resolved not entirely to abandon me. The eight combatants were, La Frette, Ovarti, his brother, a lieutenant in the guards, the Chevalier de St. Agnan, the *Marquis de Flammarin*, the Prince de Chalais, the Marquis de Noirmoustier, the Marquis d'Antin, brother of Madame de Montespan, and the Viscomte d'Angelieu. The duel proved fatal only to the Marquis d'Antin, who was killed on the spot ; but notwithstanding the rest escaped his fate, they were all severely wounded. The king's anger was excessive, particularly against the Chevalier de St. Agnan, who was, in fact, more blameable than all the rest. Their fate, however, was equal ; their immediate object was to fly the kingdom disguised, the king having sent orders for their arrest to the seaports and confines of his dominions. Some of them went to Spain, others to Portugal, the remainder elsewhere, as best suited their views. But however desirable a residence in a foreign country may seem, it still savours of banishment, and each had full leisure to repent his folly. No one bestowed any pity on the Chevalier de St. Agnan, thinking he had come off much better than he deserved ; neither did Messrs. de la Frette attract much compassion, having always evinced so quarrelsome a disposition, that they could not be better compared than to those horses of a vicious character, who will suffer no others in the same stable with themselves. Respecting the others, public opinion took a different turn : their misfortune was much pitied ; and it was hoped it had been possible that the king would have relaxed of his severity towards them. In fact, they were all persons of worth, and deserved a better fate. But no person

durst mention it to the king; even the Duke de St. Agnan, who was a good deal about his person, was the first to tell his Majesty, that his son's misconduct was of a nature never to be pardoned; that if he were acquainted with his place of retreat, he should be the first to discover it, in order to bring him to justice; that he should not, therefore, trouble his Majesty with intercessions in his behalf, and believed that every one would incline to his way of thinking. This speech might be very appropriate in the mouth of a courtier, who was endeavouring to gain the favour of his prince by every possible means; but very ill becoming a parent, who, instead of blackening the transaction, should have felt it his duty to have represented it in as favourable a light as possible. The relations of Messrs. de la Frette acted differently; they did not dare themselves to speak to the king, but made use of every possible means to move his compassion. The Duchess de Chaulnes prevailed on her husband, who was ambassador at Rome, to mention it to the Pope, and however much the Holy Father might approve of the king's conduct in this affair, he, nevertheless, promised his assistance on this occasion; accordingly, a few years after, having occasion to send a legate to France, on different business, and of an import unnecessary to mention here, he was charged to speak to the king on that subject, and to say that he took an interest in it. The duchess could not have employed an agent whose recommendation would have turned out more efficacious; the Pope had it in his power to absolve the king from his oath, which was supposed to render him so rigid; but he made answer to the legate, that in every other circumstance he would joyfully oblige the Holy Father, but in this affair, he had so bound himself, that God only could discharge him from so solemn an oath. Not that he doubted the authority of the Holy See; but as the duty he owed to God required him to be a prince of his word, he firmly believed that the Pope himself would depart from the recommendation if he would but examine into its consequences."

Note 118, Page 204.

Countess de la Suze.

This lady was the daughter of Gaspar de Coligni, marshal of France, and was celebrated in her time for her wit and her elegies. She was one of the few women with whom Christina, Queen of Sweden, condescended to become intimate. Though educated a Protestant, she embraced the Roman Catholic religion, less from a motive of devotion, than to have a pretence of parting from her husband, who was a Protestant, and for whom she had an invincible abhorrence; which occasioned the queen to say, "The Countess of Suze became a Catholic, that she might neither meet her husband in this world nor the next."—See *Lacombe's Life of Queen Christina.* The countess died in 1673.

Note 119, Page 204.

Tambonneau.

I find this person mentioned in Memoirs of the Court of France, 8vo., 1702, pt. ii. p. 42.

Note 120, Page 206.

Talbot, who was afterwards created Duke of Tyrconnel.

Richard Talbot, the fifth son "of an Irish family, but of ancient English extraction, which had always inhabited within that circle that was called the *Pale;* which, being originally an English plantation, was, in so many hundred years, for the most part degenerated into the manners of the Irish, and rose and mingled with them in the late rebellion: and of this family there were two distinct families, who had competent estates, and lived in many descents in the rank of gentlemen of quality." Thus far Lord Clarendon; who adds, that Richard Talbot and his "brothers were all the sons, or the grandsons, of one who was a judge in Ireland, and esteemed a learned man."—*Continuation of Clarendon.* Of the person now under consideration the same writer appears, and with great reason, to have entertained a very ill opinion. Dick Talbot, as he was called, "was brought into Flanders first by Daniel O'Neile, as one who was willing to assassinate Cromwell; and he made a journey into England with that resolution, not long before his death, and after it returned into Flanders, ready to do all that he should be required. He was a very handsome young man, wore good clothes, and was, without doubt, of a clear, ready courage, which was virtue enough to recommend a man to the duke's good opinion; which, with more expedition than could be expected, he got, to that degree, that he was made of his bedchamber; and from that qualification embarked himself, after the king's return, in the pretences of the Irish, with such an unusual confidence, and, upon private contracts, with such scandalous circumstances, that the chancellor had sometimes, at the council-table, been obliged to give him severe reprehensions, and often desired the duke to withdraw his countenance from him."—*Continuation of Clarendon.* It is to be remembered that he was one of the *men of honour* already noticed. On King James's accession to the throne, he was created Earl of Tyrconnel, and placed, as lieutenant-general, at the head of the Irish army, where his conduct was so agreeable to his sovereign, that he was, in 1689, advanced to the dignity of Duke of Tyrconnel. He was afterwards employed by the king in Ireland, where his efforts were without effect. The Duke of Berwick says, "his stature was above the ordinary size. He had great experience of the world, having been early introduced into the best company, and possessed of an honourable employment in the household of the Duke of York; who, upon his succession to the crown, raised him to the dignity of an earl, and well knowing his zeal and attachment, made him soon after viceroy of Ireland. He was a man of very good sense, very obliging, but immoderately vain, and full of cunning. Though he had acquired great possessions, it could not be said that he had employed improper means; for he never appeared to have a passion for money. He had not a military genius, but much courage. After the Prince of Orange's invasion, his firmness preserved Ireland, and he nobly refused all the offers that were made to induce him to submit. From the time of the battle of the Boyne, he sank prodigiously, being become as irresolute in his mind as unwieldy in his person."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 94. [He is said to have

died suddenly by poison, administered in a cup of ratafia.] He died at Limerick, 5th August, 1691.

NOTE 121, Page 207.

One of these brothers was almoner to the queen.

This was Peter Talbot, whose character is drawn by Lord Clarendon in terms not more favourable than those in which his brother is portrayed. —See *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 363.

NOTE 122, Page 207.

—— *the other was called a lay-monk.*

Thomas Talbot, a Franciscan friar, of wit enough, says Lord Clarendon, but of notorious debauchery. More particulars of this man may be found in the same noble historian. — See *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 963.

NOTE 123, Page 207.

—— *which offended the Duke of Ormond.*

A very exact account of this transaction is given Lord Clarendon, by which it appears that Talbot was committed to the Tower for threatening to assassinate the Duke of Ormond. — *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 362.

NOTE 124, Page 209.

Lord Cornwallis.

Charles, the third Lord Cornwallis, born in 1655. He married, December 27, 1673, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Fox, knight, and afterwards, in 1688, the widow of the Duke of Monmouth. Lord Cornwallis died April 29, 1698.

NOTE 125, Page 209.

Sir Stephen Fox.

This gentleman is said to have been of a genteel family, settled at Farley, in Wiltshire, and was the architect of his own fortune. Lord Clarendon says, in his History of the Rebellion, that he was entertained by Lord Percy, then lord-chamberlain of the king's household, at Paris, about the year 1652, and continued in his majesty's service until the Restoration. On that event he was made clerk of the green cloth, and afterwards paymaster-general of the forces in England. On the 1st July, 1665, he was knighted. In 1680, he was constituted one of the lords commissioners of the treasury. On the accession of James II. he was continued first clerk of the green cloth; and, in December, 1686, was again appointed one of the commissioners of the treasury. At the Revolution, he concurred in voting the throne vacant; and, on 19th March, 1689, was a third time appointed to the treasury; which place he held until he retired from public business, in 1701. By his first lady he had seven sons and three daughters; and by his second, whom he married in the

year 1703, when he was seventy-six years of age, he had two sons, who both afterwards became peers,—Stephen, Earl of Ilchester, and Henry, Lord Holland, and two daughters. He died in the year 1716. at Chiswick, in his eighty-ninth year.

Note 126, Page 211.

Lord Taafe, eldest son of the Earl of Carlingford.

Nicholas, the third Viscount Taafe, and second Earl of Carlingford. He was of the privy-council to King James II., and, in 1689, went as envoy to the Emperor Leopold. He lost his life the next year, 1st July, at the battle of the Boyne, commanding at that time a regiment of foot. This nobleman, although he succeeded his father in his title, was not his eldest son. King Charles appears to have had a great regard for the family. In a letter from Lord Arlington to Sir Richard Fanshaw, dated April 21, 1664, that nobleman says, "Colonel Luke Taafe (a brother of my Lord Carlingford's) hath served his Catholic majesty many years in the state of Milan, with a standing regiment there; which regiment he desires now to deliver over to Captain Nicholas Taafe, a younger son of my Lord Carlingford's, and the colonel's nephew, who is now a captain of the regiment: and his majesty commands me to recommend to your excellency the bringing this to pass, for the affection he hath to the family, and the merit of this young gentleman."—*Arlington's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 21.

Note 127, Page 211.

The Duke of Richmond.

Charles Stewart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. He was afterwards sent ambassador to Denmark, and died at Elsineur, December 12, 1672. Burnet says, he "was sent to give a lustre to the negotiation, which was chiefly managed by Mr. Hensaw."—*History of his Own Times*, vol. i. p. 425. [For particulars of his marriage with Miss Stewart, see note 169.]

Note 128, Page 211.

Mademoiselle de la Garde,

Daughter of Charles Peliot, Lord de la Garde, whose eldest daughter married Sir Thomas Bond, comptroller of the household to the queen-mother. Sir Thomas Bond had a considerable estate at Peckham. and his second son married the niece of Jermyn, one of the heroes of these Memoirs. — See *Collins's Baronetage*, vol. iii. p. 4. She became the wife of Sir Gabriel Silvius, and died 13th October, 1730.

Note 129, Page 216.

Mr. Silvius,

Afterwards Sir Gabriel Silvius. In *Chamberlayne's Angliæ Notitia*, 1669, Gabriel de Sylvus is put down as one of the carvers to the queen, and Mrs. de Sylvus, one of the six chambriers or dressers to the queen.

He was afterwards knighted, and, 30th February, 1680, was sent ambassador to the Dukes of Brunswick and Lunenburgh. Lord Orford says, he was a native of Orange, and was attached to the princess-royal, afterwards to the Duke of York. He also says, he was sent ambassador to Denmark.

Note 130, Page 217.

Progers.

Edward Progers, Esq., was a younger son of Philip Progers, Esq., of the family of Garreddin, in Monmouthshire. His father was a colonel in the army, and equerry to James I. Edward was early introduced to court, and, after having been page to Charles I., was made groom of the bedchamber to his son, while Prince of Wales. He attached himself to the king's interest during the war with the parliament, with laudable fidelity. The following letter, from which antiquaries may derive the minute information that Charles II. did wear mourning for a whole year for his father, serves to shew the familiar style which Charles used to Progers, as well as his straitened circumstances while in the island of Jersey.

"Progers, I wold have you (besides the embroidred sute) bring me a plaine riding suite, with an innocent coate, the suites I haue for horse-backe being so spotted and spoiled that they are not to be seene out of this island. The lining of the coate, and the petit toies are referred to your greate discretion, provided there want nothing when it comes to be put on. I doe not remember there was a belt, or a hat-band, in your directions for the embroiderd suite, and those are so necessarie as you must not forget them.

"*Jearsey*, 14*th Jan. old stile*, 1649. "Charles R."

"For Mr. Progers."

By a letter from Cowley to Henry Bennet, dated 18th November, 1650, Mr. Progers appears to have been then active in his master's service.—*Brown's Miscellanea Aulica*, 1702, p. 153. In the lampoons of the times, particularly in those of Andrew Marvell, Mr. Progers is described as one devoted to assist his master's pleasures; for which reason, perhaps, he was banished from the king's presence in 1650, by an act of the estates of Scotland, "as an evil instrument and bad counsellor of the king." He is said to have obtained several grants to take effect upon the restoration; but it does not appear that they took effect. In 1660, he was named, says Lord Orford, one of the knights of the royal oak, an order the king then intended to institute. By the same authority we are informed that he had permission from the king to build a house in Bushy-park, near Hampton-court, on condition that, after his death, it should revert to the crown. This was the house inhabited by the late Earl of Hallifax. He represented the county of Brecon in parliament for seventeen years, but retired in 1679. On the death of his master, he retired from public life. Mr. Progers died, says Le Neve, "December 31st, or January 1st, 1713, aged ninety-six, of the anguish of cutting teeth, he having cut four new teeth and had several

ready to cut, which so inflamed his gums, that he died thereof." He was in low circumstances before his death, and applied to King James for relief, with what effect is not known. Mr. Progers had a family by his wife Elizabeth Wells; and the scandal-bearers of the time remarked, that his eldest daughter Philippa, afterwards Mrs. Croxel, bore a strong resemblance to Charles II.—*Monumenta Anglicana*, 1717, p. 273.

Note 131, Page 219.

Dongon.

The only notice of this person I have anywhere seen, is in the following extract of a letter from Sir Richard Fanshaw to Lord Arlington, dated 4th June, 1664.—"I ought not, in justice to an honourable person, to conclude before I acquaint your honour, that I have this day seen a letter, whereby it is certified, from my Lord Dongon (now at Heres), that, if there were any ship in Cadiz bound for Tangier, he would go over in her, to do his majesty what service he could in that garrison; which, he saith, he fears wants good officers very much."—*Fanshaw's Letters*, vol. i. p. 104.

Note 132, Page 219.

Durfort, afterwards Earl of Feversham.

Lewis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, a native of France, being son of the Duke de Duras, and brother to the last duke of that name, as also to the Duke de Lorge. His mother was sister to the great Turenne, of the princely house of Bouillon. After the Restoration he came to England, was naturalized, and behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665. When he first came to England, he bore the name of Durfort, and the title of Marquis of Blancfort. In the twenty-fourth Charles II. he was created Baron Duras of Holdenby, in the county of Northampton; and having married Mary, the eldest daughter and co-heir of Sir George Sondes, of Lees Court, in the county of Kent, who had been created Earl of Feversham, the same title was limited to him, and he succeeded to it on the death of his father-in-law. Besides these honours, King Charles preferred him to the command of the third troop of horse guards, afterwards promoted him to the second, and then to the first. In 1679, he was made master of the horse to Queen Katherine, and afterwards lord-chamberlain to her majesty. Upon King James's accession, he was admitted into the privy council, and was commander-in-chief of the forces sent against the Duke of Monmouth. After the Revolution, he continued lord-chamberlain to the queen-dowager, and master of the royal college of St. Katherine's, near the Tower. He died April 8th, 1709, aged sixty-eight, and was buried in the Savoy, in the Strand, London; but removed, March 21st, 1740, to Westminster-abbey.

Note 133, Page 220.

Miss Bagot.

Elizabeth, daughter of Hervey Bagot, second son of Sir Hervey Bagot. She married first Charles Berkley, Earl of Falmouth, and, after his death

Charles Sackville, who became the first Duke of Dorset. From the pen of a satirist much dependence is not to be placed for the truth of facts. This lady's character is treated by Dryden and Mulgrave with very little respect, in the following lines, extracted from "The Essay on Satire:"

"Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married; but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastiffs at his kindest time;
Then for one night sold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restored him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dosing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had famed for dulness in malicious rhymes."

Note 134, Page 221.

Miss Jennings.

This lady was one of the daughters and co-heirs of Richard Jennings, of Sundridge, in the county of Hertford, Esquire, and elder sister to the celebrated Duchess of Marlborough. Her name was Frances. She married George Hamilton, mentioned in these Memoirs; and after his death took to her second husband Richard Talbot, already mentioned, created Duke of Tyrconnel by James II., whose fortunes he followed. Lord Melfort, secretary to that prince, appears to have conceived no very favourable opinion of this lady; for in a letter to his master, dated October, 1689, he says, "There is one other thing, if it could be effectuated, were of infinite use; which is the getting the Duchess of Tyrconnel, for her health, to come into France. I did not know she had been so well known here as she is; but the terms they give her, and which, for your service, I may repeat unto you, is, that she has *l'ame la plus noire qui se puisse concevoir*. I think it would help to keep that peace so necessary for you, and prevent that caballing humour which has very ill effects."—*Macpherson's State Papers*, vol. i. In 1699 she is mentioned in a letter from the Earl of Manchester to Lord Jersey, as one of the needy Jacobites of King James's court, to whom 3,000 crowns, part of that monarch's pension, had been distributed.—*Coles's State Papers*, p. 53. In 1705 she was in England, and had an interview with her brother-in-law, the Duke of Marlborough, with whose family she seems not to have lived in any terms of cordiality.—*Macpherson*, vol. i.

[Respecting her sojourn in London, Horace Walpole relates the following singular anecdote. "At that time, part of the Royal Exchange was let out in small stalls or shops, perhaps something like a modern bazaar, and was a favourite and fashionable resort of women of the highest rank.

It is said that the Duchess of Tyrconnel, being reduced to absolute want on her arrival in England, and unable for some time to procure secret access to her family, hired one of the stalls under the Royal Exchange, and maintained herself by the sale of small articles of haberdashery. She wore a white dress wrapping her whole person, and a white mask, which she never removed, and excited much interest and curiosity." Mrs. Jameson adds, "She afterwards obtained the restoration of a small part of her husband's property, with permission to reside in Dublin. To that city, perhaps, endeared to her as the scene of past happiness, and power, and splendour, she returned in 1706, a widow, poor, proscribed, and broken-hearted. While her high-spirited sister, the Duchess of Marlborough, was ruling the councils of England, or playing a desperate and contemptible game for power, the Duchess of Tyrconnel withdrew from the world: she established on the site of her husband's house, in King Street, a nunnery of the order of Poor Clares, and she passed in retreat, and the practice of the most austere devotion, the rest of her varied life. Her death was miserable: one cold wintry night, during an intense frost, she fell out of her bed; and being too feeble to rise or call for assistance, she was discovered next morning lying on the floor in a state of insensibility. It was found impossible to restore warmth or motion to her frozen limbs; and after lingering a few hours in a half-lethargic state, she gradually sank into death. She expired on the 29th of February, 1730, in her eighty-second year: and on the 9th of March following, she was interred in the cathedral church of St. Patrick."]

Note 135, Page 222.

Miss Temple.

Anne, daughter of Thomas Temple, of Frankton, in the county of Warwick, by Rebecca, daughter of Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, in Surrey, Knight. She afterwards became the second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton, by whom she had five sons and eight daughters. She was grandmother of the celebrated Lord Lyttelton; and died 27th August, 1718. Her husband, Sir Charles Lyttelton, lived to the advanced age of eighty-six years; and died at Hagley, May 2nd, 1716.

Note 136, Page 225.

St. Albans.

This town is in the neighbourhood of Sundridge, where Miss Jennings' family resided.

Note 137, Page 230.

The Earl of Oxford fell in love with a handsome, graceful actress, belonging to the duke's theatre.

This was Aubery de Vere, the last Earl of Oxford of that name, and the twentieth and last earl of that family. He was chief justice in eyre; and in the reign of Charles II. lord of the bedchamber, privy counsellor, colonel of the royal regiment of horse guards, and lord-lieutenant of the county of Essex; and lieutenant-general of the forces in the reign of

William III., and also knight of the garter. He died March 12th, 1702, aged eighty years and upwards, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. The author of a History of the English Stage, published by Curl, 1741, 8vo., says, that Mrs. Marshall, a celebrated actress, more known by the name of Roxana, from acting that part, was the person deceived by the Earl of Oxford in this manner. [Evelyn says, Jan. 9th:—"I saw acted 'The Third Part of the Siege of Rhodes.' In this acted the fair and famous comedian, called Roxalana, from the part she performed; and I think it was the last, she being taken to be the Earl of Oxford's *Misse* (as at this time they began to call lewd women). It was in recitative music."] The particulars of the story, as there related, do not materially vary from the present account of the transaction. A more detailed narrative of this seduction is given in Madam Dunois's Memoirs of the Court of England, pt. 2, p. 71. Mrs. Marshall, who was the original Roxana in Lee's Rival Queens, belonged not to the duke's, but the king's theatre. Lord Orford, I know not on what authority, has given the name of Mrs. Barker to this lady; a name totally unknown, I believe, in the annals of the stage.

Note 138, Page 246.

The public was obliged to him for the prettiest, but, at the same time, the worst actress in the kingdom.

Though no name is given to this lady, there are circumstances enough mentioned to fix on the celebrated Mrs. Barry, as the person intended by the author. Mrs. Barry was introduced to the stage by Lord Rochester, with whom she had an intrigue, the fruit of which was a daughter, who lived to the age of thirteen years, and is often mentioned in his collection of love-letters, printed in his works, which were written to Mrs. Barry. On her first theatrical attempts, so little hopes were entertained of her, that she was, as Cibber declares, discharged the company at the end of the first year, among others that were thought to be a useless expense to it. She was well born; being daughter of Robert Barry, Esq., barrister-at-law; a gentleman of an ancient family and good estate, who hurt his fortune by his attachment to Charles I.; for whom he raised a regiment at his own expense. Tony Aston, in his "Supplement to Cibber's Apology," says, she was woman to Lady Shelton, of Norfolk, who might have belonged to the court. Curl, however, says, she was early taken under the patronage of Lady Davenant. Both these accounts may be true. The time of her appearance on the stage was probably not much earlier than 1671; in which year she performed in Tom Essence, and was, it may be conjectured, about the age of nineteen. Curl mentions the great pains taken by Lord Rochester in instructing her; which were repaid by the rapid progress she daily made in her profession. She at last eclipsed all her competitors, and in the part of Monimia established her reputation. From her performance in this character, in that of Belvidera, and of Isabella, in the Fatal Marriage, Downes says she acquired the name of the famous Mrs. Barry, both at court and in the city. "Mrs. Barry," says Dryden, in his Preface to Cleomenes, "always excellent, has in this tragedy excelled herself, and gained a reputation beyond any woman I have

ever seen on the theatre." "In characters of greatness," says Cibber, "Mrs. Barry had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestic; her voice full, clear, and strong; so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting pity, she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with an enchanting harmony; and it was this particular excellence for which Dryden made her the above-recited compliment, upon her acting Cassandra in his Cleomenes. She was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit play, which was granted to her alone in King James's time, and which did not become common to others till the division of this company, after the death of King William and Queen Mary."—*Cibber's Apology*, 1750, p. 133. Tony Aston says, "She was not handsome; her mouth opening most on the right side, which she strove to draw t'other way; and at times composing her face, as if sitting for her picture: she was," he adds, "middle-sized; had darkish hair, light eyes, and was indifferently plump. In tragedy, she was solemn and august; in comedy, alert, easy, and genteel; pleasant in her face and action; filling the stage with variety of gesture. She could neither sing nor dance; no, not in a country dance."—*Supplement to Cibber*, p. 7. The printed letters in Otway's works are generally supposed to have been addressed to her. She adhered to Betterton in all the revolutions of the theatre, which she quitted about 1708, on account of her health. The last new character, of any consequence, which she performed, seems to have been Phædra, in Mr. Smith's tragedy. She returned, however, for one night, with Mrs. Bracegirdle, April 7, 1709; and performed Mrs. Frail, in Love for Love, for Mr. Betterton's benefit; and afterwards spoke an occasional epilogue, written by Mr. Rowe. She died 7th November, 1713, and was buried at Acton. The inscription over her remains says she was fifty-five years of age.

NOTE 139, Page 247.

Miss Boynton.

Daughter of Matthew Boynton, second son of Sir Matthew Boynton, of Barmston, in Yorkshire. The sister of this lady married the celebrated Earl of Roscommon.

NOTE 140, Page 251.

Pitiful strolling actress.

Probably Nell Gwyn.

NOTE 141, Page 251.

Immediately give her the title of duchess.

The title of Duchess of Cleveland was conferred on her 3rd August, 22 Charles II., 1670.

NOTE 142, Page 255.

The recent arrival of a famous German doctor.

Bishop Burnet confirms this account.—"Being under an unlucky accident, which obliged him to keep out of the way, he disguised himself so, that his nearest friends could not have known him, and set up in Tower-street for an Italian mountebank, where he practised physic for some weeks, not without success. In his latter years he read books of history more. He took pleasure to disguise himself as a porter, or as a beggar; sometimes to follow some mean amours, which, for the variety of them, he affected. At other times, merely for diversion, he would go about in odd shapes; in which he acted his part so naturally, that even those who were in the secret, and saw him in these shapes, could perceive nothing by which he might be discovered."—*Burnet's Life of Rochester*, ed. 1774, p. 14.

[Lord Rochester's speech when he exhibited as a mountebank on Tower Hill, is so remarkable a document, that it seems well worthy of a place here.

"To all gentlemen, ladies, and others, whether of city, town, or country, Alexander Bendo wisheth all health and prosperity.

"Whereas this famed metropolis of England (and were the endeavours of its worthy inhabitants equal to their power, merit, and virtue, I should not stick to denounce it, in a short time, the metropolis of the whole world); whereas, I say, this city (as most great ones are) has ever been infested with a numerous company of such, whose arrogant confidence, backed with their ignorance, has enabled them to impose on the people, either by premeditated cheats, or at best, the palpable, dull, and empty mistakes of their self-deluded imagination in physic, chymical and Galenic; in astrology, physiognomy, palmistry, mathematics, alchymy, and even in government itself, the last of which I will not propose to discourse of, or meddle at all in, since it in no way belongs to my trade or vocation, as the rest do; which (thanks to my God) I find much more safe, I think equally honest, and therefore more profitable.

"But as to all the former, they have been so erroneously practised by many unlearned wretches, whom poverty and neediness, for the most part (if not the restless itch of deceiving), has forced to straggle and wander in unknown parts, that even the professions themselves, though originally the products of the most learned and wise men's laborious studies and experience, and by them left a wealthy and glorious inheritance for ages to come, seem, by this bastard race of quacks and cheats, to have been run out of all wisdom, learning, perspicuousness, and truth, with which they were so plentifully stocked; and now run into a repute of mere mists, imaginations, errors, and deceits, such as, in the management of these idle professors, indeed they were.

"You will therefore, I hope, gentlemen, ladies, and others, deem it but just that I, who for some years have with all faithfulness and assiduity courted these arts, and received such signal favours from them, that they have admitted me to the happy and full enjoyment of themselves, and trusted me with their greatest secrets, should with an earnestness and con-

cern more than ordinary, take their parts against those impudent fops, whose saucy, impertinent addresses and pretensions have brought such a scandal upon their most immaculate honours and reputations.

"Besides, I hope you will not think I could be so impudent, that if I had intended any such foul play myself, I would have given you so fair warning, by my severe observations upon others. 'Qui alterum incusant probri, ipsum se intueri oportet,' says Plautus. However, gentlemen, in a world like this, where virtue is so exactly counterfeited, and hypocrisy so generally taken notice of, that every one, armed with suspicion, stands upon his guard against it, it will be very hard, for a stranger, especially, to escape censure. All I shall say for myself on this score is this:—if I appear to any one like a counterfeit, even for the sake of that, chiefly, ought I to be construed a true man. Who is the counterfeit's example? His original; and that, which he employs his industry and pains to imitate and copy. Is it therefore my fault, if the cheat by his wits and endeavours makes himself so like me, that consequently I cannot avoid resembling him? Consider, pray, the valiant and the coward, the wealthy merchant and the bankrupt, the politician and the fool; they are the same in many things, and differ but in *one* alone.

"The valiant man holds up his head, looks confidently round about him, wears a sword, courts a lord's wife, and owns it; so does the coward: *one* only point of honour excepted, and that is courage, which (like false metal, *one* only trial can discover) makes the distinction.

"The bankrupt walks the exchange, buys bargains, draws bills, and accepts them with the richest, whilst paper and credit are current coin: that which makes the difference is real cash; a great defect indeed, and yet but *one*, and *that*, the last found out, and still, till then, the least perceived.

"Now for the politician:—he is a grave, deliberating, close, prying man: pray are there not grave, deliberating, close, prying fools?

"If then the difference betwixt all these (though infinite in effect) be so nice in all appearance, will you expect it should be otherwise betwixt the false physician, astrologer, etc., and the true? The first calls himself learned doctor, sends forth his bills, gives physic and counsel, tells and foretels; the other is bound to do just as much: it is only your experience must distinguish betwixt them; to which I willingly submit myself. I will only say something to the honour of the MOUNTEBANK, in case you discover me to be one.

"Reflect a little what kind of creature it is:—he is one then, who is fain to supply some higher ability he pretends to with craft; he draws great companies to him by undertaking strange things, which can never be effected. The politician (by his example no doubt) finding how the people are taken with specious miraculous impossibilities, plays the same game; protests, declares, promises I know not what things, which he is sure can never be brought about. The people believe, are deluded, and pleased; the expectation of a future good, which shall never befal them, draws their eyes off a present evil. Thus are they kept and established in subjection, peace, and obedience; *he* in greatness, wealth, and power. So you see the politician is, and must be a *mountebank* in state affairs;

and the *mountebank* no doubt, if he thrives, is an errant politician in physic. But that I may not prove too tedious, I will proceed faithfully to inform you, what are the things in which I pretend chiefly, at this time, to serve my country.

"First, I will (by the leave of God) perfectly cure that *lues Britannica*, or *grand English disease, the scurvy;* and that with such ease to my patient, that he shall not be sensible of the least inconvenience, whilst I steal his distemper from him. I know there are many, who treat this disease with mercury, antimony, spirits, and salts, being dangerous remedies; in which, I shall meddle very little, and with great caution; but by more secure, gentle, and less fallible medicines, together with the observation of some few rules in diet, perfectly cure the patient, having freed him from all the symptoms, as looseness of the teeth, scorbutick spots, want of appetite, pains and lassitude in the limbs and joints, especially the legs. And to say true, there are few distempers in this nation that are not, or at least proceed not originally from the scurvy; which, were it well rooted out (as I make no question to do it from all those who shall come into my hands), there would not be heard of so many gouts, aches, dropsies, and consumptions; nay, even those thick and slimy humours, which generate stones in the kidneys and bladder, are for the most part offsprings of the *scurvy*. It would prove tedious to set down all its malignant race; but those who address themselves here, shall be still informed by me of the nature of their distempers, and the grounds I proceed upon to their cure: so will all reasonable people be satisfied that I treat them with care, honesty, and understanding; for I am not of their opinion, who endeavour to render their vocations rather mysterious than useful and satisfactory.

"I will not here make a catalogue of diseases and distempers; it behoves a physician, I am sure, to understand them all; but if any one come to me (as I think there are very few that have escaped my practice) I shall not be ashamed to own to my patient, where I find myself to seek; and, at least, he shall be secure with me from having experiments tried upon him; a privilege he can never hope to enjoy, either in the hands of the grand doctors of the court and Tower, or in those of the lesser quacks and mountebanks.

"It is thought fit, that I assure you of great secrecy, as well as care, in diseases, where it is requisite; whether venereal or others; as some peculiar to women, the green-sickness, weaknesses, inflammations, or obstructions in the stomach, reins, liver, spleen, &c.; for I would put no word in my bill that bears any unclean sound; it is enough that I make myself understood. I have seen physician's bills as bawdy as *Aretine's Dialogues*, which no man, that walks warily before God, can approve of; but I cure all suffocations, in those parts, producing fits of the mother, convulsions, nocturnal inquietudes, and other strange accidents, not fit to be set down here; persuading young women very often that their hearts are like to break for love, when God knows, the distemper lies far enough from that place.

"I have, likewise, got the knowledge of a great secret to cure barrenness (proceeding from any accidental cause as it often falls out, and no

natural defect; for nature is easily assisted, difficultly restored, but impossible to be made more perfect by man, than God himself had at first created and bestowed it), which I have made use of for many years with great success, especially this last year, wherein I have cured one woman that had been married twenty years, and another that had been married one and twenty years, and two women that had been *three times* married; as I can make appear by the testimonies of several persons in London, Westminster, and other places thereabouts. The medicines I use cleanse and strengthen the womb, and are all to be taken in the space of seven days. And because I do not intend to deceive any person, upon discourse with them, I will tell them whether I am like to do them any good. My usual contract is, to receive one-half of what is agreed upon, when the party shall be quick with child, the other half when she is brought to bed.

"Cures of this kind I have done, signal and many; for the which, I doubt not but I have the good wishes and hearty prayers of many families, who had else pined out their days under the deplorable and reproachful misfortunes of barren wombs, leaving plentiful estates and possessions to be inherited by strangers.

"As to astrological predictions, physiognomy, divination by dreams, and otherwise (palmistry I have no faith in, because there can be no reason alleged for it), my own experience has convinced me more of their considerable effects, and marvellous operations, chiefly in the directions of future proceedings, to the avoiding of dangers that threaten, and laying hold of advantages that might offer themselves; I say, my own practice has convinced me, more than all the sage and wise writings extant, of those matters; for I might say this of myself (did it not look like ostentation), that I have very seldom failed in my predictions, and often been very serviceable in my advice. How far I am capable in this way, I am sure is not fit to be delivered in print: those who have no opinion of the truth of this art, will not, I suppose, come to me about it; such as have, I make no question of giving them ample satisfaction.

"Nor will I be ashamed to set down here my willingness to practise rare secrets (though somewhat collateral to my profession), for the help, conservation, and augmentation of beauty and comeliness; a thing created at first by God, chiefly for the glory of his own name, and then for the better establishment of mutual love between man and woman; for when God had bestowed on man the power of strength and wisdom, and thereby rendered woman liable to the subjection of his absolute will, it seemed but requisite that she should be endued likewise, in recompense, with some quality that might beget in him admiration of her, and so enforce his tenderness and love.

"The knowledge of these secrets, I gathered in my travels abroad (where I have spent my time ever since I was fifteen years old, to this my nine and twentieth year) in France and Italy. Those that have travelled in Italy, will tell you what a miracle art does there assist nature in the preservation of beauty; how women of forty bear the same countenance with those of fifteen: ages are no way distinguished by faces; whereas, here in England, look a horse in the mouth, and a woman in the

face, you presently know both their ages to a year. I will, therefore, give you such remedies, that, without destroying your complexion (as most of your paints and daubings do), shall render them perfectly fair; clearing and preserving them from all spots, freckles, heats, pimples, and marks of the small-pox, or any other accidental ones, so the face be not seamed or scarred.

"I will also cleanse and preserve your *teeth* white and round as pearls, fastening them that are loose: your gums shall be kept entire, as red as coral; your lips of the same colour, and soft as you could wish your lawful kisses.

"I will likewise administer that which shall cure the worst of breaths, provided the lungs be not totally perished and imposthumated; as also certain and infallible remedies for those whose breaths are yet untainted; so that nothing but either a very long sickness, or old age itself, shall ever be able to spoil them.

"I will, besides (if it be desired) *take away* from their fatness, who have over much, and *add* flesh to those that want it, without the least detriment to their constitutions.

"Now, should Galen himself look out of his grave, and tell me these were baubles, below the profession of a physician, I would boldly answer him, that I take more glory in preserving God's image in its unblemished beauty, upon one good face, than I should do in patching up all the decayed carcasses in the world.

"They that will do me the favour to come to me, shall be sure, from three of the clock in the afternoon, till eight at night (at my lodgings in Tower-street, next door to the sign of the Black Swan, at a goldsmith's house, to find

"Their humble servant,
"ALEXANDER BENDO."]

NOTE 143, Page 257.

The best disguise they could think of, was to disguise themselves like orange-girls.

These frolics appear to have been not unfrequent with persons of high rank at this period. In a letter from Mr. Henshaw to Sir Robert Paston, afterwards Earl of Yarmouth, dated October 13, 1670, we have the following account: "Last week, there being a faire neare Audley-end, the queen, the Dutchess of Richmond, and the Dutchess of Buckingham, had a frolick to disguise themselves like country lasses, in red petticoats, wastcotes, &c., and so goe see the faire. Sir Bernard Gascoign, on a cart jade, rode before the queen; another stranger before the Dutchess of Buckingham; and Mr. Roper before Richmond. They had all so overdone it in their disguise, and looked so much more like antiques than country volk, that, as soon as they came to the faire, the people began to goe after them; but the queen going to a booth, to buy a pair of yellow stockins for her sweet hart, and Sir Bernard asking for a pair of gloves sticht with blew, for his sweet hart, they were soon, by their gebrish, found to be strangers, which drew a bigger flock about them. One amongst them had seen the

queen at dinner, knew her, and was proud of her knowledge. This soon brought all the faire into a crowd to stare at the queen. Being thus discovered, they, as soon as they could, got to their horses; but as many of the faire as had horses got up, with their wives, children, sweet harts, or neighbours, behind them, to get as much gape as they could, till they brought them to the court gate. Thus, by ill conduct, was a merry frolick turned into a penance."—*Ives's Select Papers*, p. 39.

Bishop Burnet says, "At this time (1668), the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading: both the king and queen, and all the court, went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there, with a great deal of wild frolic. In all this people were so disguised, that, without being in the secret, none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once the queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her. So she was alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney coach; some say in a cart."—*Burnet's History*, vol. i. p. 368.

Note 144, Page 259

Brounker.

Gentleman of the chamber to the Duke of York, and brother to Lord Viscount Brounker, president of the Royal Society. Lord Clarendon imputes to him the cause of the great sea-fight, in 1665, not being so well improved as it might have been, and adds, "Nor did the duke come to hear of it till some years after, when Mr. Brounker's ill course of life, and his abominable nature, had rendered him so odious, that it was taken notice of in parliament, and, upon examination, found to be true, as is here related; upon which he was expelled the House of Commons, whereof he was a member, as an infamous person, though his friend Coventry adhered to him, and used many indirect acts to have protected him, and afterwards procured him to have more countenance from the king than most men thought he deserved; being a person, throughout his whole life, never notorious for any thing but the highest degree of impudence, and stooping to the most infamous offices, and playing very well at chess, which preferred him more than the most virtuous qualities could have done."—*Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 270.

[The English fleet on this occasion was commanded by James, Duke of York. Burnet says, "When the two fleets met, it is well known what accidents disordered the Dutch, and what advantage the English had. If that first success had been followed, as was proposed, it might have been fatal to the Dutch, who, finding they had suffered so much, steered off. The duke ordered all the sail to be set on to overtake them. There was a council of war called, to concert the method of action, when they should come up with them. In that council, Pen, who commanded under the duke, happened to say that they must prepare for hotter work in the next engagement. He knew well the courage of the Dutch was never so high, as when they were desperate. The Earl of Montague, who was then a volunteer, and one of the duke's court, said to me, it was very visible that made an impression. And all the duke's domestics said, he had got

honour enough: why should he venture a second time? The duchess had also given a strict charge to all the duke's servants, to do all they could to hinder him to engage too far. When matters were settled, they went to sleep; and the duke ordered a call to be given him, when they should get up to the Dutch fleet. It is not known what passed between the duke and Brounker, who was of his bed-chamber, and was then in waiting; but he came to Pen, as from the duke, and said the duke ordered the sail to be slackened. Pen was struck with the order, but did not go to argue the matter with the duke himself, as he ought to have done, but obeyed it. When the duke had slept, he, upon his waking, went out on the quarter deck, and seemed amazed to see the sails slackened, and that thereby all hope of overtaking the Dutch was lost. He questioned Pen upon it. Pen put it on Brounker, who said nothing. The duke denied he had given any such order. But he neither punished Brounker for carrying it, nor Pen for obeying it. He indeed put Brounker out of his service: and it was said, that he durst do no more, because he was so much in the king's favour, and in the mistress's."

Pepys thus notices him in his Diary; August 29th, 1667. "I hear to-night that Mr. Brounker is turned away yesterday by the Duke of York, for some bold words he was heard by Colonel Werden to say in the garden the day the chancellor was with the king—that he believed the king would be hectored out of every thing. For this, the Duke of York, who all say hath been very strong for his father-in-law at this trial, hath turned him away: and everybody, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his king and country for sixpence almost, so corrupt and wicked a rogue he is by all men's report. But one observed to me, that there never was the occasion of men's holding their tongues at court, and everywhere else, as there is at this day, for nobody knows which side will be uppermost."]

Note 145, Page 262.

Mrs. Wetenhall.

Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Henry Bedingfield, and wife of Thomas Wetenhall, of Hextall Court, near East Peckham, in the county of Kent. —See *Collin's Baronetage*, p. 216. The family of Whetenhall, or Whetnall, was possessed of the estate of Hextall Court from the time of Henry VIII. until within a few years past, when one of them, Henry Whetenhall, Esq. alienated it to John Fane, Earl of Westmoreland. Of this family was Edward Whetenhall, a celebrated polemical writer, who, in 1668, was consecrated bishop of Corke and Ross.—See *Wood's Athenæ Oxoniensis*, vol. ii. pp. 851, 998.

Note 146, Page 264.

Peckham.

"Peckham is about ten miles off Tunbridge Wells. Sir William Twisden has an ancient mansion here, which has been long in that family."—*Burr's History of Tunbridge Wells*, 8vo. 1776, p. 237. Mr.

Hasted says, the estate was purchased by Sir William Twisden of Henry Whetenhall, Esq.—*Hasted's Kent*, vol. ii. p. 274.

Note 147, Page 266.

This is the Hamilton who served in the French army with distinction.

I apprehend he is the same George Hamilton already described, who married Miss Jennings, and not the author of this work, as Lord Orford supposes. In a letter from Arlington to Sir William Godolphin, dated September 7, 1671, it is said, "the Condé de Molina complains to us of certain levies Sir George Hamilton hath made in Ireland. The king hath always told him he had no express license for it; and I have told the Condé he must not find it strange that a gentleman who had been bred the king's page abroad, and losing his employment at home, for being a Roman Catholic, should have some more than ordinary connivance towards the making his fortune abroad by the countenance of his friends and relations in Ireland: and yet take the matter in the worst sense he could give, it would not amount to the breach of any article betwixt the king my master and the court of Spain."—*Arlington's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 332. In a letter from the same nobleman to Lord Sandwich, written about October, 1667, we find the cause of Sir George Hamilton's entering into the French service: "Concerning the reformadoes of the guards of horse, his majesty thought fit the other day to have them dismissed, according to his promise, made to the parliament at the last session. Mr. Hamilton had a secret overture made him, that he, with those men, should be welcome into the French service; his majesty, at their dismission, having declared they should have leave to go abroad whither they pleased. They accepted of Mr. Hamilton's offer to carry them into France."—*Arlington's Letters*, vol. i. p. 185. Lodge, in his Peerage of Ireland, says Sir George Hamilton died in 1667, which, from the first extract above, appears to be erroneous. He has evidently confounded the father and son; the former of whom was the person who died in 1667.

Note 148, Page 267.

The court set out soon after.

This was in 1664, probably as soon as the queen was sufficiently recovered from the illness mentioned in note on p. 365. See *Burr's History of Tunbridge Wells*, p. 43.

Note 149, Page 268.

Lord Muskerry.

Eldest son to the Earl of Clancarty; "a young man," says Lord Clarendon, "of extraordinary courage and expectation, who had been colonel of a regiment of foot in Flanders, under the duke, and had the general estimation of an excellent officer. He was of the duke's bedchamber; and the earl (*i. e.* of Falmouth) and he were at that time so near the duke, that his highness was all covered with their blood. There fell, likewise, in the same ship, and at the same instant, Mr. Richard Boyle,

a younger son of the Earl of Burlington, a youth of great hope."—*Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 266.

Note 150, Page 268.

Summer-hill.

Lord Orford supposes this place came to Lord Muskerry through the means of his elder brother; but in this he is mistaken, as it belonged to him in right of his wife, the only daughter of Lord Clanrickard. This seat is about five miles from the wells, and was once the residence and property of Sir Francis Walsingham, from whom it descended to his daughter Frances, who married first Sir Philip Sydney; secondly, the unfortunate Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; and lastly, Richard de Burgh, Marquis of Clanrickard. In *Walker's History of Independence*, we are told, that "Somer-hill, a pleasant seat, worth one thousand pounds a year, belonging to the Earl of St. Alban's (who was also Marquis of Clanrickard), is given by the junto to the blood-hound Bradshaw. So he hath warned the Countesse of Leicester, who formerly had it in possession, to raise a debt of three thousand pounds, pretended due to her from the said earle (which she hath already raised four-fold), to quiet the possession against our Lord's day next." At the Restoration it seems to have returned to its original owner. It is now the residence of William Woodgate, Esq. A writer, supposed to be the Reverend Mr. Richard Oneley, thus describes it in 1771: "The house being too large for the family of the present possessor, some of the state rooms are not made use of, or furnished; but in them are still remaining superb chimney-pieces, fine carved wainscot, and other monuments of their former grandeur and magnificence. In the dining-room, above stairs, are figures, flowers, and other ornaments in stucco; particularly, a representation in relievo, over the chimney-piece, of the angelic host (as it is thought) rejoicing in the creation of the world; a design seemingly taken from Job, chap. xxxvii. v. 7. The house is inclosed with four courts, E. W. N. S. The front court, through which is the grand approach to the house, looks towards the west; from whence you have a fine prospect to the Surrey hills before you, and Seven-oak hills on the right. The prospect is limited by Baron Smythe's park on the left. The town and castle of Tunbridge, the navigable river Medway, and the rich meadows through which it runs, finely diversified with corn-fields, pasturage, hop-gardens, and orchards, are here in full view, and form a most beautiful scene. From the opposite court, on the west side of the house, are seen the Canterbury hills, near Dover, at the distance of about fifty miles; but this view, and the several objects it comprises, is best enjoyed from a rising hill, on which grow two large oaks, at a little distance southward from the house. From this stand, a stranger may behold at leisure a valley equal to Tempe, Andalusia, or Tinian."—*General Account of Tunbridge Wells and its Environs:* printed for G. Pearch, 8vo. p. 37. Mr. Hasted says, "that Lady Muskerry having, by her expensive way of life, wasted her estate, she, by piece-meals, sold off a great part of the demesne lands, lying mostly on the southern side of South-frith, to different persons; and dying in great distress, was buried accordingly, about the year 1698."—*History of Kent*, vol. ii. p. 341.

Note 151, Page 269.

Prince Rupert.

Lord Orford's contrast to this character of Prince Rupert is too just to be here omitted. "Born with the taste of an uncle whom his sword was not fortunate in defending, Prince Rupert was fond of those sciences which soften and adorn a hero's private hours, and knew how to mix them with his minutes of amusement, without dedicating his life to their pursuit, like us, who, wanting capacity for momentous views, make serious study of what is only the transitory occupation of a genius. Had the court of the first Charles been peaceful, how agreeably had the prince's congenial propensity flattered and confirmed the inclination of his uncle! How the muse of arts would have repaid the patronage of the monarch, when, for his first artist, she would have presented him with his nephew! How different a figure did the same prince make in a reign of dissimilar complexion! The philosophic warrior, who could relax himself into the ornament of a refined court, was thought a savage mechanic, when courtiers were only voluptuous wits. Let me transcribe a picture of Prince Rupert, drawn by a man who was far from having the least portion of wit in that age, who was superior to its indelicacy, and who yet was so overborne by its prejudices, that he had the complaisance to ridicule virtue, merit, talents.—But Prince Rupert, alas! was an awkward lover!" Lord Orford here inserts the character in the text, and then adds, "What pity that we, who wish to transmit this prince's resemblance to posterity on a fairer canvas, have none of these inimitable colours to enface the harsher likeness! We can but oppose facts to wit, truth to satire.—How unequal the pencils! yet what these lines cannot do, they may suggest: they may induce the reader to reflect, that if the prince was defective in the transient varnish of a court, he at least was adorned by the arts with that polish which alone can make a court attract the attention of subsequent ages."—*Catalogue of Engravers*, p. 135, 8vo. ed.

[Lord Orford thus relates the circumstance of his inventing mezzotinto: "We must take up the prince in his laboratory, begrimed, uncombed, perhaps in a dirty shirt; on the day I am going to mention, he certainly had not shaved and powdered to charm Miss Hughes, for it happened in his retirement at Brussels, after the catastrophe of his uncle. Going out early one morning, he observed the sentinel, at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The prince asked what he was about? He replied, the dew had fallen in the night, had made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it. The prince looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together, like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the fellow had scraped away.

"One knows what a mere good officer would have said on such an accident; if a fashionable officer, he might have damned the poor fellow, and given him a shilling: but the *Génie fécond en expériences* from so trifling an accident conceived mezzotinto. The prince concluded that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes, which would undoubtedly give an

impression all black, and that by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his idea to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter whom he maintained, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds; those being scraped away and diminished at pleasure, left the gradations of light."

Evelyn, in his Diary, March 13, 1661, says: "This afternoon, Prince Rupert shewed me with his own hands the new way of graving called mezzotinto, which afterwards, by his permission, I published in my history of Chalcography; this set so many artists on work, that they soon arrived to the perfection it is since come, emulating the tenderest miniatures."

Pepys, in his Diary, February 4, 1664-5, says: "My Lord Bellasses told us an odd passage; how the king having put out Prince Rupert of his generalship, upon some miscarriage at Bristol, and Sir Richard Willis of his governorship of Newark, at the entreaty of the gentry of the county, and put in my Lord Bellasses; the great officers of the king's army mutinied, and came in that manner with swords drawn, into the market-place of the town where the king was; which the king hearing, says: 'I must horse.' And there himself personally, when everybody expected they should have been opposed, the king came, and cried to the head of the mutineers, which was Prince Rupert, 'Nephew, I command you to be gone.' So the prince, in all his fury and discontent, withdrew, and his company scattered."

Dallaway says: "He was the author of several inventions of decided utility, in his own profession, of a method to bore cannons, and of a mixed metal, of which they should be composed, and of great improvement in the manufacture of gunpowder. He communicated to Christopher Kirby a method of tempering steel for the best fish-hooks ever made in England."

Prince Rupert was also famous for his play at tennis, and for being an excellent shot. A particular instance of his skill is mentioned by Plot, where he is said to have sent two balls successively, with a horse-pistol, through the weather-cock of St. Mary's steeple at Stafford. The distance was sixty yards, and the feat was performed in the presence of Charles I.]

Note 152, Page 269.

Hughes.

Mrs. Hughes was one of the actresses belonging to the king's company, and one of the earliest female performers. According to Downes, she commenced her theatrical career after the opening of Drury-lane theatre, in 1663. She appears to have been the first female representative of Desdemona. By Prince Rupert she had a daughter, named Ruperta, married to Lieutenant-general Howe, who survived her husband many years, dying at Somerset House about the year 1740. For Mrs. Hughes Prince Rupert bought the magnificent seat of Sir Nicholas Crispe, near Hammersmith, late the residence of the Margrave of Bran-

denburgh, and afterwards of Queen Caroline, wife of Geo. IV., which cost 25,000*l.* the building. From the *dramatis personæ* to Tom Essence, licensed 1676, we find Mrs. Hughes was then on the stage, and in the duke's company.

Note 152, Page 273.

The Duke of York took a journey the other side of London.

In Sir John Reresby's Memoirs, 8vo., 1735, p. 11, sub anno 1665, it is said, Aug. 5, "His Royal Highness the Duke and his duchess came down to York, where it was observed that Mr. Sydney, the handsomest youth of his time, and of the duke's bed-chamber, was greatly in love with the duchess; and well he might be excused; for the duchess, daughter to Chancellor Hyde, was a very handsome personage, and a woman of fine wit. The duchess, on her part, seemed kind to him, but very innocently; but he had the misfortune to be banished the court afterwards, for another reason, as was reported." Burnet mentions this transaction, and insinuates, to this cause is to be ascribed the duchess's conversion to popery.—See *Burnet's History of his Own Times*, vol. i. p. 318.

Note 153, Page 274.

Churchill.

Miss Arabella Churchill, daughter of Sir Winston Churchill, of Wotton Basset, in the county of Wilts, and sister to the celebrated John, Duke of Marlborough. She was born 1648. By the Duke of York she was mother of—1. James, Duke of Berwick; 2. Henry Fitz-James, commonly called the Grand Prior, born 1673, who was, after the Revolution, created by his father Duke of Albemarle, and died 1702; 3. Henrietta, born 1670, married to Lord Waldegrave, and died 1730. Miss Churchill afterwards became the wife of Charles Godfrey, Esq., clerk-comptroller of the green cloth, and master of the jewel office, by whom she had two daughters; one, Charlotte, married to Lord Falmouth; and the other, Elizabeth, to Edmund Dunch, Esq. Mrs. Godfrey died in May, 1730, at the age of 82.

[The feelings and situation of this woman about the beginning of the last century must have been strange and interesting. She had survived her lover, husband, and children. The sovereign who had loved her had been dethroned and exiled; her husband was serving against him; her brother (Duke of Marlborough) was opposed to the armies of Louis XIV.; and her not less illustrious son (Marshal Duc de Berwick) was defending the interests of that monarch in Spain.]

Note 154, Page 280.

Montagu's elder brother having, having very à propos, got himself killed where he had no business.

Montagu's elder brother was killed before Bergen, about August, 1665. See *Arlington's Letters*, vol. ii., p. 87. His name was Edward. Boyer, who, in his life of Queen Anne, has made several mistakes about him, says

he was dismissed for offending her majesty, by squeezing her hand. Probably he was disgraced for a time, and on that account went abroad.—See *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 292.

He is mentioned in the State Poems as

" ——— Montague, by court disaster,
Dwindled into the wooden horse's master."
Advice to a Painter, Part I.

Note 155, Page 292.

Madame.

Henrietta, youngest daughter of Charles the First, born at Exeter, 16th June, 1644, from whence she was removed to London in 1646, and, with her governess, Lady Dalkeith, soon afterwards conveyed to France. On the Restoration, she came over to England with her mother, but returned to France in about six months, and was married to Philip, Duke of Orleans, only brother of Lewis XIV. In May, 1760, she came again to Dover, on a mission of a political nature, it is supposed, from the French king to her brother, in which she was successful. She died, soon after her return to France, suddenly, not without suspicion of having been poisoned by her husband. King James, in his Diary, says, " On the 22nd of June, the news of the Duchess of Orleans' death arrived. It was suspected that counter-poisons were given her; but when she was opened, in the presence of the English ambassador, the Earl of Ailesbury, an English physician, and surgeon, there appeared no grounds of suspicion of any foul play. Yet Bucks talked openly that she was poisoned; and was so violent as to propose to foreign ministers to make war on France."—*Macpherson's Original Papers*, vol. i. At the end of *Lord Arlington's Letters* are five very remarkable ones from a person of quality, who is said to have been actually on the spot, giving a particular relation of her death.

[Pepys in his Diary, Nov. 22nd, 1660, says, " The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, did seem to me much handsomer than she.]

Note 156, Page 294.

The Duke of Monmouth.

James, Duke of Monmouth, was the son of Charles II., by one Lucy Walters. He was born at Rotterdam, April 9, 1649, and bore the name of James Crofts until the Restoration. His education was chiefly at Paris, under the eye of the queen-mother, and the government of Thomas Ross, Esq., who was afterwards secretary to Mr. Coventry during his embassy in Sweden. At the Restoration he was brought to England, and received with joy by his father, who heaped honours and riches upon him, which were not sufficient to satisfy his ambitious views. To exclude his uncle, the Duke of York, from the throne, he was continually intri-

guing with the opposers of government, and was frequently in disgrace with his sovereign. On the accession of James II. he made an ineffectual attempt to raise a rebellion, was taken prisoner, and beheaded on Tower-hill, 15th July, 1685. Mr. Macpherson has drawn his character in the following terms: "Monmouth, highly beloved by the populace, was a fit instrument to carry forward his (*i. e.* Shaftesbury's) designs. To a gracefulness which prejudiced mankind in his favour as soon as seen, he joined an affability which gained their love. Constant in his friendships, and just to his word, by nature tender, and an utter enemy to severity and cruelty, active and vigorous in his constitution, he excelled in the manly exercises of the field. He was personally brave. He loved the pomp and the very dangers of war. But with these splendid qualities, he was vain to a degree of folly, versatile in his measures, weak in his understanding. He was ambitious without dignity, busy without consequence, attempting ever to be artful, but always a fool. Thus, taking the applause of the multitude for a certain mark of merit, he was the dupe of his own vanity, and owed all his misfortunes to that weakness.—*Macpherson's Original Papers*, vol. i., chap. iii.

[Evelyn gives the following account of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion and his execution, June 14th, 1685. "There was now certaine intelligence of the Duke of Monmouth landing at Lyme in Dorsetshire, and of his having set up his standard as King of England. I pray God deliver us from the confusion which these beginnings threaten!"

June 17th. "The duke landed with but 150 men, but the whole kingdom was alarm'd, fearing that the disaffected would joyn them, many of the train'd bands flocking to him. At his landing he publish'd a declaration, charging his ma^ty^ with usurpation and several horrid crimes, on pretence of his owne title, and offering to call a free parliament. This declaration was order'd to be burnt by the hangman, the duke proclaim'd a traytor, and a reward of 5,000*l.* to any who should kill him."

July 2nd. "No considerable account of the troops sent against the duke, tho' greate forces sent. There was a smart skirmish, but he would not be provok'd to come to an encounter, but still kept in the fastnesses."

July 8th. "Came news of Monmouth's utter defeate, and the next day of his being taken by S^r^ W^m^ Portman and Lord Lumley with the militia of their counties. It seemes the horse, commanded by Lord Grey, being newly rais'd and undisciplin'd, were not to be brought in so short a time to endure the fire, which expos'd the foote to the king's, so as when Monmouth had led the foote in greate silence and order, thinking to surprise Lieut^t^ Gen^l^ Lord Feversham newly encamp'd, and given him a smart charge, interchanging both greate and small shot, the horse, breaking their owne ranks, Monmouth gave it over, and fled with Grey, leaving their party to be cut in pieces to the number of 2,000. The whole number reported to be above 8,000, the king's but 2,700. The slaine were most of them *Mendip-miners*, who did greate execution with their tooles, and sold their lives very dearely, whilst their leaders flying were pursu'd and taken the next morning, not far from one another. Monmouth had gone sixteen miles on foote, changing his habite for a poore coate, and was found by Lord Lumley in a dry ditch cover'd with fern-brakes, but without sword,

pistol, or any weapon, and so might have pass'd for some countryman, his beard being grown so long and so grey as hardly to be known, had not his George discover'd him, which was found in his pocket. 'Tis said he trembl'd exceedingly all over, not able to speake. Grey was taken not far from him. Most of his party were Anabaptists and poore clothworkers of y^e^ country, no gentlemen of account being come in to him. The arch-boutefeu Ferguson, Matthews, &c. were not yet found. The 5,000*l.* to be given to whoever should bring Monmouth in, was to be distributed among the militia by agreement between S^r^ W^m^ Portman and Lord Lumley. The battail ended, some words, first in jest, then in passion, pass'd between Sherrington Talbot (a worthy gent^n^, son to S^r^ John Talbot, and who had behav'd himselfe very handsomely) and one Capt. Love, both commanders of the militia, as to whose souldiers fought best, both drawing their swords and passing at one another. Sherrington was wounded to death on the spot, to the greate regret of those who knew him. He was Sir John's only son."

July 15th. "Monmouth was this day brought to London and examin'd before the king, to whom he made great submission, acknowledged his seduction by Ferguson the Scot, whom he nam'd y^e^ bloudy villain. He was sent to y^e^ Tower, had an interview with his late dutchesse, whom he receiv'd coldly, having lived dishonestly with y^e^ Lady Henrietta Wentworth for two yeares. He obstinately asserted his conversation with that debauch'd woman to be no sin, whereupon, seeing he could not be persuaded to his last breath, the divines who were sent to assist him thought not fit to administer the Holy Communion to him. For y^e^ rest of his faults he profess'd greate sorrow, and so died without any apparent feare; he would not make use of a cap or other circumstance, but lying downe, bid the fellow do his office better than to the late Lord Russell, and gave him gold; but the wretch made five chopps before he had his head off; w^ch^ so incens'd the people, that had he not been guarded and got away, they would have torn him to pieces.

"The duke made no speech on the scaffold (w^ch^ was on Tower-hill), but gave a paper containing not above five or six lines, for the king, in which he disclaims all title to y^e^ crown, acknowledges that the late king, his father, had indeede told him he was but his base sonn, and so desir'd his ma^ty^ to be kind to his wife and children. This relation I had from Dr. Tenison (rector of St. Martin's), who, with the Bishops of Ely and Bath and Wells, were sent to him by his ma^ty^, and were at the execution.

"Thus ended this quondam duke, darling of his father and y^e^ ladies, being extreamly handsome and adroit; an excellent souldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature, debauched by lust, seduc'd by crafty knaves who would have set him up only to make a property, and took the opportunity of the king being of another religion, to gather a party of discontented men. He fail'd, and perish'd.

"He was a lovely person, had a virtuous and excellent lady that brought him greate riches, and a second dukedom in Scotland. He was master of the horse, general of the king his father's army, gentleman of the bedchamber, knight of the garter, chancellor of Cambridge, in a word, had accumulations without end. See what ambition and want of principles brought

him to! He was beheaded on Tuesday, 14th July. His mother, whose name was Barlow, daughter of some very meane creatures, was a beautiful strumpet, whom I had often seene at Paris; she died miserably without any thing to bury her; yet this Perkin had ben made to believe that the king had married her; a monstrous and ridiculous forgerie; and to satisfy the world of the iniquity of the report, the king his father (if his father he really was, for he most resembl'd one Sidney, who was familiar with his mother) publickly and most solemnly renounc'd it, to be so enter'd in the council booke some yeares since, with all the privy councellors attestation."]

Note 157, Page 295.

An heiress of five thousand pounds a year in Scotland.

This was Lady Anne Scott, daughter and sole heir of Francis, Earl of Buccleugh, only son and heir of Walter, Lord Scott, created Earl of Buccleugh in 1619. On their marriage the duke took the surname of Scott, and he and his lady were created Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh, Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, Baron and Baroness of Whitchester and Ashdale, in Scotland, by letters patent, dated April 20th, 1673. Also, two days after he was installed at Windsor, the king and queen, the Duke of York, and most of the court being present. The next day, being St. George's day, his majesty solemnized it with a royal feast, and entertained the knights companions in St. George's hall in the castle of Windsor. Though there were several children of this marriage, it does not appear to have been a happy one; the duke, without concealment, attaching himself to Lady Harriet Wentworth, whom, with his dying breath, he declared he considered as his only wife in the sight of God. The duchess, in May, 1688, took to her second husband Charles, Lord Cornwallis. She died Feb. 6, 1731-2, in the 81st year of her age, and was buried at Dalkeith, in Scotland. Our author is not more correct about figures than he avows himself to be in the arrangement of facts and dates: the duchess's fortune was much greater than he has stated it to have been.

Note 158, Page 296.

Killegrew.

Thomas Killegrew was one of the sons of Sir Robert Killegrew, chamberlain to the queen, and was born at Hanworth, in the county of Middlesex, in the month of February, 1611. He seems to have been early intended for the court, and to qualify him for rising there, every circumstance of his education appears to have been adapted. He was appointed page of honour to King Charles I., and faithfully adhered to his cause until the death of his master; after which he attended his son in his exile; to whom he was highly acceptable, on account of his social and convivial qualifications. He married Mrs. Cecilia Crofts, one of the maids of honour to Queen Henrietta. In 1651 he was sent to Venice, as resident at that state, although, says Lord Clarendon, "the king was much dissuaded from it, but afterwards his majesty was prevailed upon, only to gratify him, that in that capacity he might borrow money of English mer-

chants for his own subsistence; which he did, and nothing to the honour of his master; but was at last compelled to leave the republic for his vicious behaviour; of which the Venetian ambassador complained to the king, when he came afterwards to Paris." On his return from Venice, Sir John Denham wrote a copy of verses, printed in his works, bantering the foibles of his friend Killegrew; who, from his account, was as little sensible to the miseries of exile as his royal master. His attachment to the interests of Charles II. continued unabated, and at the Restoration he was appointed groom of the bed-chamber, and became so great a favourite with his majesty, that he was admitted into his company on terms of the most unrestrained familiarity, when audience was refused to the first ministers, and even on the most important occasions. It does not appear that he availed himself of his interest with the king, either to amass a fortune, or to advance himself in the state: we do not find that he obtained any other preferment than the post of master of the revels, which he held with that of groom of the bed-chamber. Oldys says he was king's jester at the same time; but although he might, and certainly did, entertain his majesty in that capacity, it can scarce be imagined to have been in consequence of any appointment of that kind. He died at Whitehall, 19th March, 1682, bewailed, as it is said, by his friends, and truly wept for by the poor. [Pepys thus relates "Thos. Killegrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, 'Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?' then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays." He also says in his Diary, Dec. 9th, 1666: "Mr. Pierce did tell me as a great truth, as being told him by Mr. Cowly (Abraham Cowley, the poet), who was by and heard it, that Tom Killegrew publicly told the king that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if your majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.'" Again, Feb. 12th, 1666-7: "Thos. Killegrew tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever come upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her 30*l.* a year more. That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now wax candles, and many of them; then not above 3lbs. of tallow: now all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden; then two or three fiddlers, now nine or ten of the best: then nothing but rushes upon the ground, and every thing else mean; now all otherwise: then the queen seldom, and the king never, would come; now, not the king only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times (eight or ten times, he tells me) hence to Rome, to hear good music; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late king's time, and

in this, to introduce good music, but he never could do it, there never having been any music here better than ballads. And says 'Hermitt poore' and 'Chiny Chese' was all the music we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several courts in Christendom, to come to make a concert for the king, which he do give 200*l.* a year apiece to; but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous Gundilows, he having got the king to put them away, and lay out money this way. And indeed I do commend him for it; for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have sometimes of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moorefields on purpose for it. And he tells me plainly that the city audience was as good as the court; but now they are most gone."

The following anecdotes are also preserved:—"On one occasion, Killegrew entered the king's apartment without ceremony, equipped in boots, &c., as if he was going a journey. 'What, Killegrew,' cried Charles, 'where are you going in such a violent hurry?' 'To hell!' said Killegrew, 'to fetch up Oliver Cromwell, to look after the affairs of England, for his successor never will.'"

"The council had one day assembled, and the king, as usual, not making his appearance, the Duke of Lauderdale hastened to remonstrate with him, but his entreaties were of no avail. On quitting the presence-chamber he met Killegrew, who, on learning his errand, offered to bet him 100*l.* that Charles should attend the council in half an hour, which the duke, feeling certain of winning the money, instantly accepted. Killegrew immediately entered the king's apartment, and related to him the whole circumstance. 'I know,' he proceeded, 'that your majesty hates Lauderdale; now, if you go only this once to the council, I know his covetous disposition so well, that, rather than pay the 100*l.*, he will hang himself, and never plague you again.' Charles could not refrain from laughing:—'Well, Killegrew,' he cried, 'I *positively* will go!' He kept his word, and the wager was won."]

Note 159, Page 298.

The Duke of Buckingham and Lady Shrewsbury remained for a long period both happy and contented.

In a letter from Andrew Marvell, dated August 9, 1671, he says, "Buckingham runs out all with the Lady Shrewsbury, whom he believes he had a son (by,) to whom the king stood godfather: it died young, Earl of Coventry, and was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers."—*Marvell's Works*, vol. i. p. 406. The duel in which the Earl of Shrewsbury was killed by the Duke of Buckingham happened 16th March, 1667.

Note 160, Page 299.

The Duchess of Buckingham.

"Mary, Duchess of Buckingham, was the only daughter of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, and Anne, the daughter of Horace, Lord Vere; a most vir

tuous and pious lady, in a vicious age and court. If she had any of the vanities, she had certainly none of the vices of it. The duke and she lived lovingly and decently together; she patiently bearing with those faults in him which she could not remedy. She survived him many years, and died near St. James's, at Westminster, and was buried in the vault of the family of Villiers, in Henry VII.'s chapel, anno 1705, ætat. 66."—*Brian Fairfax's Life of the Duke of Buckingham*, 4to. 1758, p. 39. She was married at Nun Appleton, September 6, 1657. In the Memoirs of the English Court, by Madame Dunois, p. 11, it is said, "The Duchess of Buckingham has merit and virtue; she is brown and lean, but had she been the most beautiful and charming of her sex, the being his wife would have been sufficient alone to have inspired him with a dislike. Notwithstanding she knew he was always intriguing, yet she never spoke of it, and had complaisance enough to entertain his mistresses, and even to lodge them in her house; all which she suffered because she loved him." In some manuscript notes in Oldys's copy of Langbaine, by a gentleman still living, we are told that the old Lady Viscountess de Longueville, grandmother to the Earl of Sussex, who died in 1763, aged near 100, used to tell many little anecdotes of Charles II.'s queen, whom she described as a little ungraceful woman, so short-legged, that when she stood upon her feet, you would have thought she was on her knees, and yet so long waisted, that when she sat down she appeared a well-sized woman. She also described the Duchess of Buckingham, to whom she was related, as much such another in person as the queen; a little round crumpled woman, very fond of finery. She remembered paying her a visit when she (the duchess) was in mourning, at which time she found her lying on a sofa, with a kind of loose robe over her, all edged or laced with gold. This circumstance gives credit to Fairfax's observation above, that if she had any of the vanities, she had certainly none of the vices of the court.

Note 161, Page 300.

It would be advisable for her to try the warm baths at Bristol.

I believe that Bath, not Bristol, is the place intended by the author. Queen Katharine's visit to the former place was earlier than to Tunbridge, being about the latter end of September, 1663.—See *Wood's Description of Bath*, vol. i. p. 217. I do not find she ever was at Bristol, but at the time mentioned in the following extract:

1663. Sir John Knight, mayor. John Broadway, Richard Stremer, sheriffs.

"The 5th of September, the king and *queen*, with James, Duke of York, and his duchess, and Prince Rupert, &c., came to Bristol, and were splendidly received and entertained by the mayor, at a dinner provided on the occasion. They returned to Bath at four o'clock. 150 pieces of ordnance were discharged in the Marsh, at three distinct times."—*Barrett's History, &c. of Bristol*, p. 692.

Note 162, Page 305.

Campaign in Guinea.

This expedition was intended to have taken place in 1664. A full account of it, and how it came to be laid aside, may be seen in the *Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 225.

Note 163, Page 306.

The old Earl of Carlingford.

Sir Theobald Taafe, the second Viscount Taafe, created Earl of Carlingford, in the county of Louth, by privy seal, 17th June, 1661, and by patent, 26th June, 1662. He died 31st December, 1677.

Note 164, Page 308.

That mad fellow Crofts.

William, Baron of Crofts, groom of the stole, and gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Duke of York; captain of a regiment of guards of the queen-mother, gentleman of the bed-chamber to the king, and ambassador to Poland. He had been sent to France by the Duke of York, to congratulate Lewis XIV. on the birth of the dauphin.—See *Biog. Brit.* old ed. vol. iv. p. 2738, and *Continuation of Clarendon*, p. 294.

Note 165, Page 309.

She saw young Churchill.

Afterwards the celebrated Duke of Marlborough. He was born midsummer-day, 1650, and died June 16, 1722. Bishop Burnet takes notice of the discovery of this intrigue. "The Duchess of Cleveland, finding that she had lost the king, abandoned herself to great disorders: one of which, by the artifice of the Duke of Buckingham, was discovered by the king in person, the party concerned leaping out of the window."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 370. This was in 1668. A very particular account of this intrigue is to be seen in the *Atalantis* of Mrs. Manley, vol. i. p. 30. The same writer, who had lived as companion to the Duchess of Cleveland, says, in the account of her own life, that she was an eye-witness when the duke, who had received thousands from the duchess, refused the common civility of lending her twenty guineas at basset.—*The History of Rivella*, 4th ed. 1725, p. 33. Lord Chesterfield's character of this nobleman is too remarkable to be omitted.

"Of all the men that ever I knew in my life (and I knew him extremely well), the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them; and indeed he got the most by them; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes to great events) to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those graces. He was eminently illiterate, wrote bad English, and spelled it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called *parts;* that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent

good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him, which was page to King James II.'s queen. There the graces protected and promoted him; for while he was an ensign of the guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles II., struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds; with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a year, of my grandfather, Halifax; which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irresistible by either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner, that he was enabled, during all his wars, to connect the various and jarring powers of the grand alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrongheadednesses. Whatever court he went to (and he was often obliged to go himself to some resty and refractory ones), he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures. The pensionary Heinsius, a venerable old minister, grown grey in business, and who had governed the republic of the United Provinces for more than forty years, was absolutely governed by the Duke of Marlborough, as that republic feels to this day. He was always cool; and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance. He could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied, as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and, in some degree, comforted by his manner. With all his gracefulness, no man living was more conscious of his situation or maintained his dignity better."—*Chest. Letters*, letter 136.

Note 166, Page 310.

Nell Gwyn, the actress.

On this passage, the first translator of this work, Mr. Boyer, has the following note: "The author of these memoirs is somewhat mistaken in this particular; for Nell Gwyn was my Lord Dorset's mistress, before the king fell in love with her; and I was told by the late Mr. Dryden, that the king having a mind to get her from his lordship, sent him upon a sleeveless errand to France. However, it is not improbable that Nell was afterwards kind to her first lover." [See Note 110.] Of the early part of Nell's life, little is known but what may be collected from the lampoons of the times; in which it is said that she was born in a night-cellar, sold fish about the streets, rambled from tavern to tavern, entertaining the company after dinner and supper with songs (her voice being very agreeable); was next taken into the house of Madame Ross, a noted courtesan; and was afterwards admitted into the theatre, where she became the mistress of both Hart and Lacey, the celebrated actors. Other accounts say, she was born in a cellar in the Coal-yard in Drury-lane; and that she was first taken notice of when selling oranges in the play-house. She belonged to the king's company at Drury-lane, and, according to Downes, was received as an actress a few years after that house was opened, in 1663. The first notice I find of her is in the year

1668, when she performed in Dryden's play of Secret Love; after which she may be traced every year until 1672, when I conjecture she quitted the stage. [Pepys mentions her as early as April 3rd, 1665, when he styles her "pretty, witty Nell." In his Diary, March 2nd, 1666-7, he says: "After dinner with my wife to the King's house to see 'The Maiden Queen,' a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit: and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope to see the like done again by man or woman. So great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire." And again, May 1st, 1667: "To Westminster, and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door in Drury-lane, in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature."] Her forte appears to have been comedy. [Pepys says in his Diary, August 22nd, 1667, "To the King's playhouse, where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the emperor's daughter, which she does most basely."] In an epilogue to Tyrannic Love, spoken by her, she says,

> ——— I walk, because I die
> Out of my calling in a tragedy.

And from the same authority it may be collected that her person was small, and she was negligent in her dress. Her son, the Duke of St. Albans, was born before she left the stage, viz. May 8, 1670. Bishop Burnet speaks of her in these terms:—"Gwyn, the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a court, continued, to the end of the king's life, in great favour, and was maintained at a vast expense. The Duke of Buckingham told me, that when she was first brought to the king, she asked only 500 pounds a year, and the king refused it. But when he told me this, about four years after, he said she had got of the king above sixty thousand pounds. [The editor has seen her signature to a receipt dated Nov. 20th, 1682, for 250*l.*, being a quarter of a year's pension. Also a banker's order for payment of a similar sum, dated Oct. 15th, 1683, signed by Lord Rochester, Sir Edw. Dering, Sir Stephen Fox, &c.] She acted all persons in so lively a manner, and was such a constant diversion to the king, that even a new mistress could not drive her away; but, after all, he never treated her with the decencies of a mistress."—*History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 369. The same author notices the king's attention to her on his death-bed. Cibber, who was dissatisfied with the bishop's account of Nell, says,—"If we consider her in all the disadvantages of her rank and education, she does not appear to have had any criminal errors, more remarkable than her sex's frailty, to answer for; and if the same author, in his latter end of that prince's life, seems to reproach his memory with too kind a concern for her support, we may allow it becomes a bishop to have had no eyes or taste for the frivolous charms or playful badinage of a king's mistress. Yet, if the common fame of her may be

believed, which, in my memory, was not doubted, she had less to be laid to her charge than any other of those ladies who were in the same state of preferment: she never meddled in matters of serious moment, or was the tool of working politicians; never broke into those amorous infidelities which others, in that grave author, are accused of; but was as visibly distinguished by her particular personal inclination to the king, as her rivals were by their titles and grandeur."—*Cibber's Apology*, 8vo., p. 450. One of Madame Sevigné's letters exhibits no bad portrait of Mrs. Gwyn. —"Mademoiselle de K——— (Kerouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth) has not been disappointed in any thing she proposed. She desired to be mistress to the king, and she is so: he lodges with her almost every night, in the face of all the court: she has had a son, who has been acknowledged, and presented with two duchies: she amasses treasure, and makes herself feared and respected by as many as she can. But she did not foresee that she should find a young actress in her way, whom the king dotes on; and she has it not in her power to withdraw him from her. He divides his care, his time, and his health, between these two. The actress is as haughty as Mademoiselle: she insults her, she makes grimaces at her, she attacks her, she frequently steals the king from her, and boasts whenever he gives her the preference. She is young, indiscreet, confident, wild, and of an agreeable humour: she sings, she dances, she acts her part with a good grace. She has a son by the king, and hopes to have him acknowledged. As to Mademoiselle, she reasons thus: This duchess, says she, pretends to be a person of quality: she says she is related to the best families in France: whenever any person of distinction dies, she puts herself in mourning.—If she be a lady of such quality, why does she demean herself to be a courtesan? She ought to die with shame. As for me, it is my profession: I do not pretend to any thing better. He has a son by me: I pretend that he ought to acknowledge him; and I am well assured he will; for he loves me as well as Mademoiselle. This creature gets the upper hand, and discountenances and embarrasses the duchess extremely." —*Letter* 92. Mr. Pennant says, "— she resided at her house, in what was then called Pall-Mall. It is the first good one on the left hand of St. James's square, as we enter from Pall-Mall. The back-room on the ground floor was (within memory) entirely of looking-glass, as was said to have been the ceiling. Over the chimney was her picture; and that of her sister was in a third room."—*London*, p. 101. At this house she died, in the year 1691, and was pompously interred in the parish church of St. Martin's in the Fields; Dr. Tennison, then vicar, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury, preaching her funeral sermon. This sermon, we learn, was shortly afterwards brought forward at court by Lord Jersey, to impede the doctor's preferment; but queen Mary having heard the objection, answered—"What then?" in a sort of discomposure to which she was but little subject; "I have heard as much: this is a sign that that poor unfortunate woman died penitent; for, if I can read a man's heart through his looks, had not she made a pious and Christian end, the doctor could never have been induced to speak well of her."—*Life of Dr. Thomas Tennison*, p. 20. Cibber also says, he had been unquestionably in-

formed that our fair offender's repentance appeared in all the contrite symptoms of a Christian sincerity.—*Cibber's Apology*, p. 451.

[The following anecdotes which are still preserved of the merry, open-hearted Nell, will be found highly illustrative of her lively wit and generous disposition. They are taken from various sources, including the Diaries of Evelyn and Pepys; Granger's Biography and Letters; Colley Cibber's Life; Gentleman's Magazine; Mrs. Jameson; Jesse; &c. &c.

"Mrs. Pierce tells me that the two Marshalls at the king's house, are Stephen Marshall's the great Presbyterian's daughters: and that Nelly and Beck Marshall falling out the other day, the latter called the other my Lord Buckhurst's mistress. Nell answered her, 'I was but one man's mistress, though I was brought up in a brothel, to fill strong water to the gentlemen: and you are a mistress to three or four, though a presbyter's praying daughter.'"

"Boman, when a youth and famous for his voice, was appointed to sing some part in a concert, at the private lodgings of Mrs. Gwynn; at which were only present the king, the Duke of York, and one or two more, who were usually admitted upon those detached parties of pleasure. When the performance was ended, the king expressed himself highly pleased, and gave it extraordinary commendations: 'Then, Sir,' said the lady, 'to shew you don't speak like a courtier, I hope you will make the performers a handsome present.' The king said he had no money about him, and asked the duke if he had any? To which the duke replied, 'I believe, Sir, not above a guinea or two.' Upon which the laughing lady, turning to the people about her, and drolly mimicking the king's tone and common expression, cried, 'Odd's fish, what company am I got into!'"

"Nell Gwynn was one day passing through the streets of Oxford, in her coach, when the mob mistaking her for her rival, the Duchess of Portsmouth, commenced hooting and loading her with every opprobrious epithet. Putting her head out of the coach window, 'Good people,' she said, smiling, 'you are mistaken; I am the Protestant whore.'"

"Once as she was driving up Ludgate-hill in a superb coach, some bailiffs were hurrying a clergyman to prison; she stopped, sent for the persons whom the clergyman named as attestators to his character, and finding the account a just subject for pity, paid his debt instantly, and procured him a preferment."

"An expedient adopted by the light-hearted actress, to procure the advancement of her young son to the same rank which had been conferred by Charles on his other natural children, is amusing enough. The king happened to be in her apartments, when the boy was engaged in some childish sport. 'Come here, you little bastard!'—was the free-spoken summons. Charles, to whose ears the term sounded somewhat harsh, blamed her, in his good-natured way, for the expression. 'Indeed,' she said, demurely, 'I am very sorry, but I have no other name to give him, poor boy!' A few days afterwards, this nameless young gentleman was created Baron of Heddington and Earl of Burford."

"Nelly was highly favoured by Dryden. For many years he gave her

the most snowy and fantastic parts in his comedies. It looks as if he played her at the monarch a considerable time; and he wrote on purpose for her a whimsical and spirited prologue, prefixed, I think, to Aurengzebe. At the rival theatre (viz. the Duke's, under Killegrew's patent), *Nokes* had appeared in a hat larger than *Pistol's*, which gave the town wonderful delight, and supported a bad play by its pure effect. Dryden, piqued at this, caused a hat to be made the circumference of a hinder coach-wheel, and as Nelly was low of stature, and what the French call *mignonne et piquante*, he made her speak under the umbrella of that hat, the brims thereof being spread out horizontally to their full extension. The whole theatre was in a convulson of applause; nay, the very actors giggled, a circumstance none had observed before. Judge, therefore, what a condition 'the merriest prince alive' was in at such a conjuncture. It was beyond 'odds' and 'odsfish;' for he wanted little of being suffocated with laughter."

"She was the most popular of all the king's mistresses, and most acceptable to the nation. The king having made a handsome present of plate to the Duchess of Portsmouth, a large concourse of people gathered round the goldsmith's shop, and loudly hooted at the duchess, wishing the silver was melted and poured down her throat, and saying that it was a thousand pities his majesty had not bestowed this bounty on Madam Ellen."

"Before Nelly became the mistress of Charles II., she was under the protection of two others of the name of Charles. She accordingly used to speak of him as *her* Charles III. Etherege says,

> 'When he was dumpish, she would still be jocund,
> And chuck the royal chin of Charles the Second.'"

"The house in which Nell Gwynn lived was a freehold, and granted to her by a long lease by Charles II. Upon her discovering it to be only a lease under the crown, she returned him the lease and conveyance, saying she had always *conveyed free* under the crown, and always would; and would not accept it till it was conveyed free to her by an act of parliament, made on and for that purpose. Upon Nelly's death it was sold, and has been conveyed free ever since."

"Before her acquaintance with the king she is by some said to have been mistress to a brother of Lady Castlemaine, who studiously concealed her from Charles. One day, however, in spite of his caution, his majesty saw her, and that very night possessed her. Her lover carried her to the play, at a time when he had not the least suspicion of his majesty's being there; but as that monarch had an aversion to his robes of royalty, and was incumbered with the dignity of his state, he chose frequently to throw off the load of kingship, and consider himself as a private gentleman. Upon this occasion he came to the play *incog.*, and sat in the next box to Nelly and her lover. As soon as the play was finished, his majesty, with the duke of York, the young nobleman, and Nell, retired to a tavern together, where they regaled themselves over a bottle; and the king shewed such civilities to Nell, that she began to understand the meaning of his gallantry. The tavern keeper was entirely ignorant of the

quality of the company; and it was remarkable, that when the reckoning came to be paid, his majesty, upon searching his pockets, found that he had not money enough about him to discharge it, and asked the sum of his brother, who was in the same situation: upon which Nell observed, that she had got into the poorest company that she ever was in at a tavern. The reckoning was paid by the young nobleman, who that night lost both his money and mistress."

"'Oh Nell,' said Charles to her one day, 'what shall I do to please the people of England? I am torn to pieces by their clamours.' 'If it please your majesty,' she answered, 'there is but one way left.' 'What is that?' said the king. 'Dismiss your ladies, may it please your majesty, and mind your business.'"

"One day she was driving in her coach to Whitehall, when a dispute arose between her coachman and another who was driving a countess, who in the midst of the discussion told his rival, that he himself drove a countess, whilst his lady was neither more nor less than a whore. The indignant Jehu jumped from his seat, and administered to the offender a severe beating. When Nell learnt from him the cause of the quarrel, she told him to 'go to, and never to risk his carcase again but in defence of truth.'"

Evelyn, who, like Dr. Burnet, was highly scandalized at the king's fondness for his mistresses, thus notices her in his Diary, March 1st, 1671:—"I walked through St. James's Park to the gardens, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between [the king] and Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall, and [the king] standing on the green walk under it. I was heartily sorry at this scene."

Charles loved her to the last, and she is said to be the only one of his mistresses who was faithful to him. His last words were, "Let not poor Nelly starve." According to a writer in the Gent.'s Magazine, "she left a handsome sum yearly to St. Martin's church, on condition, that on every Thursday evening in the year, there should be six men employed, for the space of one hour, in ringing, for which they were to have a roasted shoulder of mutton and ten shillings for beer. She, however, is more justly remembered for her exertions in behalf of Chelsea Hospital, which would never have been completed, at least not in the reign of Charles, but for her persevering and benevolent enthusiasm."]

Note 167, Page 311.

Miss Davis.

Mrs. Mary Davis was an actress belonging to the duke's theatre. She was, according to Downes, one of the four female performers who boarded in Sir William Davenant's own house, and was on the stage as early as 1664, her name being to be seen in "The Stepmother," acted in that year. She performed the character of *Celia*, in the "Rivals," altered by Davenant from the "Two Noble Kinsmen" of Fletcher and Shakspeare, in 1668; and, in singing several wild and mad songs, so charmed his majesty, that she was from that time received into his favour, and had

by him a daughter, Mary Tudor, born October, 1673; married in August, 1687, to Francis Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater. Burnet says, Miss Davis did not keep her hold on the king long; which may be doubted, as her daughter was born four years after she was first noticed by his majesty.

[Pepys thus speaks of her in his Diary, March 7th, 1666-7.—"To the duke's playhouse, where little Miss Davis did dance a jig after the end of the play, in boy's clothes; and the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day at the king's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other." Jan. 11th, 1667-8. "Knipp told me how Miss Davis is for certain going away from the duke's house, the king being in love with her; and a house is taking for her and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already, worth 600*l.*" Jan. 14th. "Miss Davis is now the most impertinent slut in the world; and the more now the king do shew her countenance; and is reckoned his mistress even to the scorn of the whole world; the king gazing on her, and my Lady Castlemaine being melancholy and out of humour, all the play not smiling once. It seems she is a bastard of Colonel Howard, my Lord Berkshire, and he hath got her for the king: but Pierce says that she is a most homely jade as ever he saw, though she dances beyond any thing in the world." A story is told that Lady Castlemaine (Granger says it was Nell Gwynn) administered jalap at supper to Mary Davis on the first night of her introduction to Charles, the object of which need not be commented upon. It is sufficient (says Granger) to hint at the violence of the operation, and its disastrous effects."]

Note 168, Page 312.

Chiffinch.

The name of this person occurs very often in the secret history of this reign. Wood, in enumerating the king's supper companions, says, they meet "either in the lodgings of Lodovisa, Duchess of Portsmouth, or in those of —— Cheffing (Chiffinch), near the back-stairs, or in the apartment of Eleanor Quin (Gwyn), or in that of Baptist May; but he losing his credit,—— Cheffing had the greatest trust among them."—*Athenæ Oxon.* vol. ii. 1038. So great was the confidence reposed in him, that he was the receiver of the secret pensions paid by the court of France to the King of England.—See *the Duke of Leeds's Letters*, 1710, p. 9, 17, 33.

Chiffinch's more important duties are intimated in the beginning of a satirical poem of the time, entitled "Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's Ghost."

> "It happen'd, in the twilight of the day,
> As England's monarch in his closet lay,
> And Chiffinch stepp'd to fetch the female prey,
> The bloody shape of Godfrey did appear," &c.

[His character is well drawn in Sir Walter Scott's novel of "Peveril of the Peak."]

Note 169, Page 314.

Miss Stewart having a little recovered, &c.

See Bishop Burnet's account of Miss Stewart's marriage, in his *History of his own Times*, vol. i. p. 353.

[Pepys thus relates the marriage in his Diary, April 26th, 1667 :— "Mr. Evelyn told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from court, he knowing her well ; and believes her, up to her leaving the court, to be as virtuous as any woman in the world ; and told me, from a lord, that she told it to but yesterday with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the king, and he did the like also ; and that the king did not deny it, and told this lord that she was come to that pass, as to resolve to have married any gentleman of 1,500*l.* a year that would have had her in honour : for it was come to that pass, that she could not longer continue at court without prostituting herself to the king, whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance. She told this lord, that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given to the world, to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not any thing but her honour ; and that she will never come to live at court, more than when she comes to kiss the queen her mistress's hand ; and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate. She told this lord that all the jewels she ever had given her at court, or any other presents (more than the king's allowance of 700*l.* per annum out of the privy-purse for her clothes), were at her first coming, the king did give her a necklace of pearl, of about 1,100*l.* ; and afterwards, about seven months since, when the king had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the king did give her some jewels, I have forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her Valentine, did give her a jewel of about 800*l.* ; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about 300*l.* ; and the King of France would have had her mother (who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world), to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France ; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his court, he would take care that she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the queen-mother, thought rather to bring her into England ; and the King of France did give her a jewel ; so that Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewels about 6,000*l.*, and that this is all she hath in the world ; and a worthy woman ; and in this hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. That now the Countess Castlemaine do carry all before her ; and among other arguments to prove Mrs. Stewart to have been honest to the last, he says that the king's keeping in still with my Lady Castlemaine do shew it ; for he never was known to keep two mistresses in his life, and would never have kept to her, had he prevailed any thing with Mrs. Stewart. She is gone yesterday with her lord to Cobham."]

NOTE 170, Page 317.

The expedition of Gigeri.

Gigeri is about forty leagues from Algiers. Till the year 1644 the French had a factory there; but then attempting to build a fort on the seacoast, to be a check upon the Arabs, they came down from the mountains, beat the French out of Gigeri, and demolished their fort. Sir Richard Fanshaw, in a letter to the deputy-governor of Tangier, dated 2nd of December, 1664, N.S. says, "We have certain intelligence that the French have lost Gigheria, with all they had there, and their fleet come back, with the loss of one considerable ship upon the rocks near Marselles."—*Fanshaw's Letters*, vol. i. p. 347.

NOTE 171, Page 319.

An expedition to Guinea.

This expedition was intended to have taken place in 1664. A full account of it, and how it came to be laid aside, may be seen in the *Continuation of Clarendon's Life*, p. 225.

NOTE 172, Page 319.

Ovid's Epistles.

This is the translation of Ovid's epistles, published by Mr. Dryden. The second edition of it was printed in 1681.

NOTE 173, Page 320.

A silly country girl.

Miss Gibbs, daughter of a gentleman in the county of Cambridge.

NOTE 174, Page 320.

A melancholy heiress.

Elizabeth, daughter of John Mallet, of Enmere, in the county of Somerset.

NOTE 175, Page 320.

The languishing Boynton.

After the deaths of Miss Boynton and of George Hamilton, Talbot married Miss Jennings, and became afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel.

NOTE 176, Page 320.

Was blessed with the possession of Miss Hamilton.

"The famous Count Grammont was thought to be the original of *The Forced Marriage*. This nobleman, during his stay at the court of England, had made love to Miss Hamilton, but was coming away for France, without bringing matters to a proper conclusion. The young lady's

brothers pursued him, and came up with him near Dover, in order to exchange some pistol-shot with him. They called out, 'Count Grammont, have you forgot nothing at London?' 'Excuse me,' answered the count, guessing their errand, 'I forgot to marry your sister; so lead on, and let us finish that affair.' By the pleasantry of the answer, this was the same Grammont who commanded at the siege of a place, the governor of which capitulated after a short defence, and obtained an easy capitulation. The governor then said to Monsieur Grammont, 'I'll tell you a secret—that the reason of my capitulation was, because I was in want of powder.' Monsieur replied, 'And secret for secret—the reason of my granting you such an easy capitulation was, because I was in want of ball.'"—*Biog. Gallica*, vol. i. p. 202.

Count Grammont and his lady left England in 1669. King Charles, in a letter to his sister, the Duchess of Orleans, dated 24th October, in that year, says, "I writt to you yesterday, by the Compte de Grammont, but I beleeve this letter will come sooner to your handes; for he goes by the way of Diep, with his wife and family; and now that I have named her, I cannot chuse but againe desire you to be kinde to her; for, besides the meritt her family has on both sides, she is as good a creature as ever lived. I beleeve she will passe for a handsome woman in France, though she has not yett, since her lying-inn, recovered that good shape she had before, and I am afraide never will."—*Dalrymple's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 26.

"The Count de Grammont fell dangerously ill in the year 1696; of which the king (Lewis XIV.) being informed, and knowing, besides, that he was inclined to libertinism, he was pleased to send the Marquis of Dangeau to see how he did, and to advise him to think of God. Hereupon Count de Grammont, turning towards his wife, who had ever been a very devout lady, told her, 'Countess, if you don't look to it, Dangeau will juggle you out of my conversion.' Madame de l'Enclos having afterwards written to M. de St. Evremond that Count de Grammont was recovered, and turned devout,—'I have learned,' answered he to her, 'with a great deal of pleasure, that Count de Grammont has recovered his former health, and acquired a new devotion. Hitherto I have been contented with being a plain honest man; but I must do something more; and I only wait for your example to become a devotee. You live in a country where people have wonderful advantages of saving their souls; there, vice is almost as opposite to the mode as to virtue; sinning passes for ill breeding, and shocks decency and good manners, as much as religion. Formerly it was enough to be wicked; now one must be a scoundrel withal, to be damned in France. They who have not regard enough for another life, are led to salvation by the consideration and duties of this.'—'But there is enough upon a subject in which the conversion of the Count de Grammont has engaged me. I believe it to be sincere and honest. It well becomes a man who is not young, to forget he has been so.'"—*Life of St. Evremond*, by Des Marzeaux, p. 136; and *St. Evremond's Works*, vol. ii. p. 431.

It appears that a report had been spread, that our hero was dead. St. Evremond, in a letter to de l'Enclos, says, "They talk here as if the Count de Grammont was dead, which touches me with a very sensible grief."—*St. Evremond's Works*, vol. iii. p. 39. And the same lady, in

her answer, says, "Madame de Coulange has undertaken to make your compliments to the Count de Grammont, by the Countess de Grammont. He is so young, that I think him as light as when he hated sick people, and loved them after they had recovered their health."—*St. Evremond's Works*, p. 59.

At length Count de Grammont, after a long life, died, the 10th January, 1707, at the age of eighty-six years.

See a letter from St. Evremond to Count de Grammont on the death of his brother, Count de Toulongeon.—*St. Evremond's Works*, vol. ii. p. 327.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF CHARLES II.

Compiled from various authentic sources.

PRINCE CHARLES, the second son of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria of France, was born at St. James's, May 29th, 1630, at one o'clock in the afternoon. According to Rushworth, and other writers of the period, a star appeared at the time of his birth; upon which Fuller remarks: "To behold this babe, Heaven itself seemed to open one eye more than ordinary." Perrinchief, in a similar strain, says, that "Heaven seemed concerned in the exultation of the people, kindling another fire more than ordinary, making a star to be seen the same day at noon, from which most men presaged that the prince should be of high undertakings, and of no common glory among kings, which hath since been confirmed by his miraculous preservation; and heaven seemed to conduct him to the throne." Lilly (the astrologer), however, dispels the miracle by stating that the light or star was no other than the planet Venus, which not unfrequently presents itself in the open day; though in Charles's case such an appearance was certainly a singular coincidence, and at least typical of the subsequent libertinism of his career. His elder brother, born the year previously, having died on the day of his birth, Charles was declared Prince of Wales; and on the completion of his eighth year, he was knighted, received the order of the garter, and was installed with the usual ceremonies at Windsor.

Of his childhood we learn but little. In a "Secret History," published after his death, we are told that "when very young, he had a strange and unaccountable fondness for a wooden billet, without which in his arms he would never go

abroad, or lie down in his bed; from which the more observing sort of people gathered, that when he came to years of maturity, either oppressors or blockheads would be his greatest favourites; or else, that when he came to reign he would either be like Jupiter's log, for everybody to deride and contemn; or that he would rather choose to command his people with a club, than rule them with a sword." An amusing correspondence is also preserved by Ellis, from which we learn that the young prince had exhibited a most rebellious aversion to physic, resolutely declining to take it at all; the Earl of Newcastle (who had been appointed his governor or guardian in 1638) was obliged to apply to his mother, Henrietta Maria, and the letter is yet extant in which she endeavoured to persuade her refractory son. It appears that he was afterwards won over; and his early love for the ridiculous is exemplified in the following childish note, which he wrote to his governor in his own hand, apparently in 1638, when he was only eight years of age:—

"My Lord,

"I would not have you take too much physic, for it doth always make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste to return to him that loves you.

"To my Lord of Newcastle. "CHARLES, P."

During his early years he had for his tutor Brian Duppa, an ecclesiastic who was of an easy temper, and much beloved by Charles I., but, according to Burnet, in no way fit for his post. The celebrated Hampden was once proposed, but, perhaps unfortunately for the young prince, was not engaged. His governors, successively the Earls of Newcastle, Hertford, and Berkshire, who had the care of his education, appear to have afforded him but few helps towards his improvement; and with the exception of Mr. Hobbes, who was appointed to instruct him in mathematics, his education was directed by persons no way competent for the task.

Charles, at a very early age, was a witness of the miseries of his father, and partook with him in the troubles of the

period. In 1642, when he was only twelve years old, the king made him captain of a troop of horse, and he was shortly afterwards present at the battle of Edge-hill. During the action, the prince and his brother, the Duke of York, were confided to the care of the celebrated Dr. William Harvey (the discoverer of the circulation of the blood). According to Aubrey, the studious physician withdrew with them under the shelter of a hedge, and, regardless of the din of battle, took a book from his pocket, and became lost in meditation; a cannon-ball, however, striking the earth near them, soon made the party shift to safer quarters.

In March, 1645, the young Prince of Wales was created, at Oxford, generalissimo of all his father's forces in England; and a council being appointed to direct him by their advice, he was despatched into the west; though neither council nor army seem to have executed any thing of consequence. Here he found Sir Thomas Fairfax, at the head of the parliamentary troops, everywhere victorious; and the king, his father, after placing in the hands of the queen the absolute and full power of the prince's education in all things except religion, commanded him, in case he was closely pressed, to escape to France, where his mother was then residing. The necessity of flight was soon apparent; accordingly, the young prince left Pendennis, accompanied by his council, and proceeded to the islands of Scilly, which were still devoted to the royal cause. Here he remained about six weeks, during which period he received an invitation from Parliament to return, for at that time they not only wished well to him, but were desirous of a reconciliation with the king, his father. The prince, however, was not to be prevailed upon; and leaving Scilly in September, 1646, went to Jersey, and thence to France, where he joined the queen, his mother, and it is said, during his brief stay there, met the accustomed treatment of an exiled and dependent prince. Clarendon adds, "He was governed by his mother with such strictness, that though his highness was above the age of seventeen, he never put his hat on before the queen, or had above ten pistoles in his pocket."

In 1648 several commotions broke out in England and Wales, and the Duke of Hamilton, having raised an army

of Scots for the service of the king, and prepared to invade England, it was thought advisable that the prince should hold himself in readiness to take the command. He accordingly left Paris with his small retinue, and reached Calais whence he departed for Holland, followed by Lord Cottington, the Earl of Bristol, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He arrived there at a most opportune moment, for a revolt of ten ships in the parliamentary fleet, under Admiral Rainsborough, took place at that very time, which, after landing their officers, approached Holland; and the prince having met them at Helvoetsluys, they placed themselves under his command, and he immediately sailed for the Downs.

But this, like every previous attempt for the restoration of king Charles, proved in vain, through the abilities of those who opposed him. The fleet under the command of the prince was compelled, after taking a few prizes, to retire again to Holland before the enemy; and the Duke of Hamilton was defeated by Cromwell, taken prisoner, and afterwards beheaded. In the meantime the king was seized and brought up to London as a prisoner, and a day was appointed for his trial; which so alarmed the prince, that he prevailed upon the States of Holland to intercede for his father, and even sent a letter to Fairfax himself, offering to Parliament their own terms. No attention, however, was paid to him, and the king was condemned and executed at Whitehall, on the 30th of January, 1648, to the consternation of all his partisans. And that the hopes of the Prince of Wales might be entirely cut off, all persons were forbidden to declare, publish, or promote him, or any other person, to be king or chief magistrate of England or Ireland, without consent of Parliament; the House of Peers was declared useless and dangerous, and the kingly office itself utterly abolished. A commonwealth was erected, and all persons imposed to be true and faithful to it, without king or House of Lords.

During the prince's residence in Holland, his condition was miserable in the extreme. A mutiny spread through his fleet from want of pay, whilst continual factions not only divided his followers, but exposed himself and his council to disadvantage and disrespect. Clarendon relates an account of a quarrel between Prince Rupert and Lord Colepepper, in

which the latter challenged his highness in open council. They had disagreed about an agent for the sale of some prizes taken by the fleet, Prince Rupert proposing one Sir Robert Walsh, a person too well known to be trusted in such an affair; and Lord Colepepper declaring this Walsh to be a well-known cheat, which Prince Rupert immediately took as reflecting upon himself. The consequence was, that though a reconciliation was at length effected through the interference of the Lord Chancellor, yet Walsh, meeting Lord Colepepper a few days after, and having heard what had taken place, struck him with his fist a severe blow in the face, which confined Colepepper to his bed for several days. The Prince of Wales immediately applied to the States for justice, and Walsh was banished from the Hague; but Clarendon says that this unhappy business was most injurious to his interests.

Upon the execution of his unfortunate father, Charles was proclaimed king of Scotland by the Parliament of the nation; who resolved to send a committee to invite him thither, on condition of his giving satisfaction concerning the security of religion, the union of the two kingdoms, and the good and peace of that kingdom, according to the National Covenant, and the Solemn League and Covenant. These conditions were extremely unacceptable to Charles and his counsellors, for they hated both the Covenant and the Scottish nation. The prince was also proclaimed king in Ireland by the Marquis of Ormonde, who had made peace with the Irish rebels, and had the best part of that kingdom under his subjection; and there Charles hoped to enjoy his own will without restraint, and be assisted, on his own terms, to recover his other dominions. But in this he was disappointed; for Cromwell, after subduing Ormonde and his confederates, at length brought Ireland entirely under the rule of the English commonwealth.

In the meantime, the continual disturbances among the newly-proclaimed king's followers, compelled him to leave the Hague; and accordingly, in 1649, having passed through Breda, Antwerp, and Brussels, he again joined his mother at Paris. But the terror of the English Parliament had extended to the continent, and the French betrayed some uneasi-

ness at his visit. It was deemed prudent, therefore, that he should pass over to Jersey, where he was still acknowledged king; and he accordingly departed in September of the same year, accompanied by a small retinue of 300 followers, and only as many pistoles in his purse. His sojourn here was rendered very brief, by the intelligence that Parliament was preparing a powerful fleet to reduce the island to obedience; Charles was, therefore, again compelled to seek safety in flight. While in Jersey he had been once more invited to Scotland upon the old conditions, upon which he appointed to meet the commissioners at Breda, in Holland, where, after a narrow escape from a storm, he arrived, and, submitting to their terms, embarked on the 23rd of June, 1650, for Scotland. Here, in the Frith of Cromarty, before he was permitted to land, he was required to sign the Covenant; and many sermons and lectures were made to him, exhorting him to persevere in that holy confederacy.

In Scotland the king's situation was mortifying in the extreme. He was obliged to submit to many restraints, and practise a dissimulation quite contrary to his real inclinations. He found himself considered a mere pageant of state; and he was required to issue a declaration, in which he desired to be humbled and afflicted in spirit, because of his father's wicked measures; and to lament the idolatry of his mother, and the toleration of it in his father's house; whilst he professed to have no enemies but the enemies of the Covenant.

At this period the English army, headed by Cromwell in person, to the number of 16,000 men, were in full march towards Scotland, and soon passed the border. The command of the Scottish troops had been given to Lesley, an experienced officer, who resisted every temptation to a battle, till, by skirmishes and small encounters, he had confirmed the confidence of his soldiers. The young king frequently visited the camp, and, by his spirits and vivacity, soon gained on the affections of the soldiery; but the clergy became alarmed at this display of levity, and he was ordered to leave it; they also commenced purging the army of all ungodly characters; and at last, when an advantage offered itself, on a Sunday, they very zealously hindered Lesley from involving the nation in

sabbath-breaking. But notwithstanding the nights and days that the ministers wrestled with the Lord in prayer, as they termed it, and notwithstanding their revelations, that the sectarian and heretical army, together with Agag (Cromwell), was delivered into their hands,—they were completely defeated by Cromwell at Dunbar, on the 3rd of September, 1650, and, according to Hume, about 3,000 were slain, and 6,000 taken prisoners; and nothing but the approach of the winter season, and an ague which seized Cromwell, kept him from pushing the victory further.

The defeat of the Scots was considered by the king as a fortunate event, as they were now obliged to give him more authority, and many of his personal adherents, who had been purged from the army under the pretence of being malignants, were once more admitted; but the clergy made great lamentations, and projected a humiliation or penance for the king. This, however, was changed into the ceremony of his coronation, which was performed at Scone, on the 1st of January, 1651, with great pomp and solemnity. But amidst all this appearance of respect, Charles remained in the hands of the most rigid Covenanters, and was little better than a prisoner, exposed to all the rudeness and pedantry of the ecclesiastics.

Respecting his conduct and adventures while under this constraint, Hume furnishes the following interesting particulars:—"This young prince," he says, "was in a situation which very ill suited his temper and disposition. All those good qualities which he possessed, his affability, his wit, his gaiety, his gentleman-like, disengaged behaviour, were here so many vices; and his love of ease, liberty, and pleasure, was regarded as the highest enormity. Though artful in the practice of courtly dissimulation, the sanctified style was utterly unknown to him, and he never could mould his deportment into that starched grimace which the Covenanters required as an infallible mark of conversion. The Duke of Buckingham was the only English courtier allowed to attend him; and, by his ingenious talent for ridicule, he had rendered himself extremely agreeable to his master. While so many objects of derision surrounded them, it was difficult to be altogether insensible to the temptation, and wholly to repress the laugh. Obliged to attend from morning till night

at sermons, they betrayed evident symptoms of weariness or contempt. The clergy never could esteem the king sufficiently regenerated: and by continual exhortations, remonstrances, and reprimands, they still endeavoured to bring him to a juster sense of his spiritual duty.

"The king's passion for the fair could not be altogether restrained. He had once been observed to use some familiarities with a young woman; and a committee of ministers was appointed to reprove him for a behaviour so unbecoming a covenanted monarch. The spokesman of the committee, one Douglas, began with a severe aspect, informed the king that great scandal had been given to the godly, enlarged on the heinous nature of the sin, and concluded with exhorting his majesty, whenever he was disposed to amuse himself, to be more careful for the future, in shutting the windows. This delicacy, so unusual to the place, and to the character of the man, was regarded by the king, and he never forgot the obligation."

These indignities and formalities could not fail to disgust the king beyond all power of endurance. On one occasion he actually made his escape towards the Highlands; but Colonel Montgomery being sent in pursuit of him with a troop of horse, prevailed on him to return; and this incident procured him better treatment, and more authority.

As soon as the season was sufficiently advanced for further action, Charles was permitted to head the Scottish army, and being strongly intrenched, with the town of Stirling at his back, he resisted every attempt to bring him to an engagement. Cromwell, however, harassed him on every side, and was at length enabled to cut off his provisions. Charles, reduced to despair, embraced a resolution worthy of a young prince struggling for empire. Having the way open, he resolved to march into the heart of England; and accordingly, with the consent of his generals, he advanced with his whole army of 14,000 men towards the south.

Cromwell, though taken aback by this movement, immediately left Monk in Scotland, and hastened to follow the king. Charles, who in the meantime had hoped to be joined by great numbers, found himself deceived; such was the prevailing terror of the parliamentary forces. He continued,

however, his march to Worcester, where Cromwell fell upon him with an army of 30,000 men, on the 3rd of September, 1651, and a battle ensued, in which the king was so completely defeated that, in the opinion of both his friends and foes, all hopes of possessing the throne of his fathers seemed for ever lost. For the particulars of this disastrous battle, and his subsequent escapes and adventures, which are unexampled, perhaps, for stirring incident, in the annals of romance, see the account given by himself some years after to Pepys, then secretary to the Admiralty, as well as the contemporary narratives called the *Boscobel Tracts*, all of which are appended to the present volume, and are the most authentic sources of this eventful portion of Charles's history.

We will only here observe, that his fortunate concealment in the old oak in Boscobel Wood, is still commemorated annually on the 29th of May, by the wearing of oak leaves and apples, which are sold about the streets, decorated with gold leaf.

After the many hair-breadth escapes, so fully detailed in these narratives, Charles arrived in France, in the latter end of November, 1651, where he remained for nearly three years, in a very poor condition. He had a small and insufficient pension from the French court; and Clarendon says, he had not credit enough to borrow twenty pistoles.

France and Spain now paid the most servile court to Cromwell, in order to gain his friendship. The former obtained it on condition of sending Charles and his brother, the Duke of York, out of that kingdom; and accordingly, in the middle of June, 1654, the king was obliged to leave Paris, and passing through Flanders, settled in Cologne. While here, understanding that Cromwell had broken with Spain, he sent a memorial to the king of that country, to endeavour to persuade him to enter into an alliance; and though it quite failed of that object, yet it produced a pension of 9,000*l.* per annum, for him and the Duke of York, which was very acceptable, as the one which he had hitherto received from France ceased upon his removal. It, however, was irregularly paid, and very inadequate to his necessities, and of those about him.

At Cologne he resided for about two years, and then removed to Bruges, where, according to Thurloe, his court was

a constant scene of profligacy and misrule, and in such disrepute, that on the occasion of one of the richest churches in Bruges having been plundered in the night, his followers were suspected as a matter of course. It appears that his little court was greatly straitened at this period, even to the want sometimes of the common necessaries of life.* It was here that Cromwell plotted with his secretary Thurloe to get the king into his power. According to Burnet, Sir Richard Willis, in whom the royalist party confided, was bribed to give notice of all their designs; and the Protector projected with Thurloe, that Willis should persuade the king to land near Chichester, in Sussex, where an insurrection was to have been raised. Moreland, however, the under-secretary of Thurloe, happened to be in the room, and pretending to be asleep, heard all that passed, and contrived to forewarn the king. In *Thurloe's State Papers*, there is a letter of intelligence, dated August 14, 1656, alluding to this circumstance. Welwood also says, that Cromwell perceiving Moreland, and fearing that he must have overheard their discourse, drew his poignard and was going to despatch him on the spot, but Thurloe prevailed on him to desist, assuring him that Moreland had sat up two nights together, and was now certainly asleep.

During the whole period of Charles's exile, attempts and negotiations continued to be made by his partisans for his restoration; but they were invariably detected and frustrated by the vigilance of his enemies, or the treachery of his friends. Promises were made to the king by Spain of powerful assistance; but the Spaniards had so poor an opinion of his interest in England, that they could never be induced in reality to hazard any thing in his favour beyond the pension. In February, 1658, he removed to Brussels, but did not improve his condition, or that of his personal adherents, who, though often utterly at a loss for subsistence, seemed never to want a sub-

* The following copy of a note of hand of his majesty to John Fotherly, Esq., will give the reader some idea of the straits he was reduced to in Flanders:—

"I doe acknowledge to have receaved the summe of one hundred pounds sterling, which I doe promis to repay as soon as I am able. Bruges.
"21 Decem. 1657. "CHARLES R."

ject for disagreement. Carte relates the following incident which occurred there: "One of the king's followers, a Scotch knight of the name of Maxwell, lodged in the house of a citizen of the town, who, being zealously affected to Charles's cause, gave him his lodging and diet *gratis*. This seasonable hospitality and kindness in his distress could not on all occasions keep down the Scotchman's passions: he quarrelled with his honest landlord, and swore he would never eat with him more. He kept his word for a whole day, fasting all that time; but it not agreeing over well with his constitution, he consulted with his friend the Marquis of Ormonde, what he should do. 'Really,' said the Marquis, with great gravity, 'all the advice I can give in your case is, to go to your lodging; first eat your words, and then your supper.'" Hyde also, in a letter to Ormonde, dated Brussels, says, "We are all without a dollar, and have been long; and they who have neither money nor credit are like to keep a cold Christmas." And again he says, "My wife is ready to lie in, and all things wanting."

Throughout, however, the whole of this period, Charles's love of pleasure and admiration of women were predominant. Lady Byron is spoken of by Pepys as his "seventeenth mistress abroad," and his connection with the beautiful Lucy Walters, with Mrs. Elizabeth Killigrew, Mrs. Catherine Peg, &c. &c., had a most injurious effect upon his character and cause. In *Thurloe's State Papers* we find numerous allusions to his various mistresses, and in a letter to his aunt, the Queen of Bohemia, written at Cologne, he complains of "the want of good fiddlers, and of some capable of teaching new dances." It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that a government supported by a veteran army, and flushed with uninterrupted success, should have so little dread of men continually at variance with each other, headed by a prince, poor and exiled, who spent his time in idleness or low amours. But, notwithstanding these tastes, he seems on several occasions to have been desirous of forming a matrimonial settlement, though he was as often disappointed. From *Orrery's State Papers*, and other sources, we learn that the first lady to whom he offered himself was no other than Frances Cromwell, the youngest daughter of the

Protector; and the consent of the lady and her mother was actually gained. The offer was communicated to Cromwell by Lord Broghill, but he is said to have abruptly answered, "No! the king would never forgive me the death of his father; besides, he is so damnably debauched, he cannot be trusted." He afterwards proposed to marry Hortensia, niece to Cardinal Mazarine, and the most beautiful young woman in the world, but met with a similar refusal. After the Restoration, however, Mazarine tried to bring it about, offering a vast portion, but it was the king's turn to refuse, and the lady was rejected. Charles again made proposals to the daughter of the Duke of Orleans, who was in possession of the rich duchy of Montpensier, which was also broken off, though carried to greater length than the two others. At another time he made a personal application to the Princess Dowager of Orange, for the hand of her daughter Henrietta, but the old lady declined the offer. Afterwards, when the deputation from Parliament waited on Charles, bringing him 50,000*l*., and inviting him to the throne, she seems to have bitterly regretted her blunder, and endeavoured to repair it; the king, however, treated her overtures with the contempt they merited. He also engaged in other matrimonial speculations, amongst others to a daughter of the Duke of Lorraine, but in all he appears to have been equally unfortunate. This was certainly a remarkable feature in Charles's history, for, if he signally failed in his honourable proposals, he at least succeeded as entirely in his libertine attachments.

In August, 1658, the king removed from Brussels to a village called Hochstraten, where he first received the news of Cromwell's death, which took place in September, 1658; he is said to have been playing at tennis, when Sir Stephen Fox fell on his knees before him, and communicated to him the important tidings. He immediately returned to Brussels, that he might be ready to make use of any advantage. Here it was that, according to Lockhart, as related by Jesse, the following adventure befell Charles. "It seems that the king, desirous of paying a secret visit to his sister, the Princess of Orange, who was then residing at the Hague, instructed a faithful adherent of his, named Fleming, to have a couple of horses ready at a particular hour in the night. Accordingly,

having enjoined his little court to plead indisposition as the cause of his seclusion, he stole away, and making great expedition, he arrived at the Hague; where, having adopted an excellent disguise, he alighted at a small inn, whence he despatched Fleming to his sister to contrive an interview. Scarcely had Fleming returned, when an 'old reverend-like man, with a long grey beard, and ordinary grey clothes,' entered the inn, and begged for a private interview with Charles. After a little demurring, Fleming quitted the apartment, and the stranger cautiously bolted the door. He then fell on his knees, and pulling off his disguise, discovered himself to be the celebrated Sir George Downing, then ambassador from Cromwell to the States-General. An explanation followed, in which Downing implored the forgiveness of the king for the part which he had taken, assuring him that he was loyal at heart, and acquainted him with the circumstance that the Dutch had guaranteed to the English Commonwealth to deliver Charles's person into their hands, should he ever set foot in their territories. Downing concluded by advising the king to leave the States immediately, as so extraordinary were the Protector's means of intelligence, that he expected to find official information of the present visit upon his return home, a neglect of which would be attended with the loss of his head. This timely warning probably saved Charles's liberty; he immediately acted upon it, and did not forget the obligation.

The hopes of the royalists, which were rising on the death of Cromwell, were once more doomed to be disappointed. Richard Cromwell, the eldest son of Oliver, had been proclaimed by Monk, and acknowledged Protector; whilst congratulatory addresses poured in upon him from all parts of the kingdom, and foreign ministers were forward in paying him the usual compliments. His reign, however, was but short. Cabals commenced in the army; and Richard, who wanted the energy and resolution of his father, was unable to subdue them, and accordingly resigned his protectorship on the 22nd of April, 1659.* A council of officers

* An old pamphlet, printed within a month of the time, viz. in May, 1659,

was now formed, who endeavoured to revive the Long Parliament, but no sooner was it recalled than continual struggles took place between that and the military.

The army in the meantime had become dangerous. The Parliament, alarmed at the daily increase of its power,

1659, entitled, "The World in a Maze, or Oliver's Ghost," is very satirical on this subject: we give the commencement:—

"*Oliver.* Richard, Richard, Richard, Richard!
Rich. Who calls Richard? 'Tis a hollow voice;
And yet perhaps it may be mine own thoughts.
Oliver. No,
'Tis thy father risen from the grave,
Who would not have thee fool'd, nor yet turn knave.
Rich. I could not help it, father, they out-witted my proceedings.
Oliver. Did I not leave the government to thee?
Rich. Father, they put me on it to agree,
To keep the nation quiet.
Oliver. Not meaning thou shouldst rule long.
Rich. I ne'er desired it.
Oliver. Then thou wast not ambitious of honour?
Rich. No; honour is but a bauble,
And to keep it is but trouble;
Only they that are well descended,
Shall ever be commended and befriended.
Oliver. What, dost thou tell me of that? we have won all by the sword, and so we'll keep it.
Rich. What, whether we can or no?
Oliver. 'Tis true, Dick, I must confess, I have been somewhat ambitious of honour, thou knowest; now I commend thy modesty all this while; but prithee, Dick, tell me one thing, because my conscience accused me before I died, concerning the paying of the soldiers.
Rich. That thing was questioned by a Parliament too good to hold long.
Oliver. Who turned them out?
Rich. Not I.
Oliver. Who then?
Rich. The sword-men.
Oliver. Then they overpowered thee;
They could never do so with me.
Rich. Mistake me not, you overpowered a king,
From whence this mischief all this while doth spring,
He gave the staff out of his hand 'tis known,
And then at last you made the power your own:
The people of the land do find it so,
From whence proceeds their misery and woe;
Sir, can you deny it?
Oliver. No."

cashiered the general officers, including Lambert, who in turn placed troops in the streets leading to Westminster Hall, to intercept the members on their way to the house; whilst a solemn fast was kept, the usual prelude to signal violence. At this period the wily and cautious Monk stepped forward to effect the king's restoration. He rapidly marched towards Lambert, who was soon deserted by his soldiers, and shortly afterwards arrested and committed to the Tower. He then, by a series of skilful measures, brought about the dissolution of the Long Parliament, and a new one was called, the elections for which were everywhere in favour of the king's party. Throughout all these proceedings his reserve was impenetrable, and with only a single friend, a Devonshire gentleman named Morrice, did he deliberate concerning the great enterprise which he was contemplating. At this juncture, Sir John Granville, who had a commission from his majesty, obtained, after some difficulty, a private interview with Monk, during which, finding the king's messenger to be a person of trust, the general communicated his whole intentions, but would only deliver a verbal message. He assured Charles that he would die, or bring him home to his royal inheritance, and advised him to quit Spain, where he had resorted for assistance at this juncture, lest he should be detained as a pledge for the recovery of Dunkirk and Jamaica. The king immediately followed his directions, and very narrowly escaped to Breda; whilst Granville was sent back with a letter addressed by Charles to the Parliament, by whom it was greedily received, and ordered to be printed; and the Lords, perceiving the spirit by which the people were actuated, as well as the Commons, hastened to reinstate themselves in their ancient authority, and to take their share in the settlement of the nation.

On the 8th of May, 1660, the two houses attended, and the king was proclaimed with great solemnity, in Palace-yard, at Whitehall, and at Temple-bar. The Commons voted 500*l.* to buy a jewel for Granville; a present of 50,000*l.* was conferred on the king, 10,000*l.* on the Duke of York, and 5,000*l.* on the Duke of Gloucester. A deputation of Lords and Commons was despatched to invite his majesty to return and take possession of the government;

and Admiral Montague was commanded to attend him upon the coast of Holland, with a squadron of ships to bring him over.

Charles's condition, upon receiving the invitation of Parliament, is described as miserable in the extreme. Pepys says, that all his clothes, and those of his attendants, were not worth forty shillings; and so delighted was he with the money, that he called the Princess Royal and the Duke of York to look at it as it lay in the portmanteau. He immediately removed from Breda to the Hague, where he was splendidly entertained by the States; and on the 24th of May he embarked at Sheveling. After a prosperous voyage, he landed at Dover on the 20th, and some of the seamen who brought him over declared, that the first time they had ever heard the Common Prayer and God-damn-ye, was on board the ship that came home with his majesty, alluding to the puritanical rigour with which both swearing and the reading of the English liturgy had been prohibited. At length, on the 29th of May, and the anniversary of his birth-day, he entered London amidst the most fervent joy and rapturous exultations. The roads were everywhere thronged with spectators; the houses were decorated with streamers, flowers, and ribands; and he entered Whitehall amidst the roar of cannon, and the acclamations of thousands. The whole nation, according to Burnet, was mad with delight. Throughout the night the sky was illumined with bonfires and fireworks, and the streets ran with wine. Charles, however, displayed his gratitude to heaven by passing the night in the arms of Mrs. Palmer, afterwards Lady Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland, at the house of Sir Samuel Morland, at Lambeth.

Of the king's restoration, Evelyn gives the following short but graphic description in his Diary:—"May 29th, 1660. This day his Majesty Charles the Second came to London, after a sad and long exile, and calamitous suffering, both of the king and church, being seventeen years. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foot, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy; the ways strewed with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, fountains running with wine; the

mayor, aldermen, and all the companies in their liveries, chains of gold, and banners; lords and nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet; the windows and balconies all set with ladies; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven hours in passing the city, even from two o'clock in the afternoon till nine at night.

"I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of bloodshed, and by that very army which rebelled against him; but it was the Lord's doing, for such a rebellion was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity; nor so joyful a day, or so bright, ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was beyond all human policy."

In his Diary, on the 4th of June, he adds: "The eagerness of men, women, and children to see his majesty and kiss his hands, was so great, that he had scarce leisure to eat for some days, coming as they did from all parts of the nation; and the king being as willing to give them that satisfaction, would have none kept out, but gave free access to all sorts of people."

In reference to this enthusiastic reception, Charles sarcastically remarked, that it must have been his own fault he was so long absent, as every one seemed unanimous in promoting his return.

One of Charles's first public acts was touching for the evil, which Evelyn thus describes: "July 6th, 1660. His majesty began first to touch for the evil according to custom, thus: his majesty sitting under his state in the banqueting-house, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where they kneeling, the king strokes their faces or cheeks with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplain in his formalities says, 'He put his hands upon them, and he healed them.' This is said to every one in particular. When they have been all touched, they come up again in the same order, and the other chaplain kneeling, and having angel-gold strung on white riband on his arm, delivers them one by one to his majesty, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they pass, whilst the first chaplain repeats, 'That

is the true light who came into the world.' Then follows an epistle (as at first a gospel), with the liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alterations, lastly the blessing: and then the lord-chamberlain and comptroller of the household bring a basin, ewer, and towel, for his majesty to wash." In this manner his majesty stroked above six hundred, and such was his princely patience and tenderness to the poor afflicted creatures, that, though it took up a very long time, his majesty, without betraying weariness, was pleased to make inquiry whether there were any more that had not yet been touched.

Charles II., when he ascended the throne, was thirty years of age; he was crowned on the 22nd of April, 1661, and married to Catherine of Braganza, the Infanta of Portugal, on the 21st of May, 1662. Some overtures had been made by the father of this princess to Charles I., as far back as the year 1644, when she was only seven years of age, and Charles, then Prince of Wales, only fourteen, but her being a Roman Catholic seems to have prevented their being accepted. The expediency of choosing a Protestant queen was on the present occasion suggested by many of the lords, but Charles asked where he should find one. Several German princesses were mentioned, but, "Odds fish," exclaimed the king, "they are all dull and foggy." The selection of Catherine has been attributed to Clarendon, who, as she was said to be incapable of bearing children, naturally chose her, as he did not wish to deprive the Duke of York of the succession. Her promised portion of 500,000*l.* rendered the marriage acceptable to Charles; but a sight of the portrait of the dark-eyed Infanta is said to have had some effect upon his decision. This very portrait was in the possession of Horace Walpole, and lately sold at the dispersion of the Strawberry Hill collection, to Viscount Holmesdale, for thirty-two guineas. Catherine is there represented as a lovely, glowing brunette, with enchanting dark eyes, and a rich profusion of chesnut hair.

Her dowry was to have consisted of 500,000*l.* sterling, in ready money; the territory of Tangier; the island of Bombay; with a free trade in Brazil and the East Indies, which the Portuguese had hitherto denied to all nations but themselves. Accordingly the Earl of Sandwich was despatched

with a fleet to take possession of Tangier, and directed to visit Portugal on his return and conduct the queen to England. The former he accomplished, but on reaching Portugal, the queen-mother was compelled to confess her inability for paying more than the half of her daughter's portion, pledging herself, however, to pay the residue within the year. This was a most perplexing circumstance for the poor ambassador, but he at length consented to receive the moiety; though scarcely had he done so, before he had the mortification of discovering that, instead of being paid in ready money, according to the treaty, the sum was to be delivered in the form of bags of sugar, spices, and other merchandize. This disagreeable affair was at length arranged by the earl's agreeing to receive them on board his ships as a consignment to some merchant in London, who should be empowered by the queen-regent to take them in bulk, and pay the king the money which had been stipulated; whilst a bond was given by the crown for the payment of the remainder.

Of the Infanta's reception in England, Reresby, in his Memoirs, says: "On the 19th of May, 1662, the king went to receive the Infanta at Portsmouth, attended by the greatest court I ever saw in my progress. But though upon this occasion every thing was gay and splendid, and profusely joyful, it was easy to discern that the king was not excessively charmed with his new bride, who was a very little woman, with a pretty tolerable face; she, neither in person nor manners, had any one article to stand in competition with the charms of the Countess of Castlemaine (afterwards Duchess of Cleveland), the finest woman of her age. It is well known that the lord chancellor had the blame of this unfruitful match, and that the queen was said to have been incapable of conception."

After Charles's marriage, his first great difficulty was to reconcile his new queen to his mistress, Lady Castlemaine. He had previously endeavoured to stifle the jealousy of the latter, by promising that on his union she should be made one of the ladies of the queen's bedchamber. Accordingly, at the head of the list of appointments Catherine was startled with seeing the name of the dreaded Lady Castlemaine, of whom she had received previous notice. She instantly drew

her pen across it, and, according to Pepys, cut short all remonstrances by telling the king he must either accede to her wishes, or send her back to Lisbon. Charles yielded at the time, but again tried the experiment by presenting his mistress to her majesty before the assembled court. Not having distinctly heard her name, Catherine, to the surprise of every one, received her graciously, and permitted her to kiss her hand. A whisper from one of her Portuguese ladies admonished her of the fact. Her colour instantly changed; her eyes suffused with tears; and the blood gushing from her nostrils, she was carried from the apartment in a fit.

Some time elapsed before she could be prevailed upon to sanction her husband's infidelity by such an appointment. The king tried to pacify her by saying that his honour was at stake, and promising to have nothing more to do with Lady Castlemaine, which promise of course he instantly violated. Charles then applied to Lord Clarendon to effect a reconciliation, but after three interviews, she still shrunk with anger and abhorrence from the indignity proposed. At length the king altered his demeanour, and treated her with coldness and neglect; she found herself left out in all parties of amusement, and in this conjuncture she suddenly fell into Charles's wishes. She conversed with her rival before a large party, and we find her subsequently joining in many of the wild frolics of the ladies of the court. We hear but little of her in the after part of the reign. She was once with child, but miscarried, which contradicted the report that she was incapable of bearing children; and upon the occasion of a court frolic in which she joined, it was said that the Duke of Buckingham proposed to steal her away and send her to a plantation; but Charles declined it, saying "It was a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable, only because she was his wife, and had no children by him, which was no fault of hers."

From the very commencement of Charles's reign, his thoughtless and reckless profusion was continually involving him in difficulties; and one of his first unpopular acts was the sale of Dunkirk, in 1662, to the French, for the sum of 400,000*l*. The odium of this latter transaction has been thrown on Lord Clarendon, who however in the Continuation of his Life, states,

that the matter was debated by the king and a secret committee; and that besides the king's straits, they were influenced by the following reasons. 1. That the profit which accrued from the keeping of Dunkirk was very inconsiderable. 2. That the charge of maintaining it, besides any accidents it might receive from the enemy, amounted to above 120,000*l.* per annum. 3. That if Dunkirk was kept, the king must shortly go to war with either France or Spain. He also adds, that the worth of the artillery, ammunition, and stores did not exceed 20,000*l.*

In 1663, a rupture with Holland took place, and in 1667, a Dutch fleet entered the Thames, and proceeding up the Medway, burned and destroyed ships as far as Chatham. In 1665, the dreadful plague raged in London, which swept away 97,309 persons. Reresby says, "It was a common thing for people to drop down in the streets as they went about their business." In 1666, the great fire of London broke out in a bakehouse in Pudding-lane, near Fish-street, and after raging for three days, reduced two-thirds of the metropolis to ashes. Throughout this dreadful calamity, Charles displayed an energy which his most intimate friends thought him incapable of exercising. He broke from his pleasures and his mistresses, mixed among the workmen, animated them by his example, and often rewarded them with his own hand. Many attempts were made to discover its origin, which at the time was universally attributed to the Papists;* but though a rigid inquiry was instituted, nothing satisfactory could ever be ascertained.

In 1667, the great Clarendon was disgraced and banished, which led to the establishment of a ministry in 1670, consisting of Clifford, Ashley, Buckingham, Arlington, and Lauderdale, which was called the Cabal, a word which the initial let-

* A Latin inscription on the Monument, erected in commemoration of this calamity, ascribes the fire to the Papists; and though the imputation was erased in the reign of James II., it was restored at the Revolution. Pope thus alludes to it:—

"Where London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies."

It was again erased, by order of the Common Council, shortly after the passing of the Catholic Emancipation bill

ters of their names happened to compose. In 1671, Parliament being met to grant the king some money, Sir John Coventry, according to Reresby, "made a speech, reflecting on the king's wenching among the players; for at that time, besides his mistresses of higher quality, Charles entertained Mary Davis and Nell Gwynn. It seems that Coventry, having moved in the House of Commons for an imposition on the play-houses, Sir John Berkenhead, to excuse them, said, 'they had been of great service to the king.' Upon which Coventry asked, 'whether he meant the men or women players.' This being reported to the Duke of Monmouth, he ordered Sir Thomas Sands and three others to waylay Coventry; which they accordingly did, and, taking him out of his coach, slit his nose. This caused a great heat in the house, and gave rise to the act against malicious maiming and wounding."

A short time after, the notorious Colonel Blood formed his design of carrying off the crown and regalia from the Tower. He was overtaken and seized, and frankly avowed his guilt, but refused to tell his accomplices. "The fear of death," he said, "should never engage him to deny guilt, or betray a friend." Charles went to see him, and inquired how he dared attempt the deed? "My father," said Blood, "lost a good estate in fighting *for* the Crown, and I considered it no harm to recover it *by* the crown." He also acquainted the king with an idea which he once had of murdering him, but was checked by an awe of majesty. Charles, it is said, in admiration of his wit and courage, not only granted him a pardon, but, no doubt, for some stronger reason, which has never transpired, gave him an estate of 500*l.* a year, in Ireland, and encouraged his attendance about his person; while old Edwards, who had bravely ventured his life, and had been wounded in defending the crown and regalia, was forgotten and neglected.

In 1674, Shaftesbury, who had been made Lord Chancellor, was compelled to deliver up his seals; and a number of his political enemies were assembled in the ante-chamber to witness and triumph over his deprivation of the badges of his office. Shaftesbury, who observed this, resolved to deprive them of that expected enjoyment; and accordingly begged the king that he might be allowed to carry the seals before

him to chapel, and send them to him afterwards from his house, in order that he might not appear to be dismissed with contempt. "Codsfish," replied Charles, "I will not do it with any circumstance that looks like an affront." Having conversed for a length of time upon such gay topics as usually amused the king, his adversaries, who had been all the while on the rack of expectation, were at length greeted with the sight of Charles and his chancellor, issuing forth together, apparently upon the best possible terms. His expected successor and enemies were inconsolable; they concluded nothing less than that Shaftesbury's peace was made. After enjoying this triumph, the ex-chancellor returned the seals to the king.

Charles always regarded Shaftesbury with some sort of personal affection, as this anecdote proves; and the latter could be as witty as the merry king himself. On one occasion, Charles, who was an able judge of the matter, placed him in no inferior rank among the profligates of the day. "Shaftesbury," said he, "I verily believe thou art the wickedest dog in England." "For a *subject*, your majesty, I believe I am," retorted the witty statesman.

In 1677, William, Prince of Orange, came to England, with proposals for marrying the Princess Mary (eldest daughter of the Duke of York, and heir apparent to the crown, as the duke had no male issue). Reresby, in his Memoirs, gives the following amusing anecdote of the king's reducing Prince William to a state of liquor:—"One night, at a supper given by the Duke of Buckingham, the king made him drink very hard; the heavy Dutchman was naturally averse to it, but being once entered, was the most frolicsome of the company; and now the mind took him to break the windows of the chambers of the maids of honour, and he had got into their apartments, had they not been timely rescued. His mistress, I suppose, did not like him the worse for such a notable indication of his vigour."

In 1678 took place the pretended discovery of the Popish Plot, by Titus Oates and Bedloe, which for a time diffused a universal panic. Oates was the son of an Anabaptist preacher, and had been previously indicted for perjury. He is described as "a low man, of an ill-cut, very short neck,

and his visage and features most particular. His mouth was the centre of his face; and a compass there would sweep his nose, forehead, and chin, within the diameter." During the time of his exaltation, he walked about with guards, for fear he should be murdered by the Papists, and had lodgings assigned him at Whitehall, with a pension of 1,200*l.* per annum. He put on an episcopal garb, and was called, or called himself, the saviour of the nation. Whoever he pointed at was taken up and committed; so that many people got out of his way as from a blast, and glad if they could prove their two last years' conversation. On his examination before the council, he committed many palpable blunders. He spoke of Don Juan as doing some great thing towards killing the king; and upon the being asked what sort of man he was, Oates answered that he was a tall black man. Charles could not refrain from laughing, for he happened to know Don Juan personally, and he was a low, red-haired man. Again, when having spoken of the Jesuits' College at Paris, the king asked him where it stood; upon which he answered as much out of the way as if he had said, "Gresham College stood in Westminster." During the heat of his plot, he had the audacity to accuse the queen of poisoning the king; and even went to the bar of the House of Commons, and said, with his peculiar enunciation, "Aye, Taitus Oates, accause Catherine, Queen of England, of haigh traison!" Charles was so indignant at this, that he immediately put him in confinement. "They think," said he, "I have a mind to a new wife; but, for all that, I will not see an innocent woman abused." An immense number of persons suffered by the impeachments of Oates, during a space of upwards of two years. The last victim was the unfortunate Viscount Stafford, who was beheaded on the 29th of December, 1680; and his execution may be looked upon as the concluding scene of this shameful and barbarous delusion. In 1683, Oates was convicted of having called the Duke of Monmouth a popish traitor, and was fined 100,000*l.* He was subsequently found guilty of perjury by King James, and ordered to be pilloried five times a year, and imprisoned for life. After the Revolution, however, he appears to have been released, and, strange to say, received a pension of 400*l.* per annum from William of Orange.

The king, throughout the whole period of his reign, was at variance with his Parliament. His profuse expenditure upon his mistresses obliged him to be continually applying for money, and so little could they depend upon him, that he was said to have retained a large portion of the sum which the Commons had voted for carrying on the war with Holland, and a motion was brought forward for examining the accounts. For all this he was frequently reduced to great necessity. Pepys tells us, that at one time he was actually in want of linen; and a Mr. Townsend, the wardrobe-man, told him that the linen-draper was owed 5,000*l*., and the grooms, being unable to get their fees, took away the king's linen at the quarter's end; and yet, at this very period, his mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland, is reported to have lost in gaming 25,000*l*. on a single night.

Charles, however, could jest upon his difficulties. He once asked Stillingfleet why he always read his sermons in the chapel-royal, but preached extempore everywhere else. Stillingfleet answered, that it was from awe of his audience, and begged to know why his majesty read his speeches to Parliament. "Odd's fish, Doctor," said the king, "'tis no difficult question. I always ask for money, and I have so often asked for it, that I am ashamed to look the members in the face."

His continual dissensions with Parliament, combined with the promptings of his brother, the Duke of York, induced Charles to endeavour to govern without one. In 1681, he accordingly dissolved it, without attempting to call a new one; and every day, from that period, his authority made great advances. In 1683, the celebrated Rye-house conspiracy was discovered, which was followed by the melancholy execution of Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney. Innumerable applications were made to the king for the pardon of Russell. The old Earl of Bedford offered a hundred thousand pounds to the Duchess of Portsmouth, but the king was inexorable. The execution of Algernon Sidney is regarded as one of the greatest blemishes of Charles's reign. The violent and inhuman Jefferies was chief justice; and though the evidence was illegal, yet a packed jury was prevailed on to give a verdict against him. On the discovery of this plot, Evelyn says, "The public was in great consternation; his majesty very

melancholy, and not stirring without double guards; all the avenues and private doors about Whitehall and the Park shut up, few admitted to walk in it. The Papists, in the meantime, very jocund, and indeed with reason, seeing their own plot brought to nothing, and turned to ridicule, and now a conspiracy of Protestants, as they called them."

During the latter period of his reign Charles is said to have been almost absolute; but, notwithstanding the continual promptings of his brother to rivet the fetters of tyranny, he could not forget the circumstances which led to his father's execution and his own exile. He was overheard one day to say, in opposing some of the duke's hasty counsels, "Brother, I am too old to go again to my travels; you may, if you choose it." It is even said that Charles meditated giving more freedom to his subjects, and summoning a new Parliament, when he was suddenly seized with a fit resembling apoplexy, and after languishing for a few days he expired, on the 6th of February, 1685, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and twenty-fifth of his reign; but according to Burnet and many other writers, not without a suspicion of poison. Indeed Burnet says that the Duchess of Portsmouth confessed that he was poisoned. Welwood states that this suspicion acquired weight from the following incident, which befel the king a few years before his death. One evening at Windsor, having drunk more liberally than usually, Charles retired from the company to the next room, where, wrapping himself in his cloak, he fell asleep upon a couch. A short time afterwards he arose and returned to the company, when a servant lay down upon the same couch, in the king's cloak, and was found stabbed dead with a poniard. The matter was hushed, and no inquiry was made; nor was it ever known how it happened. Hume, however, observes, "that this suspicion must be allowed to vanish like many others, of which all histories are full."

Of the circumstances attending Charles's last illness, Evelyn relates the following:—"Feb. 4, 1675, I went to London, hearing that his majesty, on the Monday before (Feb 2), had been surprised in his bedchamber by an apoplectic fit, so that if, by God's providence, Dr. King had not been accidentally present to let him blood, his majesty had certainly died that moment. It was a mark of the extraordinary dexterity, reso-

lution, and presence of mind of the doctor, to let him blood in the very paroxysm, without staying the coming of the other physicians, which regularly should have been done, and for want of which he must have a regular pardon (which was afterwards granted). This rescued his majesty for the instant, but it was a short reprieve. On Wednesday he was cupped, let blood in both jugulars, had both vomit and purges, which so relieved him that on Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the public Gazette. The same day the physicians thought him feverish, so they prescribed him the famous Jesuit powder, but it made him worse. Thus he passed Thursday night with great difficulty, when, complaining of a pain in his side, they drew twelve ounces more blood from him; this was by six in the morning on Friday, and it gave him relief, but it did not continue, for being now in much pain, and struggling for breath, he lay dosing, and after some conflicts, the physicians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at half an hour after eleven in the morning, being the 6th of February, 1685.

"Prayers were solemnly made in all the churches, especially the court chapels, where the chaplains relieved one another every half-quarter of an hour from the time he began to be in danger till he expired. Those who assisted his majesty's devotions were, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, and Ely, but more especially Dr. Ken, the Bishop of Bath and Wells. It is said they exceedingly urged upon him the receiving the Holy Sacrament, but his majesty told them he would consider of it, which he did so long till it was to late. Others whispered that the bishops and lords, except the Earls of Bath and Feversham, being ordered to withdraw the night before, Hurlston (Huddleston) the priest had presumed to administer the popish offices. He gave his breeches and keys to the Duke of York, who was almost continually kneeling by his bed-side, and in tears. He also recommended to him the care of his natural children, all except the Duke of Monmouth, now in Holland, and in his displeasure. He entreated the queen to pardon him (not without cause); who a little before had sent a bishop to excuse her not more frequently visiting him, on account of her excessive grief, and withal that his majesty

would forgive her if at any time she had offended him. 'Alas! poor lady,' exclaimed Charles, 'she beg my pardon! I beg hers, with all my heart.' He spake to the Duke of York to be kind to the Duchess of Cleveland, and especially Portsmouth, and added, 'Let not poor Nelly starve.'"

A page or two further, Evelyn remarks, "I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the king sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, Mazarine, etc., a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2,000*l.* in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflections in astonishment. Six days after all was in the dust!"

Several other contemporary writers have described the death, but with some slight differences, agreeing in the main points. Burnet, however adds, that the Duchess of Portsmouth attended him, "taking care of him as a wife of a husband."

Charles had no children by his queen, but by his mistresses he left a numerous progeny. By Lucy Walters he had James, Duke of Monmouth, born at Rotterdam, in 1649; also a daughter, Mary, married first to Mr. William Sarsfield, of Ireland, and afterwards to William Fanshaw, Esq. By Lady Castlemaine, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, he had six children, viz. Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Southampton; Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Grafton; George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland; Charlotte Fitzroy, married to Sir Edward Harry Lee, of Ditchley, Oxon; the Countess of Sussex; and Barbara, who became a nun at Pontoise. By Nell Gwynn he had Charles Beauclerc, Duke of St. Alban's; and a son, James Beauclerc, who died young. By Louisa Querouaille, afterwards Duchess of Portsmouth, he had Charles Lennox, Duke of Richmond. By Mary Davis he had Mary Tudor, married to Lord Ratcliffe, the son and heir of Francis, Earl of Derwentwater. By Catharine Peg, he had Charles Fitz Charles, who died at Tangier; and a daughter who died in infancy. By Elizabeth, Viscountess Shannon, he had Charlotte Boyle, alias Fitzroy; married first, James Howard,

grandson of the Earl of Suffolk, and afterwards to Sir Robert Yaston, Bart., created Earl of Yarmouth.

The following anecdotes respecting the merry monarch and his courtiers, gleaned from various contemporary writers, may not be thought inappropriate addenda to the preceding sketch:—

Charles having been accustomed during his exile to live amongst his courtiers more as a companion than a monarch, he still preserved an easy familiarity with all around him, which, combined with his love of gossiping, has not a little contributed to the innumerable stories of his wit and humour which are still preserved. Burnet says he was very fond of relating his adventures in Paris and Scotland, but would repeat them so frequently as to draw down the following severe jest from the Earl of Rochester. He said, "he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before."

According to Burnet he was an inveterate pedestrian, and would walk so fast that it was a trouble to keep up with him; and his brother, the Duke of York, was equally as fond of being on horseback. Anthony Wood relates that on one occasion Prince George of Denmark, who had married the king's niece (afterwards Queen Anne), complained to him that he was growing very fat. "Walk with me," said Charles, "hunt with my brother, and do justice to my niece, and you will not long be distressed by growing fat."

Charles was also extremely fond of sauntering in St. James's Park, where he would feed the birds, with which it was well stocked, with his own hands; and on these occasions very much preferred being attended by only one or two of his personal friends, rather than by a retinue. Dr. King says, that once, when attended by only two noblemen, he met the Duke of York, who had been hunting on Hounslow Heath, and was returning in his coach surrounded by his guards. The duke instantly alighted, and expressed his fears that the king's life might be endangered by so small an attendance.

"No kind of danger, James," said Charles; "for no man in England will take away my life to make you king."

There is, however, an instance on record of his not always treating the danger of assassination with so much levity. One day his barber, while shaving him, hazarded, with his usual familiarity, the following remark; "I consider that none of your majesty's officers have a greater trust than I." "How so, friend?" quoth the king. "Why," said the barber, "I could cut your majesty's throat whenever I liked." Charles started up at the idea, and using his favourite oath, exclaimed, "Odds fish, the very thought is treason! you shall shave me no more."

Evelyn tells us that "he took great delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bedchamber, where he often suffered the bitches to puppy and give suck, which rendered it very offensive, and made the whole court nasty and stinking." Indeed his fondness for these animals was so extraordinary, that rewards were constantly being offered for the king's dogs stolen or strayed from Whitehall. (This breed is now being called King Charles's breed.)

The Earl of St. Alban's, secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria in all her misfortunes, found himself at the Restoration in a very indifferent condition. Happening one day to make a party of pleasure with his majesty, where all distinctions were laid aside, a stranger came with an importunate suit for an employment just vacant, of considerable value. The king ordered him to be admitted, and the earl to personate his majesty. The gentleman made his addresses accordingly, enumerated his services to the royal family, and hoped such a place would not be thought too great a reward for them. "By no means," replied the earl, "but as soon as I heard of the vacancy I conferred it on my faithful friend the Earl of St. Alban's (pointing at the king), who has constantly followed the fortunes of my father and myself, but hitherto gone unrewarded." The gentleman withdrew, and Charles, after a hearty laugh at the jest, confirmed the grant.

Granger relates, that William Penn, the Quaker and Pennsylvanian legislator, on one occasion had an audience with Charles, and, with the true spirit of his sect, kept his hat on. As a gentle rebuke, Charles quietly took off his hat and stood

uncovered before him. "Friend Charles," said Penn, "why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" "'Tis the custom of this place," replied the king, "for only one person to remain covered at a time."

Charles more than once dined with the good citizens of London on their Lord Mayor's day, and did so the year Sir Robert Viner was mayor. Sir Robert was a very loyal man, and, if you will allow the expression, very fond of his sovereign; but what with the joy he felt at heart for the honour done him by his prince, and the warmth he was in with continual toasting healths to the royal family, his lordship grew a little too fond of his majesty, and entered into a familiarity not altogether graceful in so public a place. The king understood very well how to extricate himself in all such difficulties, and with a hint to the company to avoid ceremony, stole off, and made towards his coach, which stood ready for him in Guild-hall yard. But the mayor liked his company so well, and was grown so intimate, that he pursued him hastily, and catching him fast by the hand, cried out with a vehement oath and accent, "Sir, you shall stay and take t'other bottle." The airy monarch looked kindly at him over his shoulder, and with a smile and graceful air repeated this line of the old song:

"He that's drunk is as great as a king,"

and immediately returned back and complied with his host's invitation.

On another occasion Gregorio Leti, a voluminous historical writer, who had been promised the place of historiographer to the English court, was introduced to Charles, and graciously received by him. One day at his levee the king said to him, "Leti, I hear that you are writing the history of the Court of England." Leti acknowledged that he was collecting materials for such a work. "Take care, then," said the king, "that it gives no offence." "Sir," replied Leti, "I will do what I can, but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he would scarcely be able to avoid giving offence." "Why, then," rejoined the king, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, not histories."

Charles employed Sir Christopher Wren to build a palace for him at Newmarket, and in the course of a conversation with him, he complained of the small size of the rooms. Wren, who was a short man, glanced consequentially round the apartment; "I think," he said, "if it please your majesty, they are high enough." Charles squatted down to Wren's height, and creeping about in this ridiculous posture, "Ay," he said, "I think now, Sir Christopher, they are high enough."

In the Richardsoniana is given the following account of the origin of the king's nickname of Rowley: "There was an old goat that used to run about the Privy-garden, to which they had given this name; a rank lecherous devil, that everybody knew and used to stroke, because he was good-humoured and familiar; and so they applied this name to Charles." One evening Charles heard one of the maids of honour singing a ballad in their apartments, in which old Rowley was mentioned in a rather unpleasant manner. After listening for a few moments he knocked at the door. "Who is there?" cried Miss Howard, who turned out to be the vocalist. "Only old Rowley," was the good-natured reply.

Charles enjoyed a practical joke. On one of his birthdays, a pick-pocket had obtained admittance to the drawing-room, disguised in the dress of a gentleman, and commenced the practice of his profession by extracting a gold snuff-box from a nobleman's pocket. Scarcely had he done so when he saw the king looking at him; but knowing Charles's disposition, he had the consummate impudence to put his finger to his nose, and wink knowingly at his majesty to hold his tongue. A few moments afterwards, by which time the thief had made off, the king was exceedingly amused by perceiving the nobleman feeling his pockets for the box. At length he could resist no longer, and called out to the victim, "You need not trouble yourself, my lord; your box is gone, and I am an accomplice in the theft; the rascal made me his confidant!"

When Charles ascended the throne, one of his first acts of generosity was to send a grant of 10,000 acres of land to Lord Clarendon, which the latter at first declined, on account of the envy it would excite. When the king was told of it he said,

"My Lord Chancellor is a fool for all his wise head; does he not know that it is better to be envied than pitied?"

Lord Keeper Guildford said, that Charles was better acquainted with foreign affairs than all his ministers put together; because, whether drunk or sober, he made a point of conversing with every eminent foreigner that visited England; and though notoriously unreserved himself, he could generally discover the secrets of others. The Duke of Buckingham said, that "Charles could have been a great king if he would, and that James would if he could."

To Charles's partiality for his graceful and accomplished cousin, Frances Stuart, we owe the elegant representation of Britannia on our copper coin. She is said to have been the only woman with whom the king was ever really in love, and it was from one of the medals struck to perpetuate his admiration of her delicate symmetry, that Britannia was stamped in the form she still bears on our halfpence and farthings. Guineas were introduced in the reign of Charles, and received this appellation from their having been made of the gold-dust brought from the coast of Guinea by Sir Robert Holmes.

In the Secret History of Whitehall, it is said that when Sir John Warner turned Papist he retired to a convent, and his uncle, Dr. Warner, who was the king's physician, pressed his majesty to order the Attorney-General to proceed at law for securing his estate to him, as next male, upon an apprehension that Sir John might convert it to popish uses. Charles said to him, "Sir John at present is one of God Almighty's fools, but it will not be long before he returns to his estate, and enjoys it himself."

During the debate in Parliament, on a bill for disabling all Papists from holding any court place or employment, the king was supposed to speak through the Earl of Shaftesbury, then Lord Chancellor, whilst his brother the Duke of York was represented by Clifford, then Lord Treasurer. On one occasion, the Lord Treasurer having made a violent speech in the House of Lords, he was unexpectedly opposed by Shaftesbury, who smartly answered all that he said from the beginning to the end. Charles and his brother were both present, and the latter beginning to get excessively angry, at length whispered the king, "What a rogue you have of

a Lord Chancellor;" to which Charles replied, "and what a fool *you* have of a Lord Treasurer."

Charles never lost his affability and courtesy. He touched people for the evil without evincing either nausea, or a temptation to mirth. But on solemn occasions he could never play the king. He read his speeches to Parliament like a schoolboy. At church he could never preserve his gravity, and would dally with Lady Castlemaine through the curtains which divided the royal box from the ladies' pew. If he saw an acquaintance at play, in the park, or even in a state procession, he would nod to him with the easy familiarity of an equal; and if the gentleman happened to have a handsome wife with him, he would cast on the husband a glance of significant meaning. Sometimes after perhaps he had ordered his coach and guards to be ready to conduct him to the park, he would call for a sculler and a pair of oars, and row himself down to Somerset House, to visit the Duchess of Richmond; and if he did not find the garden-door open, he would clamber over the wall. At the council he would jest instead of minding business, and play with his dogs. His ordinary amusements were playing at tennis, and weighing himself afterwards—sauntering in the Mall, or idling away his mornings at the toilette of his favourites—dancing whole nights, and, occasionally, getting very drunk, hearing anthems in his chapel, and keeping time to the music with his head and hands—visiting the Tower or the Docks—going to the play and ogling the handsome women—and, in lack of all other amusements, gossiping with everybody, telling long stories of the French and Spanish courts, and, like good old Kent, "marring a curious tale in telling it."

"It was Charles the Second," says Spence, "who gave Dryden the hint for writing his poem, called 'The Medal.' One day, as the king was walking in the Mall, and talking with Dryden, he said, 'If I was a poet, and I think I am poor enough to be one, I would write a poem on such a subject, in the following manner;' and then gave him the plan of it. Dryden took the hint, carried the poem as soon as written to the king, and had a present of a hundred broad pieces for his pains."

Though Charles possessed but little religion, he does not

appear to have been a disbeliever. In Dr. Birch's MSS. we are told, that on one occasion the Duke of Buckingham having spoken profanely before him, the king administered to him the following reproof. "My lord," he said, "I am a great deal older than your grace, and have heard more arguments for atheism; but I have since lived long enough to see that there is nothing in them, and I hope your grace will." On another occasion, speaking of the credulous but learned Vossius, who was a free-thinker, Charles said, that "he refused to believe nothing but the bible."

AN ACCOUNT

OF

HIS MAJESTY'S ESCAPE FROM WORCESTER,

DICTATED TO MR. PEPYS BY THE KING HIMSELF.

NEWMARKET,

Sunday, Oct. 3rd, and Tuesday, Oct. 5th, 1680.

AFTER that the battle was so absolutely lost, as to be beyond hope of recovery, I began to think of the best way of saving myself; and the first thought that came into my head was, that, if I could possibly, I would get to London, as soon, if not sooner, than the news of our defeat could get thither: and it being near dark, I talked with some, especially with my Lord Rochester, who was then Wilmot, about their opinions, which would be the best way for me to escape, it being impossible, as I thought, to get back into Scotland. I found them mightily distracted, and their opinions different, of the possibility of getting to Scotland, but not one agreeing with mine, for going to London, saving my Lord Wilmot; and the truth is, I did not impart my design of going to London to any but my Lord Wilmot. But we had such a number of beaten men with us, of the horse, that I strove, as soon as ever it was dark, to get from them; and though I could not get them to stand by me against the enemy, I could not get rid of them, now I had a mind to it.

So we, that is, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, Lauderdale, Derby, Wilmot, Tom Blague, Duke Darcey, and several others of my servants, went along northward towards Scotland; and at last we got about sixty that were gentlemen

and officers, and slipped away out of the high road that goes to Lancastershire, and kept on the right hand, letting all the beaten men go along the great road, and ourselves not knowing very well which way to go, for it was then too late for us to get to London, on horseback, riding directly for it, nor could we do it, because there was yet many people of quality with us that I could not get rid of.

So we rode through a town short of Woolverhampton, betwixt that and Worcester, and went through, there lying a troop of the enemies there that night. We rode very quietly through the town, they having nobody to watch, nor they suspecting us no more than we did them, which I learned afterwards from a country fellow.

We went that night about twenty miles, to a place called White Ladys, hard by Tong Castle, by the advice of Mr. Giffard, where we stopped, and got some little refreshment of bread and cheese, such as we could get, it being just beginning to be day. This White Ladys was a private house that Mr. Giffard, who was a Staffordshire man, had told me belonged to honest people that lived thereabouts.*

* S. Pepys, desiring to know from Father Hodlestone what he knew touching the brotherhood of the Penderells, as to the names and qualities of each of the brothers, he answered, that he was not very perfect in it, but that, as far as he could recollect, they were thus, viz. :—

1st. William, the eldest, who lived at Boscobel.

2nd. John, who lived at White Ladies, a kind of woodward there, all the brothers living in the wood, having little farms there, and labouriug for their living, in cutting down of wood, and watching the wood from being stolen ; having the benefit of some cow-grass to live on. Father Hodlestone farther told me, that here lived one Mr. Walker, an old gentleman, a priest, whither the poor Catholics in that neighbourhood resorted for devotion, and whom Father Hodlestone used now and then to visit, and say prayers, and do holy offices with. Upon which score it was, that John Penderell happened to know him in the high-way, when the said John Penderell was looking out for a hiding-place for my Lord Wilmot. This John was he, as Father Hodlestone says, that took the most pains of all the brothers.

3rd. Richard, commonly called among them Trusty Richard, who lived the same kind of life with the rest.

4th. Humphrey, a miller, who has a son at this day (1680) footman to the queen, to be heard of at Somerset House.

5th. George, another brother, who was in some degree, less or more, as he remembers, employed in this service. He thinks there was a sixth brother, but of that is not certain. *H.*

And just as we came thither, there came in a country fellow, that told us, there were three thousand of our horse just hard by Tong Castle, upon the heath, all in disorder, under David Leslie, and some other of the general officers: upon which there were some of the people of quality that were with me, who were very earnest that I should go to him and endeavour to go into Scotland; which I thought was absolutely impossible, knowing very well that the country would all rise upon us, and that men who had deserted me when they were in good order, would never stand to me when they have been beaten.

This made me take the resolution of putting myself into a disguise, and endeavouring to get a-foot to London, in a country fellow's habit, with a pair of ordinary grey cloth breeches, a leathern doublet, and a green jerkin, which I took in the house of White Ladys. I also cut my hair very short, and flung my clothes into a privy-house, that nobody might see that anybody had been stripping themselves.* I acquainting none with my resolution of going to London but my Lord Wilmot, they all desiring me not to acquaint them with what I intended to do, because they knew not what they

* There were six brothers of the Penderells, who all of them knew the secret; and (as I have since learned from one of them) the man in whose house I changed my clothes came to one of them about two days after, and asking him where I was, told him that they might get 1,000*l.* if they would tell, because there was that sum laid upon my head. But this Penderell was so honest, that though he at that time knew where I was, he bade him have a care of what he did; for, that I being gone out of all reach, if they should now discover I had ever been there, they would get nothing but hanging for their pains. I would not change my clothes at any of the Penderell's houses, because I meant to make further use of them, and they might be suspected; but rather chose to do it in a house where they were not Papists, I neither knowing them, nor, to this day, what the man was at whose house I did it. But the Penderells have since endeavoured to mitigate the business of their being tempted by their neighbour to discover me; but one of them did certainly declare it to me at that time. *K.*

Concerning one Yates, that married a sister of one of the Penderells, Father Hodlestone says, he has heard, that the old coarse shirt which the king had on did belong to him; and consequently that the king did shift himself at his house; but believes that the rest of the king's clothes were William Penderell's, he being a tall man, and the breeches the king had on being very long at the knees. *H.*

might be forced to confess; on which consideration, they, with one voice, begged of me not to tell them what I intended to do.

So all the persons of quality and officers who were with me (except my Lord Wilmot, with whom a place was agreed upon for our meeting at London, if we escaped, and who endeavoured to go on horseback, in regard, as I think, of his being too big to go on foot), were resolved to go and join with the three thousand disordered horse, thinking to get away with them to Scotland. But, as I did before believe, they were not marched six miles, after they got to them, but they were all routed by a single troop of horse; which shews that my opinion was not wrong in not sticking to men who had run away.

As soon as I was disguised I took with me a country fellow, whose name was Richard Penderell, whom Mr. Giffard had undertaken to answer for, to be an honest man. He was a Roman Catholic, and I chose to trust them, because I knew they had hiding-holes for priests, that I thought I might make use of in case of need.

I was no sooner gone (being the next morning after the battle, and then broad day) out of the house with this country fellow, but, being in a great wood, I set myself at the edge of the wood, near the highway that was there, the better to see who came after us, and whether they made any search after the runaways, and I immediately saw a troop of horse coming by, which I conceived to be the same troop that beat our three thousand horse; but it did not look like a troop of the army's, but of the militia, for the fellow before it did not look at all like a soldier.

In this wood I staid all day, without meat or drink; and by great good fortune it rained all the time, which hindered them, as I believe, from coming into the wood to search for men that might be fled thither. And one thing is remarkable enough, that those with whom I have since spoken, of them that joined with the horse upon the heath, did say, that it rained little or nothing with them all the day, but only in the wood where I was, this contributing to my safety.

As I was in the wood, I talked with the fellow about getting towards London and asking him many questions

about what gentlemen he knew; I did not find that he knew any man of quality in the way towards London. And the truth is, my mind changed as I lay in the wood, and I resolved of another way of making my escape; which was, to get over the Severn into Wales, and so to get either to Swansea or some other of the sea-towns that I knew had commerce with France, to the end I might get over that way, as being a way that I thought none would suspect my taking; besides that, I remembered several honest gentlemen that were of my acquaintance in Wales.

So that night, as soon as it was dark, Richard Penderell and I took our journey on foot towards the Severn, intending to pass over a ferry, half-way between Bridgenorth and Shrewsbury. But as we were going in the night, we came by a mill where I heard some people talking (Memorandum, that I had got some bread and cheese the night before at one of the Penderells' houses, I not going in), and as we conceived, it was about twelve or one o'clock at night, and the country fellow desired me not to answer if anybody should ask me any questions, because I had not the accent of the country.

Just as we came to the mill, we could see the miller, as I believed, sitting at the mill door, he being in white clothes, it being a very dark night. He called out, "Who goes there?" Upon which Richard Penderell answered, "Neighbours going home," or some such like words. Whereupon the miller cried out, "If you be neighbours, stand, or I will knock you down." Upon which, we believing there was company in the house, the fellow bade me follow him close; and he ran to a gate that went up a dirty lane, up a hill, and opening the gate, the miller cried out, "Rogues, rogues!" And thereupon some men came out of the mill after us, which I believed was soldiers: so we fell a-running, both of us, up the lane, as long as we could run, it being very deep, and very dirty, till at last I bade him leap over a hedge, and lie still to hear if anybody followed us; which we did, and continued lying down upon the ground about half an hour, when, hearing nobody come, we continued our way on to the village upon the Severn; where the fellow told me there was an honest gentleman, one Mr. Woolfe. that lived in that

town,* where I might be with great safety; for that he had hiding-holes for priests. But I would not go in till I knew a little of his mind, whether he would receive so dangerous a guest as me, and therefore staid in a field, under a hedge, by a great tree, commanding him not to say it was I; but only to ask Mr. Woolfe, whether he would receive an English gentleman, a person of quality, to hide him the next day, till we could travel again by night, for I durst not go but by night.

Mr. Woolfe, when the country fellow told him that it was one that had escaped from the battle of Worcester, said, that for his part, it was so dangerous a thing to harbour anybody that was known, that he would not venture his neck for any man, unless it were the king himself. Upon which Richard Penderell very indiscreetly, and without any leave, told him that it was I. Upon which Mr. Woolfe replied, that he should be very ready to venture all he had in the world to secure me. Upon which Richard Penderell came and told me what he had done. At which I was a little troubled, but then there was no remedy, the day being just coming on, and I must either venture that, or run some greater danger.

So I came into the house a back way, where I found Mr. Woolfe, an old gentleman, who told me he was very sorry to see me there; because there was two companies of the militia foot, at that time, in arms in the town, and kept a guard at the ferry, to examine everybody that came that way, in expectation of catching some that might be making their escape that way; and that he durst not put me into any of the hiding-holes of his house, because they had been discovered, and, consequently, if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes; and that therefore I had no other way of security but to go into his barn, and there lie behind his corn and hay. So after he had given us some cold meat, that was ready, we, without making any bustle in the house, went and lay in the barn all the next day; when towards evening, his son, who had been prisoner at Shrewsbury, an honest man, was released, and came home to his father's house. And as soon as ever it began to be a little

* Mr. Francis Woolfe lived at Madely. *H.*

darkish, Mr. Woolfe and his son brought us meat into the barn; and there we discoursed with them, whether we might safely get over the Severn into Wales; which they advised me by no means to adventure upon, because of the strict guards that were kept all along the Severn, where any passage could be found, for preventing anybody's escaping that way into Wales.

Upon this I took resolution of going that night the very same way back again to Penderell's house, where I knew I should hear some news, what was become of my Lord Wilmot, and resolved again upon going for London.

So we set out as soon as it was dark. But, as we came by the mill again, we had no mind to be questioned a second time there; and therefore, asking Richard Penderell whether he could swim or no, and how deep the river was, he told me it was a scurvy river, not easy to be passed in all places, and that he could not swim. So I told him, that the river being but a little one, I would undertake to help him over. Upon which we went over some closes to the river side, and I entering the river first, to see whether I could myself go over, who knew how to swim, found it was but a little above my middle; and thereupon taking Richard Penderell by the hand I helped him over.

Which being done, we went on our way to one of Penderell's brothers (his house being not far from White Ladys), who had been guide to my Lord Wilmot, and we believed might, by that time, be come back again; for my Lord Wilmot intended to go to London upon his own horse. When I came to this house, I inquired where my Lord Wilmot was; it being now towards morning, and having travelled these two nights on foot, Penderell's brother told me that he had conducted him to a very honest gentleman's house, one Mr. Pitchcroft, * not far from Woolverhamp-

* The king is mistaken in calling Mr. Whitgrave Mr. Pitchcroft. Pitchcroft is the name of a very large meadow contiguous to the city of Worcester, where part of the king's troops lay on the night before the battle; and which his majesty might have a distant view of, from the top of the tower of the cathedral, where he held a council just before the unfortunate engagement. It is not to be wondered at, if, after the interval of twenty-nine years, the king should mistake the name of a place for the name of a person. *P.*

ton,* a Roman Catholic. I asked him what news? He told me that there was one Major Careless in the house that was that countryman; whom I knowing, he having been a major in our army, and made his escape thither, a Roman Catholic also, I sent for him into the room where I was, and consulting with him what we should do the next day, he told me that it would be very dangerous for me either to stay in that house, or to go into the wood, there being a great wood hard by Boscobel; that he knew but one way how to pass the next day, and that was, to get up into a great oak, in a pretty plain place, where we might see round about us; for the enemy would certainly search at the wood for people that had made their escape. Of which proposition of his I approving, we (that is to say, Careless and I) went, and carried up with us some victuals for the whole day, viz., bread, cheese, small beer, and nothing else, and got up into a great oak, that had been lopped some three or four years before, and being grown out again, very bushy and thick, could not be seen through, and here we staid all the day. I having, in the meantime, sent Penderell's brother to Mr. Pitchcroft's, to know whether my Lord Wilmot was there or no;† and had word brought me by him, at night, that my lord was there; that there was a very secure hiding-hole in Mr. Pitchcroft's house, and that he desired me to come thither to him.

Memorandum—That while we were in this tree we see soldiers going up and down, in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped, we seeing them, now and then, peeping out of the wood.

That night Richard Penderell and I went to Mr. Pitchcroft's, about six or seven miles off, where I found the gentleman of the house, and an old grandmother of his, and Father Hurlston,‡ who had then the care, as governor, of bringing

* Mr. Whitgrave lived at Mosely. *H.*

† I did not depend upon finding Lord Wilmot, but sent only to know what was become of him; for he and I had agreed to meet at London, at the Three Cranes in the Vintry, and to inquire for Will. Ashburnam. *K.*

‡ His name is Hodlestone, and his grandfather was half-brother, by a second venter, to Sir William Hodlestone, who, with eight brothers, raised two regiments for the king, and served with them. Father Hodlestone

up two young gentlemen, who I think were Sir John Preston and his brother, they being boys.*

Here I spoke with my Lord Wilmot, and sent him away to Colonel Lane's,† about five or six miles off, to see what means could be found for my escaping towards London; who told my lord, after some consultation thereon, that he had a sister that had a very fair pretence of going hard by Bristol, to a cousin of hers, that was married to one Mr. Norton, who lived two or three miles towards Bristol, on Somersetshire side, and she might carry me thither as her man; and from Bristol I might find shipping to get out of England.‡

So the next night§ I went away to Colonel Lane's, where I changed my clothes || into a little better habit, like a

dlestone observes, very particularly, as one extraordinary instance of God's providence in this affair, the contingency of his first meeting with John Penderell, occasioned by one Mr. Garret's coming, the Thursday after the fight, out of Warwickshire, from Mrs. Morgan, grandmother to little Sir John Preston, with some new linen for Sir John, and some for Father Hodlestone himself, namely, six new shirts, one whereof he gave to the king, and another to my Lord Wilmot. *H.*

* This Sir John Preston's father was Sir John Preston, who raised a regiment for the king, and for so doing had his estate given away by the Parliament to Pen. This Sir John Preston, the son, is since dead, and his estate fallen to his brother, Sir Thomas Preston, mentioned in Oates's narrative of the plot, who married my Lord Molineux his daughter, by whom he had two daughters, great heiresses, himself being become a Jesuit. *P.*

† Colonel Lane lived at Bentley. *H.*

‡ The king, after having changed his linen and stockings at Mr. Whitegrave's, said, that he found himself at more ease, was fit for a new march, and if it would please God ever to bless him with ten or twelve thousand men of a mind, and resolved to fight, he should not doubt but to drive those rogues out of the land. *H.*

§ I think I staid two days at Pitchcroft's [Whitgrave's], but Father Hurlstone can tell better than I. *K.*

|| The habit that the king came in to Father Hodlestone, was a very greasy old grey steeple-crowned hat, with the brims turned up, without lining or hatband, the sweat appearing two inches deep through it, round the band-place; a green cloth jump coat, threadbare, even to the threads being worn white, and breeches of the same, with long knees down to the garter; with an old sweaty leathern doublet, a pair of white flannel stockings next to his legs, which the king said were his boot stockings, their tops being cut off to prevent their being discovered, and upon them a pair of old green yarn stockings, all worn and darned at the knees, with their

serving-man, being a kind of grey cloth suit; and the next day Mrs. Lane and I took our journey towards Bristol, resolving to lie at a place called Long Marson, in the vale of Esham.

But we had not gone two hours on our way but the mare I rode on cast a shoe; so we were forced to ride to get another shoe at a scattering village, whose name begins with something like Long——. And as I was holding my horse's foot, I asked the smith what news? He told me that there was no news that he knew of, since the good news of the beating of the rogues the Scots. I asked him whether there was none of the English taken that joined with the Scots? He answered, that he did not hear that that rogue Charles Stewart was taken; but some of the others, he said, were taken, but not Charles Stewart. I told him, that if that rogue were taken he deserved to be hanged, more than all the rest, for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said, that I spoke like an honest man, and so we parted.

Here it is to be noted, that we had in company with us Mrs. Lane's sister, who was married to one Mr. ———, she being then going to my Lord Paget's, hard by Windsor, so as we were to part, as accordingly we did, at Stratford-upon-Avon.

But a mile before we came to Stratford-upon-Avon, we

their feet cut off; which last he said he had of Mr. Woolfe, who persuaded him thereto, to hide his other white ones, for fear of being observed; his shoes were old, all slash'd for the ease of his feet, and full of gravel, with little rolls of paper between his toes, which he said he was advised to, to keep them from galling; he had an old coarse shirt, patched both at the neck and hands, of that very coarse sort which, in that country, go by the name of hogging-shirts; which shirt, Father Hodlestone shifting from the king, by giving him one of his new ones, Father Hodlestone sent afterwards to Mr. Sherwood, now Lord Abbot of Lambspring in Germany, a person well known to the Duke [of York], who begged this shirt of Father Hodlestone; his handkerchief was a very old one, torn, and very coarse, and being daubed with the king's blood from his nose, Father Hodlestone gave it to a kinswoman of his, one Mrs. Brathwayte, who kept it with great veneration, as a remedy for the king's evil; he had no gloves, but a long thorn-stick, not very strong, but crooked three or four several ways, in his hand; his hair cut short up to his ears, and hands coloured; his majesty refusing to have any gloves, when Father Hodlestone offered him some, as also to change his stick. *P.*

espied upon the way a troop of horse,* whose riders were alighted, and the horses eating some grass by the way-side, staying there, as I thought, while their muster-master was providing their quarters. Mrs. Lane's sister's husband, who went along with her as far as Stratford, seeing this troop of horse just in our way, said, that for his part, he would not go by them, for he had been once or twice beaten by some of the Parliament soldiers, and he would not run the venture again. I hearing him say so, begged Mrs. Lane, softly in her ear, that we might not turn back, but go on, if they should see us turn. But all she could say in the world would not do, but her brother-in-law turned quite round, and went into Stratford another way. The troop of horse being then just getting on horseback, about twice twelve score off, and, as I told her, we did meet the troop just but in the town of Stratford.

But then her brother and we parted, he going his way, and we ours, towards Long Marson, where we lay at a kinsman's, I think, of Mrs. Lane's; neither the said kinsman, nor her afore-mentioned brother-in-law, knowing who I was.

The next night we lay at Cirencester; and so from thence to Mr. Norton's house, beyond Bristol, where, as soon as ever I came, Mrs. Lane called the butler of the house, a very honest fellow, whose name was Pope, and had served Tom Jermyn, a groom of my bedchamber, when I was a boy at Richmond; she bade him to take care of William Jackson, for that was my name, as having been lately sick of an ague, whereof she said I was still weak, and not quite recovered. And the truth is, my late fatigues, and want of meat, had indeed made me look a little pale; besides this, Pope had been a trooper in the king my father's army; but I was not to be known in that house for any thing but Mrs. Lane's servant.

Memorandum—That one Mr. Lassells, a cousin of Mrs. Lane's, went all the way with us, from Colonel Lane's, on horseback, single, I riding before Mrs. Lane.

Pope, the butler, took great care of me that night, I not

* A poor old woman, that was gleaning in the field, cried out, of her own accord, without occasion given her, "Master, don't you see a troop of horse before you?" *K.*

eating, as I should have done, with the servants, upon account of my not being well.

The next morning I arose pretty early, having a very good stomach, and went to the buttery-hatch to get my breakfast; where I found Pope and two or three other men in the room, and we all fell to eating bread and butter, to which he gave us very good ale and sack. And as I was sitting there, there was one that looked like a country fellow sat just by me, who, talking, gave so particular an account of the battle of Worcester to the rest of the company, that I concluded he must be one of Cromwell's soldiers. But I asking him how he came to give so good an account of that battle, he told me he was in the king's regiment; by which I thought he meant one Colonel King's regiment. But, questioning him further, I perceived that he had been in my regiment of guards, in Major Broughton's company, that was my major in the battle. I asked him what a kind of man I was? To which he answered by describing exactly both my clothes and my horse; and then looking upon me, he told me that the king was at least three fingers taller than I. Upon which I made what haste I could out of the buttery, for fear he should indeed know me, as being more afraid when I knew he was one of our own soldiers, than when I took him for one of the enemy's.

So Pope and I went into the hall, and just as we came into it Mrs. Norton was coming by through it; upon which, I plucking off my hat, and standing with my hat in my hand, as she passed by, that Pope looked very earnestly in my face. But I took no notice of it, but put on my hat again, and went away, walking out of the house into the field.

I had not been out half an hour, but coming back I went up to the chamber where I lay; and just as I came thither, Mr. Lassells came to me, and in a little trouble said, "What shall we do! I am afraid Pope knows you; for he says very positively to me that it is you, but I have denied it." Upon which I presently, without more ado, asked him whether he was a very honest man or no? Whereto he answering me that he knew him to be so honest a fellow that he durst trust him with his life, as having been always on our side, I thought it better to trust him, than go away leaving that suspicion upon

him; and thereupon sent for Pope, and told him, that I was very glad to meet him there, and would trust him with my life as an old acquaintance. Upon which, being a discreet fellow, he asked me what I intended to do; for, says he, I am extremely happy I know you, for otherwise you might run great danger in this house. For though my master and mistress are good people, yet there are at this time one or two in it that are very great rogues; and I think I can be useful to you in any thing you will command me. Upon which I told him my design of getting a ship, if possible, at Bristol; and to that end bade him go that very day immediately to Bristol, to see if there were any ships going either to Spain or France, that I might get a passage away in.

I told him also that my Lord Wilmot was coming to meet me here; for he and I had agreed at Colonel Lane's, and were to meet this very day at Norton's. Upon which Pope told me, that it was most fortunate that he knew me, and had heard this from me; for that if my Lord Wilmot should have come hither, he would have been most certainly known to several people in the house; and therefore he would go. And accordingly went out, and met my Lord Wilmot a mile or two off the house, not far off, where he lodged him till it was night, and then brought him hither, by a back-door, into my chamber; I still passing for a serving-man, and Lassells and I lay in one chamber, he knowing all the way who I was.

So after Pope had been at Bristol to inquire for a ship, but could hear of none ready to depart beyond sea sooner than within a month, which was too long for me to stay thereabout, I betook myself to the advising afresh with my Lord Wilmot and Pope what was to be done. And the latter telling me that there lived somewhere in that country, upon the edge of Somersetshire, at Trent, within two miles of Sherburn, Frank Windham, the knight marshal's brother, who being my old acquaintance, and a very honest man, I resolved to go to his house.

But the night before we were to go away, we had a misfortune that might have done us much prejudice; for Mrs. Norton, who was big with child, fell into labour, and miscarried of a dead child, and was very ill; so that we could not tell how in the world to find an excuse for Mrs. Lane to

leave her cousin in that condition; and indeed it was not safe to stay longer there, where there was so great resort of disaffected idle people.

At length, consulting with Mr. Lassells, I thought the best way to counterfeit a letter from her father's house, old Mr. Lane's, to tell her that her father was extremely ill, and commanded her to come away immediately, for fear that she should not otherwise find him alive; which letter Pope delivered so well, while they were all at supper, and Mrs. Lane playing her part so dexterously, that all believed old Mr. Lane to be indeed in great danger, and gave his daughter the excuse to go away with me the very next morning early.

Accordingly the next morning* we went directly to Trent to Frank Windham's house, and lay that night at Castle-Cary, and the next night came to Trent, where I had appointed my Lord Wilmot to meet me, whom I still took care not to keep with me, but sent him a little before, or left to come after me.†

When we came to Trent, my Lord Wilmot and I advised with Frank Windham, whether he had any acquaintance at any sea-town upon the coast of Dorset or Devonshire; who told me that he was very well acquainted with Gyles Strangways, and that he would go directly to him, and inform himself whether he might not have some acquaintance at Weymouth or Lyme, or some of those parts.

But Gyles Strangways proved not to have any, as having been long absent from all those places, as not daring to stir abroad, having been always faithful to the king; but he desired Frank Windham to try what he could do therein, it being unsafe for him to be found busy upon the sea-coast. But withal he sent me three hundred broad pieces, which he knew were necessary for me in the condition I was now in; for I durst carry no money about me in those mean clothes, and my hair cut short, but about ten or twelve shillings in silver.

* I staid about two days at Pope's [Lassells]. *K.*

† I could never get my Lord Wilmot to put on any disguise, he saying, that he should look frightfully in it; and therefore did never put on any. *K.*

Frank Windham, upon this, went himself to Lyme, and spoke with a merchant there, to hire a ship for my transportation, being forced to acquaint him that it was I that was to be carried out. The merchant undertook it, his name being ——— ———, and accordingly hired a vessel for France, appointing a day for my coming to Lyme to embark. And accordingly we set out from Frank Windham's, and to cover the matter the better, I rode before a cousin of Frank Windham's, one Mrs. Judith Coningsby, still going by the name of William Jackson.*

Memorandum—That one day, during my stay at Trent, I hearing the bells ring (the church being hard by Frank Windham's house) and seeing a company got together in the churchyard, I sent down the maid of the house, who knew me, to inquire what the matter was; who returning came up and told me, that there was a rogue, a trooper, come out of Cromwell's army that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff coat which he had then on. Upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells, and making a bonfire for joy of it.

This merchant having appointed us to come to Lyme, we, viz. myself, my Lord Wilmot, Frank Windham, Mrs. Coningsby, and one servant of Frank Windham's, whose name was Peter, were directed from him to a little village hard by Lyme, the vessel being to come out of the Cobb at Lyme, and come to a little creek that was just by this village, whither we went, and to send their boat ashore to take us in at the said creek, and carry us over to France, the wind being then very good at north.

So we sat up that night, expecting the ship to come out, but she failed us. Upon which, I sent Frank Windham's man, Peter, and my Lord Wilmot to Lyme the next morning, to know the reason of it. But we were much troubled how to pass away our time the next day, till we could have an answer. At last, we resolved to go to a place called Burport, about four miles from Lyme, and there stay till my

* At Trent Mrs. Lane and Lassells went home. I staid some four or five days at Frank Windham's house, and was known to most of his family. *K.*

Lord Wilmot should bring us news, whether the vessel could be had the next night or no, and the reason of her last night's failure.

So Frank Windham, and Mrs. Coningsby and I, went in the morning, on horseback, away to Burport; and just as we came into the town, I could see the streets full of red-coats, Cromwell's soldiers, being a regiment of Colonel Haynes's, viz. fifteen hundred men going to embark to take Jersey, at which Frank Windham was very much startled, and asked me what I would do? I told him that we must go impudently into the best inn in the town, and take a chamber there, as the only thing to be done; because we should otherways miss my Lord Wilmot, in case we went anywhere else, and that would be very inconvenient both to him and me. So we rode directly into the best inn of the place, and found the yard very full of soldiers. I alighted, and taking the horses, thought it the best way to go blundering in among them, and lead them through the middle of the soldiers into the stable, which I did; and they were very angry with me for my rudeness.

As soon as I came into the stable I took the bridle off the horses, and called the hostler to me to help me, and to give the horses some oats. And as the hostler was helping me to feed the horses, "Sure, Sir," says the hostler, "I know your face?" which was no very pleasant question to me. But I thought the best way was to ask him, where he had lived—whether he had always lived there or no? He told me, that he was but newly come thither; that he was born in Exeter, and had been hostler in an inn there, hard by one Mr. Potter's, a merchant, in whose house I had lain in the time of war: so I thought it best to give the fellow no further occasion of thinking where he had seen me, for fear he should guess right at last; therefore I told him, "Friend, certainly you have seen me then at Mr. Potter's, for I served him a good while, above a year." "O!" says he, "then I remember you a boy there;" and with that was put off from thinking any more on it; but desired that we might drink a pot of beer together; which I excused, by saying, that I must go wait on my master, and get his dinner ready for him. But told him, that my master was going for London, and

would return about three weeks hence, when he would lie there, and I would not fail to drink a pot with him.

As soon as we had dined, my Lord Wilmot came into the town from Lyme, but went to another inn. Upon which, we rode out of town, as if we had gone upon the road towards London; and when we were got two miles off, my Lord Wilmot overtook us (he having observed, while in town, where we were), and told us, that he believed the ship might be ready next night; but that there had been some mistake betwixt him and the master of the ship.

Upon which, I not thinking it fit to go back again to the same place where we had sat up the night before, we went to a village called ————, about four miles in the country above Lyme, and sent in Peter to know of the merchant whether the ship would be ready. But the master of the ship, doubting that it was some dangerous employment he was hired upon, absolutely refused the merchant, and would not carry us over.

Whereupon we were forced to go back again to Frank Windham's to Trent, where we might be in some safety till we had hired another ship.

As soon as we came to Frank Windham's, I sent away presently to Colonel Robert Philips, who lived then at Salisbury, to see what he could do for the getting me a ship; which he undertook very willingly, and had got one at Southampton, but by misfortune she was, amongst others, pressed to transport their soldiers to Jersey, by which she failed us also.

Upon this, I sent further into Sussex, where Robin Philips knew one Colonel Gunter, to see whether he could hire a ship anywhere upon that coast. And not thinking it convenient for me to stay much longer at Frank Windham's (where I had been in all about a fortnight, and was become known to very many), I went directly away to a widow gentlewoman's house, one Mrs. Hyde, some four or five miles from Salisbury, where I came into the house just as it was almost dark, with Robin Philips only, not intending at first to make myself known. But just as I alighted at the door Mrs. Hyde knew me, though she had never seen me but once in her life, and that was with the king, my father, in the

army, when we marched by Salisbury, some years before, in the time of the war; but she being a discreet woman, took no notice at that time of me, I passing only for a friend of Robin Philips's, by whose advice I went thither.

At supper there were with us Frederick Hyde, since a judge, and his sister-in-law, a widow, Robin Philips, myself, and Dr. Henshaw, since Bishop of London, whom I had appointed to meet me there.

While we were at supper, I observed Mrs. Hyde and her brother Frederick to look a little earnestly at me, which led me to believe they might know me. But I was not at all startled at it, it having been my purpose to let her know who I was; and accordingly after supper Mrs. Hyde came to me, and I discovered myself to her; who told me, she had a very safe place to hide me in, till we knew whether our ship was ready or no. But she said it was not safe for her to trust anybody but herself and her sister; and therefore advised me to take my horse next morning, and make as if I quitted the house, and return again about night; for she would order it so that all her servants and everybody should be out of the house, but herself and her sister, whose name I remember not.

So Robin Philips and I took our horses, and went as far as Stone-henge; and there we staid looking upon the stones for some time,* and returned back again to Hale (the place where Mrs. Hyde lived), about the hour she appointed; where I went up into the hiding-hole, that was very convenient and safe, and staid there all alone (Robin Philips then going away to Salisbury) some four or five days.

After four or five days' stay, Robin Philips came to the house and acquainted me that a ship was ready provided for me at Shoreham, by Colonel Gunter. Upon which, at two o'clock in the morning, I went out of the house by the back-way, and, with Robin Philips, met Colonel Gunter and my Lord Wilmot together, some fourteen or fifteen miles off, on my way towards Shoreham, and were to lodge that night at a

* The king and Colonel Philips rode about the Downs, and took a view of the wonder of the country, Stone-henge; where they found that the king's arithmetic gave the lie to the fabulous tale, that those stones cannot be told alike twice together. *Ph.*

place called Hambleton, seven miles from Portsmouth; because it was too long a journey to go in one day to Shoreham. And here we lay at a house of a brother-in-law of Colonel Gunter's, one Mr. ———, where I was not to be known (I being still in the same grey cloth suit, as a serving-man), though the master of the house was a very honest poor man, who, while we were at supper, came in, he having been all the day playing the good-fellow at an ale-house in the town, and taking a stool, sat down with us; where his brother-in-law, Colonel Gunter, talking very feelingly concerning Cromwell and all his party, he went and whispered his brother in the ear, and asked, whether I was not some round-headed rogue's son; for I looked very suspiciously. Upon which, Colonel Gunter answering for me, that he might trust his life in my hands, he came and took me by the hand, and drinking a good glass of beer to me, called me brother round-head.

About that time my Lord Southampton, that was then at Titchfield, suspecting, for what reason I don't know, that it was possible I might be in the country, sent either to Robin Philips or Dr. Henshaw, to offer his service, if he could serve me in my escape. But being then provided of a ship, I would not put him to the danger of having any thing to do with it.

The next day we went to a place, four miles off of Shoreham, called Bright-helmstone, where we were to meet with the master of the ship, as thinking it more convenient for us to meet there than just at Shoreham, where the ship was. So when we came to the inn at Bright-helmstone, we met with one [Mansel], the merchant, who had hired the vessel, in company with her master,* the merchant only knowing me, as having hired her only to carry over a person of quality, that was escaped from the battle of Worcester, without naming anybody. And as we were all (viz. Robin Philips, my Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, the merchant, the master, and I), I observed that the master of the vessel looked very much upon me. And as soon as we had supped, calling the merchant aside, the master told him, that he had not dealt fairly with him; for though he had given him a very good

* Mr. Francis Mansel, the faithful merchant who provided the bark. Captain Tettershall, the master of the bark. *Ph.*

price for the carrying over that gentleman, yet he had not been clear with him; "For," says he, "he is the king, and I very well know him to be so." Upon which, the merchant denying it, saying that he was mistaken, the master answered, "I know him very well; for he took my ship, together with other fishing-vessels at Bright-helmstone, in the year 1648 (which was when I commanded the king my father's fleet, and I very kindly let them go again). But," says he to the merchant, "be not troubled at it; for I think I do God and my country good service, in preserving the king, and, by the grace of God, I will venture my life and all for him, and set him safely on shore, if I can, in France." Upon which, the merchant came and told me what had passed between them; and thereby found myself under a necessity of trusting him. But I took no kind of notice of it presently to him; but thinking it convenient not to let him go home, lest he should be asking advice of his wife, or anybody else, we kept him with us in the inn, and sat up all night drinking beer, and taking tobacco with him.

And here I also ran another very great danger, as being confident I was known by the master of the inn, for as I was standing, after supper, by the fire-side, leaning my hand upon a chair, and all the rest of the company being gone into another room, the master of the inn came in, and fell a talking with me, and just as he was looking about, and saw there was nobody in the room, he, upon a sudden, kissed my hand that was upon the back of the chair, and said to me, "God bless you wheresoever you go; I do not doubt, before I die, but to be a lord, and my wife a lady:" so I laughed, and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him, there being no remedy against my being known by him, and more discourse might have but raised suspicion. On which consideration, I thought it best for to trust him in that manner, and he proved very honest.

About four o'clock in the morning, myself and the company before named went towards Shoreham, taking the master of the ship with us, on horseback, behind one of our company, and came to the vessel's side, which was not above sixty ton. But it being low-water, and the vessel lying dry,

I and my Lord Wilmot got up with a ladder into her, and went and lay down in the little cabin, till the tide came to fetch us off.

But I was no sooner got into the ship, and lain down upon the bed, but the master came in to me, fell down upon his knees, and kissed my hand; telling me, that he knew me very well, and would venture life, and all that he had in the world, to set me down safe in France.

So about seven o'clock in the morning, it being high-water, we went out of the port; but the master being bound for Pool, loaden with sea-coal, because he would not have it seen from Shoreham that he did not go his intended voyage, but stood all the day, with a very easy sail, towards the Isle of Wight (only my Lord Wilmot and myself, of my company, on board). And as we were sailing, the master came to me, and desired me that I would persuade his men to use their endeavours with me to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof. Upon which, I went to the men, which were four and a boy, and told them truly, that we were two merchants that had some misfortunes, and were a little in debt; that we had some money owing us at Rouen, in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they would persuade the master (the wind being very fair) to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or one of those ports near Rouen, they would oblige us very much, and with that I gave them twenty shillings to drink. Upon which, they undertook to second me, if I would propose it to the master. So I went to the master, and told him our condition, and that if he would give us a trip over to France, we would give him some consideration for it. Upon which he counterfeited difficulty, saying, that it would hinder his voyage. But his men, as they had promised me, joining their persuasions to ours, and, at last, he yielded to set us over.

So about five o'clock in the afternoon, as we were in sight of the Isle of Wight, we stood directly over to the coast of France, the wind being then full north; and the next morning, a little before day, we saw the coast. But the tide failing us, and the wind coming about to the south-west, we were forced to come to an anchor, within two miles of the shore, till the tide of flood was done.

We found ourselves just before a harbour in France, called Fescamp; and just as the tide of ebb was made, espied a vessel to leeward of us, which, by her nimble working, I suspected to be an Ostend privateer. Upon which, I went to my Lord Wilmot, and telling him my opinion of that ship, proposed to him our going ashore in the little cock-boat, for fear they should prove so, as not knowing, but finding us going into a port of France (there being then a war betwixt France and Spain), they might plunder us, and possibly carry us away and set us ashore in England; the master also himself had the same opinion of her being an Ostender, and came to me to tell me so, which thought I made it my business to dissuade him from, for fear it should tempt him to set sail again with us for the coast of England; yet so sensible I was of it, that I and my Lord Wilmot went both on shore in the cock-boat; and going up into the town of Fescamp, staid there all day to provide horses for Rouen. But the vessel which had so affrighted us proved afterwards only a French hoy.

The next day we got to Rouen, to an inn, one of the best in the town, in the Fish-market, where they made difficulty to receive us, taking us, by our clothes, to be some thieves, or persons that had been doing some very ill thing, until Mr. Sandburne, a merchant, for whom I sent, came and answered for us.

One particular more there is observable in relation to this our passage into France; that the vessel that brought us over, had no sooner landed me, and I given her master a pass, for fear of meeting with any of our Jersey frigates, but the wind turned so happily for her, as to carry her directly for Pool, without its being known that she had ever been upon the coast of France.

We staid at Rouen one day, to provide ourselves better clothes, and give notice to the queen, my mother (who was then at Paris), of my being safely landed. After which, setting out in a hired coach, I was met by my mother, with coaches, short of Paris; and by her conducted thither where I safely arrived.

BOSCOBEL;

OR,

THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE MOST MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION OF

KING CHARLES II.

After the Battle of Worcester September the 3rd, 1651.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

CLAUSTRUM REGALE RESERATUM;

OR,

THE KING'S CONCEALMENT AT TRENT.

TO

THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

Sir,

Among the many addresses which every day offers your sacred majesty, this humbly hopes your particular gracious acceptance, since it has no other ambition than faithfully to represent to your majesty, and, by your royal permission, to all the world, the history of those miraculous providences that preserved you in the battle of Worcester, concealed you in the wilderness at Boscobel, and led you on your way towards a land where you might safely expect the returning favours of Heaven, which now, after so long a trial, has graciously heard our prayers, and abundantly crowned your patience.

And, as in the conduct of a great part of this greatest affair, it pleased God (the more to endear his mercies) to make choice of many very little, though fit, instruments; so has my weakness, by this happy precedent, been encouraged to hope if not unsuitable for me to relate, what the wisest king thought proper for them to act; wherein yet I humbly beg your majesty's pardon, being conscious to myself of my utter incapacity to express, either your unparalleled valour in the day of contending, or (which is a virtue far less usual for kings) your strong and even mind in the time of your sufferings.

From which sublime endowments of your most heroic majesty, I derive these comforts to myself, that whoever undertakes to reach at your perfections, must fall short as well as I, though not so much. And while I depend on your royal clemency more than others, I am more obliged to be

Your majesty's most loyal subject,
And most humble servant,
THO. BLOUNT.

TO THE READER.

Behold, I present you with an history of wonders; wonders so great, that, as no former age can parallel, succeeding times will scarce believe them.

Expect here to read the highest tyranny and rebellion that was ever acted by subjects, and the greatest hardships and persecutions that ever were suffered by a king; yet did his patience exceed his sorrows, and his virtue became at last victorious.

Some particulars, I confess, are so superlatively extraordinary, that I easily should fear they would scarce gain belief, even from my modern reader, had I not this strong argument to secure me, that no ingenuous person will think me so frontless, as knowingly to write an untruth in an history where his sacred majesty (my dread sovereign, and the best of kings) bears the principal part, and most of the other persons concerned in the same action (except the Earl of Derby, Lord Wilmot, and Colonel Blague) still alive, ready to pour out shame and confusion on so impudent a forgery.

But I am so far from that foul crime of publishing what's false, that I can safely say I know not one line unauthentic; such has been my care to be sure of the truth, that I have diligently collected the particulars from most of their mouths, who were the very actors themselves in this scene of miracles.

To every individual person (as far as my industry could arrive to know) I have given the due of his merit, be it for valour, fidelity, or whatever other quality that any way had the honour to relate to his majesty's service.

In this later edition, I have added some particulars which came to my knowledge since the first publication; and have observed that, in this persecution, much of his majesty's actions and sufferings have run parallel with those of King David.

And though the whole complex may want elegance and politeness of style (which the nature of such relations does not properly challenge), yet it cannot want truth, the chief ingredient for such undertakings; in which assurance I am not afraid to venture myself in your hands.

Read on, and wonder!

BOSCOBEL;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF KING CHARLES II.'s

MOST MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION AFTER THE BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

PART I.

It was in June, in the year 1650, that Charles the Second, undoubted heir of Charles the First, of glorious memory, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland (after his royal father had been barbarously murdered, and himself banished his own dominions, by his own rebellious subjects), took shipping at Scheveling, in Holland, and having escaped great dangers at sea, arrived soon after at Spey, in the north of Scotland.

On the 1st of January following, his majesty was crowned at Scoon, and an army raised in that kingdom to invade this, in hope to recover his regalities here, then most unjustly detained from him by some members of the Long Parliament, and Oliver Cromwell their general, who soon after most traitorously assumed the title of Protector of the new-minted commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Of this royal Scotch army the general officers were these: Lieutenant-Gen. David Leslie, Lieutenant-Gen. Middleton (who was since created Earl of Middleton, Lord Clarmont and Fettercairn), Major-Gen. Massey, Major-Gen. Montgomery, Major-Gen. Daliel, and Major-Gen. Vandrose, a Dutchman.

The 1st of August, 1651, his majesty with his army began his march into England; and on the 5th of the same month, at his royal camp at Woodhouse, near the border, published his gracious declaration of general pardon and oblivion to all his loving subjects of the kingdom of England and dominion of Wales, that would desist from assisting the usurped authority of the pretended commonwealth of England, and return

to the obedience they owed to their lawful king, and to the ancient happy government of the kingdom, except only Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John Bradshaw, John Cook (pretended solicitor), and all others who did actually sit and vote in the murder of his royal father.

And lastly did declare, that the service being done, the Scotch army should quietly retire, that so all armies might be disbanded, and a lasting peace settled with religion and righteousness.

His majesty, after the publication of this gracious offer, marched his army into Lancashire, where he received some considerable supplies from the Earl of Derby (that loyal subject), and at Warrington Bridge met with the first opposition made by the rebels in England, but his presence soon put them to flight.

In this interim his majesty had sent a copy of his declaration, inclosed in a gracious letter to Thomas Andrews, then lord mayor (who had been one of his late majesty's judges), and the aldermen of the city of London, which, by order of the rump-rebels, then sitting at Westminster, was (on the 26th of August) publicly burnt at the old Exchange by the hangman, and their own declaration proclaimed there and at Westminster, with beat of drum and sound of trumpet; by which his sacred majesty (to whom they could afford no better title than Charles Stuart), his abetters, agents, and complices, were declared traitors, rebels, and public enemies. Impudence and treason beyond example!

After a tedious march of near three hundred miles, his majesty, with his army, on the 22nd of August, possessed himself of Worcester, after some small opposition made by the rebels there, commanded by Colonel John James. And at his entrance, the mayor of that city carried the sword before his majesty, who had left the Earl of Derby in Lancashire, as well to settle that and the adjacent countries in a posture of defence against Cromwell and his confederates, as to raise some auxiliary forces to recruit his majesty's army, in case the success of a battle should not prove so happy as all good men desired.

But (such was Heaven's decree) on the 25th of August, the earl's new-raised forces, being overpowered, were totally de-

feated, near Wiggan, in that county, by Col. Lilburn, with a regiment of rebellious sectaries. In which conflict the Lord Widdrington, Sir Thomas Tildesly, Col. Trollop, Col. Bointon, Lieutenant-Col. Galliard (faithful subjects and valiant soldiers), with some others of good note, were slain; Colonel Edward Roscarrock wounded; Sir William Throkmorton (since knight marshal to his majesty), Sir Timothy Featherstonhaugh (who was beheaded by the rebels at Chester, on the 22nd of October following), Col. Bains, and others, taken prisoners; and their general, the Earl of Derby (who charged the rebels valiantly, and received several wounds), put to flight with a small number of men: in which condition he made choice of the way towards Worcester, whither he knew his majesty's army was designed to march.

After some days, my lord, with Col. Roscarrock and two servants, got into the confines of Staffordshire and Shropshire, near Newport, where at one Mr. Watson's house he met with Mr. Richard Snead (an honest gentleman of that county, and of his lordship's acquaintance), to whom he recounted the misfortune of his defeat at Wiggan, and the necessity of taking some rest, if Mr. Snead could recommend his lordship to any private house near hand, where he might safely continue till he could find an opportunity to go to his majesty.

Mr. Snead brought my lord and his company to Boscobel House, a very obscure habitation, situate in Shropshire, but adjoining upon Staffordshire, and lies between Tong Castle and Brewood, in a kind of wilderness. John Giffard, Esq., who first built this house, invited Sir Basil Brook, with other friends and neighbours, to a house-warming feast; at which time Sir Basil was desired by Mr. Giffard to give the house a name, he aptly calls it Boscobel (from the Italian *Bosco-bello*) which in that language signifies fair wood), because seated in the midst of many fair woods.

At this place the earl arrived on the 29th of August (being Friday), at night; but the house at that time afforded no inhabitant except William Penderel, the housekeeper, and his wife, who, to preserve so eminent a person, freely adventured to receive my lord, and kept him in safety till Sunday night following, when (according to my lord's desire of going to Worcester) he conveyed him to Mr. Humphrey Elliot's house,

at Gataker Park, (a true-hearted royalist), which was about nine miles on the way from Boscobel thither. Mr. Elliot did not only cheerfully entertain the earl, but lent him ten pounds, and conducted him and his company safe to Worcester.

The next day after his majesty's arrival at Worcester, being Saturday, the 23rd of August, he was proclaimed King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, by Mr. Thomas Lisens, mayor, and Mr. James Bridges, sheriff, of that loyal city, with great acclamations.

On the same day his majesty published this following manifesto, or declaration :—

" Charles, by the grace of God, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all whom it may concern, greeting. We desire not the effusion of blood, we covet not the spoil or forfeiture of our people; our declaration at our entry into this kingdom, the quiet behaviour and abstinence of our army throughout this long march, and our own general pardon, declared to all the inhabitants of this city, without taking advantage of the opposition here made us, by a force of the enemy over-mastering them, until we have chased them away, have sufficiently certified both what we seek is only that the laws of England (which secure the right both of king and subject) may henceforth recover their due power and force, and all past bitterness of these unnatural wars be buried and forgotten. As a means whereunto, we have by our warrants of the date hereof, and do hereby summon, upon their allegiance, all the nobility, gentry, and others of what degree and condition soever, of our county of Worcester, from sixteen to sixty, to appear in their persons, and with any horses, arms, and ammunition they have or can procure, at Pitchcroft, near the city, on Tuesday next, being the 26th of this instant month, where ourself will be present that day (and also the next, in case those of the further parts of the county should not be able to come up sooner), to dispose of such of them as we shall think fit, for our service in the war, in defence of this city and county, and to add unto our marching army, and to apply others (therein versed) to matters of civil advice and government. Upon which appearance, we shall immediately declare to all pre-

sent, and conforming themselves to our royal authority, our free pardon; not excluding from this summons, or the pardon held forth, or from trust and employment in our service, as we shall find them cordial and useful therein, any person or persons heretofore, or at this time actually employed in opposition to us, whether in the military way, as governors, colonels, captains, common soldiers, or whatsoever else; or in the civil, as sheriffs, under-sheriffs, justices of the peace, collectors, high constables, or any other higher or lower quality; for securing of all whom before mentioned in their loyal addresses and performances (besides our army [more than once successful since our entrance] which will be between them and the enemy, and the engagement of our own person in their defence), we have directed this city to be forthwith fortified, and shall use such other helps and means as shall occur to us in order to that end. But, on the other side, if any person, of what degree or quality soever, either through disloyalty and disaffection, or out of fear of the cruel usurpers and oppressors, accompanied with a presumption upon our mercy and goodness, or lastly, presuming upon any former service, shall oppose or neglect us at this time, they shall find, that as we have authority to punish in life, liberty, and estate, so we want not now the power to do it, and (if overmuch provoked) shall not want the will neither; and in particular unto those who have heretofore done and suffered for their loyalty, we say it is now in their hands either to double that score, or to strike it off; concluding with this, that although our disposition abound with tenderness to our people, yet we cannot think it such to let them lie under a confessed slavery and false peace, when, as we well know, and all the world may see, we have force enough, with the conjunction of those that groan under the present yoke (we will not say to dispute, for that we shall do well enough with those we have brought with us), but clearly (without any considerable opposition) to restore, together with ourself, the quiet, the liberty, and the laws of the English nation.

"Given at our city of Worcester, the 23rd of Aug. 1651, "and in the third year of our reign."

Upon Sunday, the 24th of August, Mr. Crosby (an eminent divine of that city) preached before his majesty in the cathe-

dral church, and in his prayers styled his majesty, "in all causes, and over all persons, next under God, supreme head and governor;" at which the Presbyterian Scots took exception, and Mr. Crosby was afterwards admonished by some of them to forbear such expressions.

Tuesday, the 26th of August, was the rendezvous, in Pitchcroft, of such loyal subjects as came in to his majesty's aid, in pursuance of his before-mentioned declaration and summons. Here appeared:

Francis Lord Talbot, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, with about 60 horse.
Mr. Mervin Touchet, his lieut.-colonel.
Sir John Packington.
Sir Walter Blount.
Sir Ralph Clare.
Sir Rowland Berkley.
Sir John Winford.
Mr. Ralph Sheldon of Beoly.
Mr. John Washburn of Witchinford, with 40 horse.
Mr. Thos. Hornyold of Blackmore Park, with 40 horse.
Mr. William Seldon of Finstall.
Mr. Thomas Acton.
Captain Benbow.
Mr. Robert Blount of Kenswick.
Mr. Robert Wigmore of Lucton.
Mr. Edward Pennel the elder
Captain Kingston
Mr. Peter Blount.
Mr. Edward Blount
Mr. Walter Walsh.
Mr. Charles Walsh.
Mr. William Dansey.
Mr. Francis Knotsford.
Mr. George Chambers, &c.

With divers others, who were honoured and encouraged by his majesty's presence. Notwithstanding which access, the number of his army, both English and Scots, was conceived not to exceed 12,000 men, viz. 10,000 Scots, and about 2,000 English; and those, too, not excellently armed, nor plentifully stored with ammunition.

Meantime Cromwell (that grand patron of sectaries) had amassed together a numerous body of rebels, commanded by himself in chief, and by the Lord Grey of Groby, Fleetwood, and Lambert, under him, consisting of above 30,000 men

(being generally the scum and froth of the whole kingdom), one part of which were sectaries, who, through a fanatic zeal, were become devotees to this great idol; the other part seduced persons, who either by force or fear were unfortunately made actors or participants in this so horrible and fatal a tragedy.

Thus, then, began the pickeerings to the grand engagement, Major-General Massey, with a commanded party, being sent by his majesty to secure the bridge and pass at Upton upon Severn, seven miles below Worcester, on Thursday, the 28th of August, Lambert with a far greater number of rebels attacked him, and after some dispute gained the pass, the river being then fordable. Yet the major-general behaved himself very gallantly, received a shot in the hand from some musketeers the enemy had conveyed into the church, and retreated in good order to Worcester.

During this encounter, Cromwell himself (whose headquarter was the night before at Pershore) advanced to Stoughton, within four miles of the city, on the south side, himself quartered that night at Mr. Simon's house, at White Lady-Aston; and a party of his horse faced the city that evening.

The next day (August the 29th), Sultan Oliver appeared with a great body of horse and foot on Red Hill, within a mile of Worcester, where he made a bonnemine, but attempted nothing; and that night part of his army quartered at Judge Barkley's house at Speachley. The same day it was resolved by his majesty, at a council of war, to give the grand rebel a camisado, by beating up his quarters that night with 1,500 select horse and foot, commanded by Lieut.-General Middleton and Sir William Keyth, all of them wearing their shirts over their armour for distinction; which accordingly was attempted, and might in all probability have been successful, had not the design been most traitorously discovered to the rebels by one Guyse, a tailor in the town, and a notorious sectary, who was hanged the day following, as the just reward of his treachery. In this action Major Knox was slain, and some few taken prisoners by the enemy. A considerable party of the rebels, commanded by Colonel Fleetwood, Colonel Richard Ingoldsby (who since became a real convert,

and was created Knight of the Bath at his majesty's coronation), Colonel Goff, and Colonel Gibbons, being got over the Severn, at Upton, marched next day to Powick-town, where they made a halt; for Powick-bridge (lying upon the river Team, between Powick-town and Worcester) was guarded by a brigade of his majesty's horse and foot, commanded by Major-General Robert Montgomery and Colonel George Keyth.

The fatal 3rd of September being come, his majesty this day (holding a council of war upon the top of the college church steeple, the better to discover the enemies' posture) observed some firing at Powick, and Cromwell making a bridge of boats over Severn, under Bunshill, about a mile below the city towards Team-mouth; his majesty presently goes down, commands all to their arms, and marches in person to Powick-bridge, to give orders, as well for maintaining that bridge, as for opposing the making the other of boats, and hasted back to his army in the city.

Soon after his majesty was gone from Powick-bridge, the enemy assaulted it furiously, which was well defended by Montgomery, till himself was dangerously wounded and his ammunition spent, so that he was forced to make a disorderly retreat into Worcester, leaving Colonel Keyth a prisoner at the bridge. At the same time Cromwell had with much celerity finished his bridge of boats and planks over the main river, without any considerable opposition, saving that Colonel Pitscotty, with about three hundred Highlanders, performed as much therein as could be expected from a handful of men fighting against great numbers. By this means Oliver held communication with those of his party at Powick-bridge, and when he had marched over a considerable number of his men, said (in his hypocritical way), "The Lord of Hosts be with you;" and returned himself to raise a battery of great guns against the fort royal on the south side of the city.

His majesty being returned from Powick-bridge, marched with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Grandison, and some other of his cavalry, through the city, and out at Sudbury-gate by the fort royal, where the rebels' great shot came frequently near his sacred person.

At this time Cromwell was settled in an advantageous post

at Perrywood, within a mile of the city, swelling with pride, and confident in the numbers of his men, having besides raised a breastwork, at the cockshoot of that wood, for his greater security; but Duke Hamilton (formerly Lord Lanerick), with his own troop and some Highlanders, Sir Alexander Forbes, with his regiment of foot, and divers English lords and gentlemen volunteers, by his majesty's command and encouragement, engaged him, and did great execution upon his best men, forced the great sultan (as the Rhodians in like case did the Turk) to retreat with his janizaries; and his majesty was once as absolute master of his great guns as he ought then to have been of the whole land.

Here his majesty gave an incomparable example of valour to the rest, by charging in person, which the Highlanders, especially, imitated in a great measure, fighting with the but-end of their muskets when their ammunition was spent; but new supplies of rebels being continually poured upon them, and the main body of Scotch horse not coming up in due time from the town to his majesty's relief, his army was forced to retreat in at Sudbury-gate in much disorder.

In this action Duke Hamilton (who fought valiantly) had his horse killed under him, and was himself mortally wounded, of which he died within few days, and many of his troop (consisting much of gentlemen, and divers of his own name) were slain; Sir John Douglas received his death-wound; and Sir Alexander Forbes (who was the first knight the king made in Scotland, and commanded the fort royal here) was shot through both the calves of his legs, lay in the wood all night, and was brought prisoner to Worcester next day.

The rebels in this encounter had great advantage, as well in their numbers, as by fighting both with horse and foot against his majesty's foot only, the greatest part of his horse being wedged up in the town. And when the foot were defeated, a part of his majesty's horse fought afterwards against both the enemy's horse and foot upon great disadvantage. And as they had few persons of condition among them to lose, so no rebels but Quartermaster-General Mosely and one Captain Jones were worth taking notice of to be slain in this battle.

At Sudbury-gate (I know not whether by accident or on

purpose) a cart laden with ammunition was overthrown and lay across the passage, one of the oxen that drew it being there killed; so that his majesty could not ride into the town, but was forced to dismount and come in on foot.

The rebels soon after stormed the fort royal (the fortifications whereof were not perfected), and put all the Scots they found therein to the sword.

In the Friars-street his majesty put off his armour (which was heavy and troublesome to him), and took a fresh horse; and then perceiving many of his foot soldiers began to throw down their arms and decline fighting, he rode up and down among them, sometimes with his hat in his hand, entreating them to stand to their arms and fight like men, other whiles encouraging them, alleging the goodness and justice of the cause they fought for; but seeing himself not able to prevail, said, "I had rather you would shoot me, than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day." So deep a sense had his prophetic soul of the miseries of his beloved country, even in the midst of his own danger.

During this hot engagement at Perrywood and Redhill, the rebels on the other side the water possessed themselves of St. John's; and a brigade of his majesty's foot which were there, under the command of Major-General Daliel, without any great resistance, laid down their arms and craved quarter.

When some of the enemy were entered, and entering the town both at the Key, Castle-hill, and Sudbury-gate, without any conditions, the Earl of Cleveland, Sir James Hamilton, Colonel Thomas Wogan, Colonel William Carlis (then major to the Lord Talbot), Lieut.-Colonel John Slaughter, Captain Thomas Hornyold, Captain Thomas Giffard, Captain John Astley, Mr. Peter Blount, and Captain Richard Kemble (captain-lieutenant to the Lord Talbot), and some others, rallied what force they could (though inconsiderable to the rebels' numbers), and charged the enemy very gallantly both in Sudbury-street and High-street, where Sir James and Captain Kemble were desperately wounded, and others slain; yet this action did much secure his majesty's march out at St. Martin's-gate, who had otherwise been in danger of being taken in the town.

About the same time, the Earl of Rothes, Sir William

Hamilton, and Colonel Drummond, with a party of Scots maintained the Castle-hill with much resolution, till such time as conditions were agreed on for quarter.

Lastly, some of his majesty's English army valiantly opposed the rebels at the Town-hall, where Mr. Coningsby Colles and some others were slain; Mr. John Rumney, Mr. Charles Wells, and others, taken prisoners; so that the rebels having in the end subdued all their opponents, fell to plundering the city unmercifully, few or none of the citizens escaping but such as were of the fanatic party.

When his majesty saw no hope of rallying his thus discomfited foot, he marched out of Worcester, at St. Martin's-gate (the Fore-gate being mured up), about six of the clock in the evening, with his main body of horse, as then commanded by General David Lesley, but were now in some confusion.

The Lord St. Clare, with divers of the Scottish nobility and gentry, were taken prisoners in the town; and the foot-soldiers (consisting most of Scots) were almost all either slain or taken, and such of them who in the battle escaped death lived but longer to die, for the most part, more miserably, many of them being afterwards knocked on the head by country people, some bought and sold like slaves for a small price, others went begging up and down, till, charity failing them, their necessities brought upon them diseases, and diseases death.

Before his majesty was come to Barbon's-bridge, about half a mile out of Worcester, he made several stands, faced about, and desired the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and other of his commanders, that they might rally and try the fortune of war once more. But at the bridge a serious consultation was held; and then perceiving many of the troopers to throw off their arms and shift for themselves, they were all of opinion the day was irrecoverably lost, and that their only remaining work was to save the king from those ravenous wolves and regicides. Whereupon his majesty, by advice of his council, resolved to march with all speed for Scotland, following therein the steps of King David, his great predecessor in royal patience, who, finding himself in circumstances not unlike to these, "said to all his servants that were with

him at Jerusalem, Arise and let us fly; for we shall not else escape from Absalom: make speed to depart, lest he overtake us suddenly, and bring evil upon us, and smite the city with the edge of the sword."*

Immediately after this result, the duke asked the Lord Talbot (being of that country) if he could direct the way northwards. His lordship answered, that he had one Richard Walker in his troop (formerly a scout-master in those parts, and who since died in Jamaica) that knew the way well, who was accordingly called to be the guide, and performed that duty for some miles; but being come to Kinver-heath, not far from Kidderminster, and daylight being gone, Walker was at a puzzle in the way.

Here his majesty made a stand, and consulted with the duke, Earl of Derby, Lord Wilmot, &c. to what place he might march, at least to take some hours' rest. The Earl of Derby told his majesty, that in his flight from Wiggan to Worcester he had met with a perfect honest man, and a great convenience of concealment at Boscobel House (before mentioned), but withal acquainted the king it was a recusant's house; and it was suggested, that those people (being accustomed to persecution and searches) were most like to have the readiest means and safest contrivances to preserve him: his majesty therefore inclined to go thither.

The Lord Talbot being made acquainted therewith, and finding Walker dubious of the way, called for Mr. Charles Giffard (a faithful subject, and of the ancient family of Chillington) to be his majesty's conductor, which office Mr. Giffard willingly undertook, having one Yates, a servant, with him, very expert in the ways of that country; and being come near Sturbridge, it was under consideration whether his majesty should march through that town or no, and resolved in the affirmative, and that all about his person should speak French, to prevent any discovery of his majesty's presence.

Meantime General Lesley, with the Scottish horse, had, in the close of the evening, taken the more direct way northward, by Newport, his majesty being left only attended by the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Talbot, Lord Wilmot, Col. Thomas Blague, Col. Edward

* 2 Sam. xv. 14.

Roscarrock, Mr. Marmaduke Darcy, Mr. Richard Lane, Mr. William Armorer (since knighted), Mr. Hugh May, Mr. Charles Giffard, Mr. Peter Street, and some others, in all about sixty horse.

At a house about a mile beyond Sturbridge, his majesty drank, and ate a crust of bread, the house affording no better provision; and as his majesty rode on, he discoursed with Colonel Roscarrock touching Boscobel House, and the means of security which the Earl of Derby and he found at that place.

However, Mr. Giffard humbly proposed to carry his majesty first to White Ladies (another seat of the Giffards), lying but half a mile beyond Boscobel, where he might repose himself for a while, and then take such farther resolution as his majesty and council should think fit.

This house is distant about twenty-six miles from Worcester, and still retains the ancient name of White Ladies, from its having formerly been a monastery of Cistercian nuns, whose habit was of that colour.

His majesty and his retinue (being safely conducted thither by Mr. Giffard) alighted, now, as they hoped, out of danger of any present surprise by pursuits; George Penderel (who was a servant in the house) opened the doors; and after his majesty and the lords were entered the house, his majesty's horse was brought into the hall, and by this time it was about break of day on Thursday morning. Here every one was in a sad consult how to escape the fury of blood-thirsty enemies; but the greatest solicitude was to save the king, who was both hungry and tired with this long and hasty march.

Mr. Giffard presently sent for Richard Penderel, who lived near hand at Hobbal Grange; and Col. Roscarrock caused Bartholomew Martin, a boy in the house, to be sent to Boscobel for William Penderel; meantime Mistress Giffard brought his majesty some sack and biscuit; for "the king, and all the people that were with him, came weary, and refreshed themselves there." * Richard came first, and was immediately sent back to bring a suit of his clothes for the king; and by that time he arrived with them, William came, and both were brought into the parlour to the Earl of Derby, who

* 2 Sam. xvi. 14.

immediately carried them into an inner parlour (where the king was), and told William Penderel, "This is the king," pointing to his majesty; "thou must have a care of him, and preserve him as thou didst me." And Mr. Giffard did also much conjure Richard to have a special care of his charge; to which commands the two brothers yielded ready obedience. Whilst Richard and William were thus sent for, his majesty had been advised to rub his hands on the back of the chimney, and with them his face, for a disguise, and some person had disorderly cut off his hair. His majesty having put off his garter, blue riband, George of diamonds, buff-coat, and other princely ornaments, committed his watch to the custody of the Lord Wilmot, and his George to Col. Blague, and distributed the gold he had in his pocket among his servants, and then put on a noggen coarse shirt, which was borrowed of Edward Martin, who lived in the house, and Richard Penderel's green suit and leather doublet, but had not time to be so disguised as he was afterwards, for both William and Richard Penderel did advertise the company to make haste away, in regard there was a troop of rebels commanded by Colonel Ashenhurst, quartered at Cotsal, but three miles distant, some of which troop came to the house within half an hour after the dissolution of the royal troop. "Thus David and his men departed out of Keilah, and went withersoever they could go." *

Richard Penderel conducted the king out at a back-door, unknown to most of the company (except some of the lords and Col. Roscarrock, who, with sad hearts, but hearty prayers, took leave of him), and carried him into an adjacent wood belonging to Boscobel, called Spring Coppice, about half a mile from White Ladies (where "he abode, as David did in the wilderness of Ziph, in a wood"†), whilst William, Humphrey, and George were scouting abroad to bring what news they could learn to his majesty in the coppice, as occasion required.

His majesty being thus, as they hoped, in a way of security, the duke, Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdale, Lord Talbot, and the rest (having Mr. Giffard for their guide, and being then not above forty horse, of which number his majesty's pad-nag was one, ridden by Mr. Richard Lane, one of the grooms of the bed-chamber), marched from White Ladies

* 1 Sam. xxiii. 13. † Ibid. 15.

northwards by the way of Newport, in hope to overtake or meet General Lesley with the main body of Scotch horse.

As soon as they were got into the road, the Lord Leviston (who commanded his majesty's life-guard) overtook them, pursued by a party of rebels under the command of Colonel Blundel: the lords with their followers faced about, fought, and repelled them; but when they came a little beyond Newport, some of Colonel Lilburn's men met them in the front, other rebels, from Worcester, pursued in the rear; themselves and horses being sufficiently tired, the Earl of Derby, Earl of Lauderdale, Mr. Charles Giffard, and some others, were taken and carried prisoners, first to Whitchurch, and from thence to an inn in Bunbury, in Cheshire, where Mr. Giffard found means to make an escape; but the noble Earl of Derby was thence conveyed to Westchester, and there tried by a pretended court-martial, held the 1st of October, 1651, by virtue of a commission from Cromwell, grounded on an execrable rump-act, of the 12th of August, then last past, the very title whereof cannot be mentioned without horror; but it pretended most traitorously to prohibit correspondence with Charles Stuart (their lawful sovereign), under penalty of high treason, loss of life and estate, ———. Prodigious rebels!

In this Black Tribunal there sat, as Judges, these persons, and under these titles:

Colonel Humphrey Mackworth, president
Major-General Mitton.
Colonel Robert Duckenfield.
Colonel Henry Bradshaw.
Colonel Thomas Croxton.
Colonel George Twisleton.
Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Birkenhead.
Lieutenant-Colonel Simon Finch.
Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Newton.
Captain James Stepford.
Captain Samuel Smith.
Captain John Downes.
Captain Vincent Corbet.
Captain John Delves.
Captain John Griffith.
Captain Thomas Portington
Captain Edward Alcock.
Captain Ralph Pownall.
Captain Richard Grantham.
Captain Edward Stelfax.

THEIR CRUEL SENTENCE.

"*Resolved by the Court upon the question:* That James, Earl of Derby, is guilty of the breach of the act of the 12th of August, 1651, last past, intituled, 'An Act prohibiting Correspondence with Charles Stuart or his Party,' and so of high treason against the commonwealth of England, and is therefore worthy of death.

"*Resolved by the Court:* That the said James, Earl of Derby, is a traitor to the commonwealth of England, and an abetter, encourager, and assister of the declared traitors and enemies thereof, and shall be put to death by severing his head from his body, at the market-place in the town of Bolton, in Lancashire, upon Wednesday, the 15th day of this instant October, about the hour of one of the clock the same day."

This was the authority, and some of these the persons, that so barbarously, and contrary to the law of nations, condemned this noble earl to death, notwithstanding his just plea, "That he had quarter for life given him by one Captain Edge, who took him prisoner." But this could not obtain justice, nor any intercession, mercy; so that on the 15th of the said October he was accordingly beheaded at Bolton, in a most barbarous and inhuman manner.*

The Earl of Lauderdale, with several others, were carried prisoners to the Tower, and afterwards to Windsor Castle, where they continued divers years.

Whilst the rebels were plundering those noble persons, the duke, with the Lord Leviston, Colonel Blague, Mr. Marmaduke Darcy, and Mr. Hugh May, forsook the road first, and soon after their horses, and betook themselves to a by-way, and got into Bloore Park, near Cheswardine, about five miles from Newport, where they received some refreshment at a little obscure house of Mr. George Barlow's, and afterwards met with two honest labourers, in an adjoining wood, to whom they communicated the exigent and distress which the fortune of war had reduced them to; and finding them like to prove faithful, the duke thought fit to imitate his royal master, delivered his George (which was given him by the Queen of

* See the proceedings against him at large, with his prayers before his death, and his speech and courageous deportment on the scaffold, in *England's Black Tribunal*, 5th edit. p. 156, &c.

England) to Mr. May (who preserved it through all difficulties, and afterwards restored it to his grace in Holland), and changed habit with one of the workmen; and in this disguise, by the assistance of Mr. Barlow and his wife, was, after some days, conveyed by one Nich. Matthews, a carpenter, to the house of Mr. Hawley, a hearty cavalier, at Bilstrop, in Nottinghamshire, from thence to the Lady Villiars's house at Booksby, in Leicestershire; and after many hardships and encounters, his grace got secure to London, and from thence to his majesty in France.

At the same time the Lord Leviston, Colonel Blague, Mr. Darcy, and Mr. May, all quitted their horses, disguised themselves, and severally shifted for themselves, and some of them, through various dangers and sufferings, contrived their escapes; in particular, Mr. May was forced to lie twenty-one days in a hay-mow belonging to one John Bold, an honest husbandman, who lived at Soudley: Bold having all that time rebel soldiers quartered in his house, yet failed not to give a constant relief to his more welcome guest; and when the coast was clear of soldiers, Mr. May came to London on foot in his disguise.

The Lord Talbot (seeing no hope of rallying) hasted towards his father's house at Longford, near Newport; where being arrived, he conveyed his horse into a neighbouring barn, but was immediately pursued by the rebels, who found the horse saddled, and by that concluded my lord not to be far off, so that they searched Longford House narrowly, and some of them continued in it four or five days, during all which time my lord was in a close place in one of the out-houses, almost stifled for want of air, and had perished for want of food, had he not been once relieved in the dead of the night, and with much difficulty, by a trusty servant; yet his lordship thought it a great providence, even by these hardships, to escape the fury of such enemies, who sought the destruction of the nobility, as well as of their king.

In this interim the valiant Earl of Cleveland (who, being above sixty years of age, had marched twenty-one days together upon a trotting horse), had also made his escape from Worcester, when all the fighting work was over, and was got to Woodcot, in Shropshire, whither he was pursued, and taken at or near Mistress Broughton's house, from whence he was

carried prisoner to Stafford, and from thence to the Tower of London.

Colonel Blague, remaining at Mr. Barlow's house at Bloorpipe, about eight miles from Stafford, his first action was, with Mistress Barlow's privity and advice, to hide his majesty's George under a heap of chips and dust; yet the colonel could not conceal himself so well, but that he was here, soon after, taken and carried prisoner to Stafford, and from thence conveyed to the Tower of London. Meantime the George was transmitted to Mr. Robert Milward, of Stafford, for better security, who afterwards faithfully conveyed it to Colonel Blague in the Tower, by the trusty hands of Mr. Isaac Walton; and the colonel not long after happily escaping thence, restored it to his majesty's own hands, which had been thus wonderfully preserved from being made a prize to sordid rebels.

The Scotch cavalry (having no place to retreat unto nearer than Scotland) were soon after dispersed, and most of them taken by the rebels and country people in Cheshire, Lancashire, and parts adjacent.

Thus was this royal army totally subdued, thus dispersed; and if in this so important an affair, any of the Scottish commanders were treacherous at Worcester (as some suspected), he has a great account to make for the many years' miseries that ensued thereby to both nations, under the tyrannical, usurped government of Cromwell.

But to return to the duty of my attendance on his sacred majesty in Spring Coppice. By that time Richard Penderel had conveyed him into the obscurest part of it, it was about sunrising on Thursday morning, and the heavens wept bitterly at these calamities, insomuch as the thickest tree in the wood was not able to keep his majesty dry, nor was there any thing for him to sit on; wherefore Richard went to Francis Yates's house (a trusty neighbour, who married his wife's sister), where he borrowed a blanket, which he folded and laid on the ground under a tree for his majesty to sit on.

At the same time Richard spoke to the good-wife Yates to provide some victuals, and bring it into the wood at a place he appointed her. She presently made ready a mess of milk, and some butter and eggs, and brought them to his majesty in

the wood, who, being a little surprised to see the woman (no good concealer of a secret), said cheerfully to her, "Good woman, can you be faithful to a distressed cavalier?" She answered, "Yes, Sir, I will rather die than discover you." With which answer his majesty was well satisfied, and received from her hands, as David did from Abigail's, "that which she brought him."*

The Lord Wilmot in the interim took John Penderel for his guide, but knew not determinately whither to go, purposing at first to have marched northwards; but as they passed by Brewood forge, the forgemen made after them, till being told by one Rich. Dutton that it was Colonel Crompton whom they pursued, the Vulcans happily, upon that mistake, quitted the chase.

Soon after they narrowly escaped a party of rebels as they passed by Covenbrook; so that seeing danger on every side, and John meeting with William Walker (a trusty neighbour), committed my lord to his care and counsel, who for the present conveyed them into a dry marl-pit, where they staid a while, and afterwards to one Mr. Huntbache's house at Brinsford, and put their horses into John Evans's barn, whilst John Penderel goes to Wolverhampton to see what convenience he could find for my lord's coming thither, but met with none, the town being full of soldiers.

Yet John leaves no means unessayed, hastens to Northcot (an adjacent village), and there, whilst he was talking with good-wife Underhill (a neighbour), in the instant Mr. John Huddleston (a sojourner at Mr. Thomas Whitgreave's, of Moseley, and of John's acquaintance) was accidentally passing by, to whom John (well assured of his integrity) presently addresses himself and his business, relates to him the sad news of the defeat of his majesty's army at Worcester, and discovers in what strait and confusion he had left his majesty and his followers at White Ladies, and in particular, that he had brought thence a person of quality (for John then knew not who my lord was) to Huntbache's house, who, without present relief, would be in great danger of being taken.

Mr. Huddleston goes home forthwith, takes John with him, and acquaints Mr. Whitgreave with the business, who freely

* 1 Sam. xxv. 35.

resolved to venture all, rather than such a person should miscarry.

Hereupon Mr. Whitgreave repairs to Huntbache's house, speaks with my lord, and gives direction how he should be privately conveyed into his house at Moseley, about ten of the clock at night; and though it so fell out that the directions were not punctually observed, yet my lord and his man were at last brought into the house, where Mr. Whitgreave (after some refreshment given them), conveys them into a secret place, which my lord admiring for its excellent contrivance, and solicitous for his majesty's safety, said, "I would give a world my friend," meaning the king, "were here;" and then (being abundantly satisfied of Mr. Whitgreave's fidelity) deposited in his hands a little bag of jewels, which my lord received again at his departure.

As soon as it was day, Mr. Whitgreave sent William Walker with my lord's horses to his neighbour, Colonel John Lane, of Bentley, near Walsall, south-east from Moseley about four miles (whom Mr. Whitgreave knew to be a right honest gentleman, and ready to contribute any assistance to so charitable a work), and wished Walker to acquaint the colonel that they belonged to some eminent person about the king, whom he could better secure than the horses. The colonel willingly receives them, and sends word to Mr. Whitgreave to meet him that night in a close not far from Moseley, in order to the tender of farther service to the owner of the horses, whose name neither the colonel nor Mr. Whitgreave yet knew.

On Thursday night, when it grew dark, his majesty resolved to go from those parts into Wales, and to take Richard Penderel with him for his guide; but, before they began their journey, his majesty went into Richard's house at Hobbal Grange, where the old good-wife Penderel had not only the honour to see his majesty, but to see him attended by her son Richard. Here his majesty had time and means better to complete his disguise. His name was agreed to be Will. Jones, and his arms a wood-bill. In this posture, about nine o'clock at night (after some refreshment taken in the house), his majesty, with his trusty servant Richard, began their journey on foot, resolving to go that night to Madeley, in

Shropshire, about five miles from White Ladies, and within a mile of the river Severn, over which their way lay for Wales. In this village lived one Mr. Francis Woolf, an honest gentleman of Richard's acquaintance.

His majesty had not been long gone, but the Lord Wilmot sent John Penderel from Mr. Whitgreave's to White Ladies and Boscobel, to know in what security the king was. John returned and acquainted my lord that his majesty was marched from thence. Hereupon my lord began to consider which way himself should remove with safety.

Colonel Lane having secured my lord's horses, and being come to Moseley, according to appointment, on Friday night, was brought up to my lord by Mr. Whitgreave, and (after mutual salutation) acquainted him that his sister, Mrs. Jane Lane, had by accident procured a pass from some commander of the rebels for herself and a man to go a little beyond Bristol, to see Mrs. Norton, her special friend, then near her time of lying in, and freely offered, if his lordship thought fit, he might make use of it; which my lord seemed inclinable to accept, and on Saturday night was conducted by Colonel Lane's man (himself not being well) to the colonel's house at Bentley; his lordship then, and not before, discovering his name to Mr. Whitgreave, and giving him many thanks for so great a kindness in so imminent a danger.

Before his majesty came to Madeley, he met with an ill-favoured encounter at Evelin Mill, being about two miles from thence. The miller (it seems) was an honest man, but his majesty and Richard knew it not, and had then in his house some considerable persons of his majesty's army, who took shelter there in their flight from Worcester, and had not been long in the mill, so that the miller was upon his watch; and Richard unhappily permitting a gate to clap, through which they passed, gave occasion to the miller to come out of the mill and boldly ask, "Who is there?" Richard, thinking the miller had pursued them, quitted the usual way in some haste, and led his majesty over a little brook, which they were forced to wade through, and which contributed much towards the galling his majesty's feet, who (as he afterwards pleasantly observed) was here in some danger of losing his guide, but that the rustling of Richard's calf-skin breeches was the

best direction his majesty had to follow him in that dark night.

They arrived at Madeley about midnight; Richard goes to Mr. Woolf's house, where they were all in bed, knocks them up, and acquaints Mr. Woolf's daughter (who came to the door) that the king was there, who presently received him into the house, where his majesty refreshed himself for some time; but understanding the rebels kept several guards upon Severn, and it being feared that some of their party (of which many frequently passed through the town) might quarter at the house (as had often happened), it was apprehended unsafe for his majesty to lodge in the house (which afforded no secret place for concealment), but rather to retire into a barn near adjoining, as less liable to the danger of a surprise; whither his majesty went accordingly, and continued in a hay-mow there all the day following, his servant Richard attending him.

During his majesty's stay in the barn, Mr. Woolf had often conference with him about his intended journey, and in order thereto took care, by a trusty servant (sent abroad for that purpose), to inform himself more particularly of those guards upon Severn, and had certain word brought him, that not only the bridges were secured, but all the passage-boats seized on, insomuch that he conceived it very hazardous for his majesty to prosecute his design for Wales, but rather go to Boscobel House, being the most retired place for concealment in all the country, and to stay there till an opportunity of a farther safe conveyance could be found out; which advice his majesty inclined to approve, and thereupon resolved for Boscobel the night following. In the mean time, his hands not appearing sufficiently discoloured, suitable to his other disguise, Mrs. Woolf provided walnut-tree leaves, as the readiest expedient for that purpose.

The day being over, his majesty adventured to come again into the house, where having for some time refreshed himself, and being furnished with conveniences for his journey (which was conceived to be safer on foot than by horse), he, with his faithful guide Richard, about eleven o'clock at night, set forth toward Boscobel.

About three of the clock on Saturday morning, being come near the house, Richard left his majesty in the wood, whilst he

went in to see if any soldiers were there, or other danger; where he found Colonel William Carlis (who had seen, not the last man born, but the last man killed, at Worcester), and who, having with much difficulty made his escape from thence, was got into his own neighbourhood, and for some time concealing himself in Boscobel Wood, was come that morning to the house, to get some relief of William Penderel, his old acquaintance.

Richard having acquainted the colonel that the king was in the wood, the colonel, with William and Richard, went presently thither to give their attendance, where they found his majesty sitting on the root of a tree, who was glad to see the colonel, and came with them into the house, where he ate bread and cheese heartily, and (as an extraordinary) William Penderel's wife made his majesty a posset of thin milk and small beer, and got ready some warm water to wash his feet, not only extremely dirty, but much galled with travel.

The colonel pulled off his majesty's shoes, which were full of gravel, and stockings, which were very wet; and there being no other shoes in the house that would fit him, the good-wife put some hot embers in those to dry them, whilst his majesty's feet were washing and his stockings shifted.

Being thus a little refreshed, the colonel persuaded his majesty to go back into the wood (supposing it safer than the house), where the colonel made choice of a thick-leaved oak, into which William and Richard helped them both up, and brought them such provision as they could get, with a cushion for his majesty to sit on; the colonel humbly desired his majesty (who had taken little or no rest the two preceding nights) to seat himself as easily as he could in the tree, and rest his head on the colonel's lap, who was watchful that his majesty might not fall. In this oak they continued most part of the day; and in that posture his majesty slumbered away some part of the time, and bore all these hardships and afflictions with incomparable patience.

In the evening they returned to the house, where William Penderel acquainted his majesty with the secret place wherein the Earl of Derby had been secured, which his majesty liked so well, that he resolved, whilst he staid there, to trust only

to that, and go no more into the royal oak, as from hence it must be called, where he could not so much as sit at ease.

His majesty now finding himself in a hopeful security, permitted William Penderel to shave him, and cut the hair off his head as short at top as the scissors would do it, but leaving some about the ears, according to the country mode; Col. Carlis attending, told his majesty, "William was but a mean barber;" to which his majesty answered, "He had never been shaved by any barber before." The king bade William burn the hair which he cut off; but William was only disobedient in that, for he kept a good part of it, wherewith he has since pleasured some persons of honour, and is kept as a civil relic.

Humphrey Penderel was this Saturday designed to go to Shefnal, to pay some taxes to one Captain Broadway; at whose house he met with a colonel of the rebels, who was newly come from Worcester in pursuit of the king, and who, being informed that his majesty had been at White Ladies, and that Humphrey was a near neighbour to the place, examined him strictly, and laid before him, as well the penalty for concealing the king, which was death without mercy, as the reward for discovering him, which should be one thousand pounds certain pay. But neither fear of punishment, nor hope of reward, was able to tempt Humphrey into any disloyalty; he pleaded ignorance, and was dismissed, and on Saturday night related to his majesty and the loyal colonel at Boscobel what had passed betwixt him and the rebel colonel at Shefnal.

This night the good-wife (whom his majesty was pleased to call "my dame Joan")provided some chickens for his majesty's supper (a dainty he had not lately been acquainted with), and a little pallet was put into the secret place for his majesty to rest in; some of the brothers being continually upon duty, watching the avenues of the house, and the roadway, to prevent the danger of a surprise.

After supper, Col. Carlis asked his majesty what meat he would please to have provided for the morrow, being Sunday; his majesty desired some mutton, if it might be had. But it was thought dangerous for William to go to any market to buy it, since his neighbours all knew he did not use to buy

such for his own diet, and so it might beget a suspicion of his having strangers at his house. But the colonel found another expedient to satisfy his majesty's desires. Early on Sunday morning he repairs to Mr. William Staunton's sheepcot, who rented some of the demesnes of Boscobel; here he chose one of the best sheep, sticks him with his dagger, then sends William for the mutton, who brings him home on his back.

On Sunday morning (September the 7th), his majesty got up early (his dormitory being none of the best, nor his bed the easiest), and, near the secret place where he lay, had the convenience of a gallery to walk in, where he was observed to spend some time in his devotions, and where he had the advantage of a window, which surveyed the road from Tong to Brewood. Soon after his majesty coming down into the parlour, his nose fell a bleeding, which put his poor faithful servants into a great fright; but his majesty was pleased soon to remove it, by telling them it often did so.

As soon as the mutton was cold, William cut it up and brought a leg of it into the parlour; his majesty called for a knife and a trencher, and cut some of it into collops, and pricked them with the knife point, then called for a frying-pan and butter, and fried the collops himself, of which he ate heartily; Col. Carlis the while being but under-cook (and that honour enough too), made the fire, and turned the collops in the pan.

When the colonel afterwards attended his majesty in France, his majesty calling to remembrance this passage among others, was pleased merrily to propose it, as a problematical question, whether himself or the colonel were the master-cook at Boscobel, and the supremacy was of right adjudged to his majesty.

All this while the other brothers of the Penderels were, in their several stations, either scouting abroad to learn intelligence, or upon some other service; but it so pleased God, that, though the soldiers had some intelligence of his majesty's having been at White Ladies, and none that he was gone thence, yet this house (which proved a happy sanctuary for his majesty in this sad exigent) had not at all been searched during his majesty's abode there, though that had several times; this, perhaps, the rather escaping, because the neighbours could truly inform none but poor servants lived here.

His majesty spent some part of this Lord's day in reading, in a pretty arbour in Boscobel garden, which grew upon a mount, and wherein there was a stone table, and seats about it, and commended the place for its retiredness.

And having understood by John Penderel that the Lord Wilmot was at Mr. Whitgreave's house (for John knew not of his remove to Bentley), his majesty was desirous to let my lord hear of him, and that he intended to come to Moseley that night.

To this end, John was sent on Sunday morning to Moseley, but, finding my lord removed thence, was much troubled; and then acquainting Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston that his majesty was returned to Boscobel, and the disaccommodation he had there, whereupon they both resolve to go with John to Bentley, where having gained him an access to my lord, his lordship designed to attend the king that night at Moseley, and desired Mr. Whitgreave to meet his lordship at a place appointed about twelve of the clock, and Mr. Huddleston to nominate a place where he would attend his majesty about one of the clock the same night.

Upon this intelligence, my lord made stay of Mrs. Jane Lane's journey to Bristol, till his majesty's pleasure was known.

John Penderel returned to Boscobel in the afternoon, with intimation of this designed meeting with my lord at Moseley that night, and the place which was appointed by Mr. Huddleston where his majesty should be expected. But his majesty, having not recovered his late foot journey to Madeley, was not able without a horse to perform this to Moseley, which was about five miles distant from Boscobel, and near the midway from thence to Bentley.

It was therefore concluded that his majesty should ride upon Humphrey Penderel's mill-horse (for Humphrey was the miller of White Ladies mill). The horse was taken up from grass, and accoutred, not with rich trappings or furniture, befitting so great a king, but with a pitiful old saddle, and a worse bridle.

When his majesty was ready to take horse, Colonel Carlis humbly took leave of him, being so well known in the country, that his attendance upon his majesty would in all probability

have proved rather a disservice than otherwise; however, his hearty prayers were not wanting for his majesty's preservation.

Thus then his majesty was mounted, and thus he rode towards Moseley, attended by all the honest brothers, William, John, Richard, Humphrey, and George Penderel, and Francis Yates; each of these took a bill or pike-staff on his back, and some of them had pistols in their pockets; two marched before, and one on each side his majesty's horse, and two came behind aloof off; their design being this, that in case they should have been questioned or encountered but by five or six troopers, or such like small party, they would have shewn their valour in defending, as well as they had done their fidelity in otherwise serving his majesty; and though it was midnight, yet they conducted his majesty through by-ways, for better security.

After some experience had of the horse, his majesty complained, "it was the heaviest dull jade he ever rode on;" to which Humphrey (the owner of him) answered (beyond the usual capacity of a miller), "My liege, can you blame the horse to go heavily, when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?"

When his majesty came to Penford mill, within two miles of Mr. Whitgreave's house, his guides desired him to alight and go on foot the rest of the way, for more security, the footway being the more secure, and the nearer; and at last they arrived at the place appointed by Mr. Huddleston (which was a little grove of trees, in a close of Mr. Whitgreave's, called the Pit-Leasow), in order to his majesty's being privately conveyed into Mr. Whitgreave's house; William, Humphrey, and George returned with the horse, the other three attended his majesty to the house; but his majesty, being gone a little way, had forgot (it seems) to bid farewell to William and the rest who were going back, so he called to them and said, "My troubles make me forget myself; I thank you all!" and gave them his hand to kiss.

The Lord Wilmot, in pursuance of his own appointment, came to the meeting-place precisely at his hour, where Mr. Whitgreave received him, and conveyed him to his old chamber; but hearing nothing of the king at his prefixed time gave occasion to suspect some misfortune might have befallen

him, though the night was very dark and rainy, which might possibly be the occasion of so long stay; Mr. Whitgreave therefore leaves my lord in his chamber, and goes to Pit-Lessow, where Mr. Huddleston attended his majesty's coming; and about two hours after the time appointed his majesty came, whom Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston conveyed, with much satisfaction, into the house to my lord, who expected him with great solicitude, and presently kneeled down and embraced his majesty's knees, who kissed my lord on the cheek, and asked him earnestly, "What is become of Buckingham, Cleveland, and others?" To which my lord could give little satisfaction, but hoped they were in safety.

My lord soon after (addressing himself to Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston) said, "Though I have concealed my friend's name all this while, now I must tell you, this is my master, your master, and the master of us all," not knowing that they understood it was the king; whereupon his majesty was pleased to give his hand to Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston to kiss, and told them he had received such an account from my Lord Wilmot of their fidelity, that he should never forget it; and presently asked Mr. Whitgreave, "Where is your secret place?" which being shewn his majesty, he was well pleased therewith, and returning into my lord's chamber, sat down on the bed-side, where his nose fell a bleeding, and then pulled out of his pocket a handkerchief, suitable to the rest of his apparel, both coarse and dirty.

His majesty's attire, as was before observed in part, was then a leathern doublet, with pewter buttons, a pair of old green breeches, and a jump-coat (as the country calls it) of the same green, a pair of his own stockings, with the tops cut off, because embroidered, and a pair of stirrup stockings, which were lent him at Madeley, and a pair of old shoes, cut and slashed to give ease to his feet, an old grey greasy hat, without a lining, a noggen shirt of the coarsest linen; his face and his hands made of a reechy complexion, by the help of the walnut-tree leaves.

Mr. Huddleston, observing the coarseness of his majesty's shirt to disease him much and hinder his rest, asked my lord if the king would be be pleased to change his shirt, which his majesty condescended unto, and presently put off his

coarse shirt and put on a flaxen one of Mr. Huddleston's, who pulled off his majesty's shoes and stockings, and put him on fresh stockings, and dried his feet, where he found somebody had innocently, but indiscreetly, applied white paper, which, with going on foot from the place where his majesty alighted to the house, was rolled betwixt his stockings and his skin, and served to increase rather than assuage the soreness of his feet.

Mr. Whitgreave had by this time brought up some biscuit and a bottle of sack; his majesty ate of the one, and drank a good glass of the other; and, being thus refreshed, was pleased to say cheerfully, "I am now ready for another march; and if it shall please God once more to place me at the head of but eight or ten thousand good men, of one mind and resolved to fight, I shall not doubt to drive these rogues out of my kingdoms."

It was now break of the day on Monday morning, the 8th of September, and his majesty was desirous to take some rest; to which purpose a pallet was carried into one of the secret places, where his majesty lay down, but rested not so well as his host desired, for the place was close and inconvenient, and durst not adventure to put him into any bed in an open chamber, for fear of a surprise by the rebels.

After some rest taken in the hole, his majesty got up, and was pleased to take notice of and salute Mr. Whitgreave's mother, and (having his place of retreat still ready) sat between whiles in a closet over the porch, where he might see those that passed the road by the house.

Before the Lord Wilmot betook himself to his dormitory, he conferred with Mr. Whitgreave, and advised that himself or Mr. Huddleston would be always vigilant about the house, and give notice if any soldiers came; "and," says this noble lord, "if it should so fall out that the rebels have intelligence of your harbouring any of the king's party, and should therefore put you to any torture for confession, be sure you discover me first, which may haply in such case satisfy them, and preserve the king." This was the expression and care of a loyal subject, worthy eternal memory.

On Monday, his majesty and my lord resolved to despatch John Penderel to Colonel Lane at Bentley, with directions for the colonel to send my lord's horses for him that night

about midnight, and to expect him at the usual place. My lord accordingly goes to Bentley again, to make way for his majesty's reception there, pursuant to a resolution taken up by his majesty to go westward, under the protection of Mrs. Jane Lane's pass; it being most probable that the rebels wholly pursued his majesty northwards, and would not at all suspect him gone into the west.

This Monday afternoon, Mr. Whitgreave had notice that some soldiers were in the neighbourhood, intending to apprehend him, upon information that he had been at Worcester fight. The king was then lain down upon Mr. Huddleston's bed, but Mr. Whitgreave presently secures his royal guest in the secret place, and my lord also, leaves open all the chamber doors, and goes boldly down to the soldiers, assuring them (as his neighbours also testified) that he had not been from home in a fortnight then last past; with which asseveration the soldiers were satisfied, and came not up stairs at all.

In this interval the rebels had taken a cornet in Cheshire, who came in his majesty's troop to White Ladies, and either by menaces, or some other way, had extorted this confession from him concerning the king (whom these bloodhounds sought with all possible diligence), that he came in company with his majesty to White Ladies, where the rebels had no small hopes to find him; whereupon they posted thither without ever drawing bit, almost killed their horses, and brought their faint-hearted prisoners with them.

Being come to White Ladies on Tuesday, they called for Mr. George Giffard, who lived in an apartment of the house, presented a pistol to his breast, and bade him confess where the king was, or he should presently die. Mr. Giffard was too loyal, and too much a gentleman, to be frighted into any infidelity, resolutely denies the knowing any more but that divers cavaliers came thither on Wednesday night, ate up their provision, and departed; and that he was as ignorant who they were, as whence they came, or whither they went; and begged, if he must die, that they would first give him leave to say a few prayers. One of these villains answered, "If you can tell us no news of the king you shall say no prayers." But his discreet answer did somewhat assuage the fury of their leader. They used the like threats and violence

(mingled, notwitshanding, with high promises of reward) to Mrs. Anne Andrew (to whose custody some of the king's clothes, when he first took upon him the disguise, were committed), who (like a true virago) faithfully sustained the one, and loyally refused the other, which put the rebels into such a fury, that they searched every corner of the house, broke down much of the wainscot, and at last beat the intelligencer severely for making them lose their labours.

During this Tuesday, in my Lord Wilmot's absence, his majesty was for the most part attended by Mr. Huddleston, Mr. Whitgreave being much abroad in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Whitgreave below stairs, both inquisitive after news, and the motions of the soldiery, in order to the preservation of their royal guest. The old gentlewoman was this day told by a countryman, who came to her house, that he heard the king, upon his retreat, had beaten his enemies at Warrington Bridge, and that there were three kings come in to his assistance; which story she related to his majesty for divertisement, who smiling, answered, "Surely, they are the three kings of Cologne come down from heaven, for I can imagine none else."

The same day his majesty out of the closet window espied two soldiers, who passed by the gate in the road, and told Mr. Huddleston he knew one of them to be a Highlander, and of his own regiment; who little thought his king and colonel to be so near.

And his majesty, for entertainment of the time, was pleased to discourse with Mr. Huddleston the particulars of the battle of Worcester (the same in substance with what is before related); and by some words which his majesty let fall, it might easily be collected that his counsels had been too often sooner discovered to the rebels than executed by his loyal subjects.

Mr. Huddleston had under his charge young Sir John Preston, Mr. Thomas Playn, and Mr. Francis Reynolds; and on this Tuesday in the morning (the better to conceal his majesty's being in the house, and excuse his own more than usual long stay above stairs) pretended himself to be indisposed and afraid of the soldiers, and therefore set his scholars at several garret windows, and surveyed the roads, to watch

and give notice when they saw any troopers coming. This service the youths performed very diligently all day; and at night when they were at supper, Sir John called upon his companions, and said (more truly than he imagined), "Come, lads, let us eat lustily, for we have been upon the life-guard to-day."

This very day (September the 9th) the rebels at Westminster (in further pursuance of their bloody designs) set forth a proclamation for the discovery and apprehending Charles Stuart (for so their frontless impudence usually styled his sacred majesty), his adherents and abetters, with promise of 1,000*l.* reward to whomsoever should apprehend him (so vile a price they set upon so inestimable a jewel); and, besides, gave strict command to all officers of port towns, that they should permit no person to pass beyond sea without special license. "And Saul sought David every day; but God delivered him not into his hands."*

On Tuesday night, between twelve and one o'clock, the Lord Wilmot sent Colonel Lane to attend his majesty to Bentley; Mr. Whitgreave meets the colonel at the place appointed, and brings him to the corner of his orchard, where the colonel thought fit to stay whilst Mr. Whitgreave goes in and acquaints the king that he was come; whereupon his majesty took his leave of Mrs. Whitgreave, saluted her, and gave her many thanks for his entertainment, but was pleased to be more particular with Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston, not only by giving them thanks, but by telling them he was very sensible of the dangers they might incur by entertaining him, if it should chance to be discovered to the rebels; therefore his majesty advised them to be very careful of themselves, and gave them direction to repair to a merchant in London, who should have order to furnish them with moneys and means of conveyance beyond sea, if they thought fit.

After his majesty had vouchsafed these gracious expressions to Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston, they told his majesty all the service they could now do him was to pray heartily to Almighty God for his safety and preservation; and then kneeling down, his majesty gave them his hand to kiss, and so went down stairs with them into the orchard.

* 1 Sam. xxiii. 14.

where Mr. Whitgreave both humbly and faithfully delivered his great charge into Col. Lane's hands, telling the colonel who the person was he there presented to him.

The night was both dark and cold, and his majesty's clothing thin; therefore Mr. Huddleston humbly offered his majesty a cloak, which he was pleased to accept, and wore to Bentley, from whence Mr. Huddleston afterwards received it.

As soon as Mr. Whitgreave and Mr. Huddleston heard his majesty was not only got safe to Bentley, but marched securely from thence, they began to reflect upon his advice, and lest any discovery should be made of what had been acted at Moseley, they both absented themselves from home; the one went to London, the other to a friend's house in Warwickshire, where they lived privately till such time as they heard his majesty was safely arrived in France, and that no part of the aforesaid transactions at Moseley had been discovered to the rebels, and then returned home.

This Mr. Whitgreave was descended of the ancient family of the Whitgreaves of Burton, in the county of Stafford, and was first a cornet, afterwards lieutenant to Captain Thomas Giffard, in the first war for his Majesty King Charles the First.

Mr. John Huddleston was a younger brother of the renowned family of the house of Hutton-John, in the county of Cumberland, and was a gentleman volunteer in his late majesty's service, first under Sir John Preston the elder, till Sir John was rendered unserviceable by the desperate wounds he received in that service, and after under Colonel Ralph Pudsey at Newark.

His majesty being safely conveyed to Bentley by Colonel Lane, staid there but a short time, took the opportunity of Mrs. Jane's pass, and rode before her to Bristol, the Lord Wilmot attending, by another way, at a distance. In all which journey Mrs. Lane performed the part of a most faithful and prudent servant to his majesty, shewing her observance when an opportunity would allow it, and at other times acting her part in the disguise with much discretion.

But the particulars of his majesty's arrival at Bristol, and the houses of several loyal subjects, both in Somersetshire,

Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, and so to Brighthelmstone, in Sussex, where he, on the 15th of October, 1651, took shipping, and landed securely in France the next morning; and the several accidents, hardships, and encounters, in all that journey, must be the admired subject of the Second Part of this history.

The very next day after his majesty left Boscobel, being Monday, the 8th of September, two parties of rebels came thither, the one being part of the county troop, who searched the house with some civility; the other (Captain Broadway's men) did it with more severity, ate up their little store of provision, plundered the house of what was portable, and one of them presented a pistol to William Penderel, and much frighted my dame Joan; yet both parties returned as ignorant as they came of that intelligence they so greedily sought after.

This danger being over, honest William began to think of making satisfaction for the fat mutton, and accordingly tendered Mr. Staunton its worth in money; but Staunton understanding the sheep was killed for the relief of some honest cavaliers, who had been sheltered at Boscobel, refused to take the money, but wished much good it might do them.

These Penderels were of honest parentage, but mean degree, six brothers born at Hobbal Grange, in the parish of Tong, and county of Salop, William, John, Richard, Humphrey, Thomas, and George; John, Thomas, and George were soldiers in the first war for King Charles I. Thomas was slain at Stow fight, William, as you have heard, was a servant at Boscobel, Humphrey a miller, and Richard rented part of Hobbal Grange.

His majesty had not been long gone from Boscobel, but Col. Carlis sent William Penderel to Mr. Humphrey Ironmonger, his old friend at Wolverhampton, who not only procured him a pass from some of the rebel commanders, in a disguised name, to go to London, but furnished him with money for his journey, by means whereof he got safe thither, and from thence into Holland, where he brought the first happy news of his majesty's safety to his royal sister the Princess of Orange.

This Colonel William Carlis was born at Bromhall, in

Staffordshire, within two miles of Boscobel, of good parentage, was a person of approved valour, and engaged all along in the first war for King Charles I., of happy memory, and since his death was no less active for his royal son; for which, and his particular service and fidelity before mentioned, his majesty was pleased, by letters patent under the great seal of England, to give him, by the name of William Carlos (which in Spanish signifies Charles), a very honourable coat of arms, *in perpetuam rei memoriam*, as 'tis expressed in the letters patent.

The oak is now properly called "The Royal Oak of Boscobel," nor will it lose that name whilst it continues a tree, nor that tree a memory whilst we have an inn left in England; since the "Royal Oak" is now become a frequent sign, both in London and all the chief cities of this kingdom. And since his majesty's happy restoration, that these mysteries have been revealed, hundreds of people, for many miles round, have flocked to see the famous Boscobel, which (as you have heard) had once the honour to be the palace of his sacred majesty, but chiefly to behold the Royal Oak, which has been deprived of all its young boughs by the numerous visitors of it, who keep them in memory of his majesty's happy preservation, insomuch that Mr. Fitzherbert, who was afterwards proprietor, was forced in a due season of the year to crop part of it, for its preservation, and put himself to the charge of fencing it about with a high pale, the better to transmit the happy memory of it to posterity.

This Boscobel House has yet been a third time fortunate; for after Sir George Booth's forces were routed in Cheshire, in August, 1659, the Lord Brereton, who was engaged with him, took sanctuary there for some time, and was preserved.

When his majesty was thus happily conveyed away by Colonel Lane and his sister, the rebels had an intimation that some of the brothers were instrumental in his preservation, so that, besides the temptations Humphrey overcame at Shefnal, Wm. Penderel was twice questioned at Shrewsbury on the same account by Captain Fox, and one Lluellin, a sequestrator, and Richard was much threatened by a peevish neighbour at White Ladies; but neither threats nor temptations were able to batter the fort of their loyalty.

After this unhappy defeat of his majesty's army at Worcester, good God! in what strange canting language did the fanatics communicate their exultations to one another, particularly in a letter (hypocritically pretended to be written from the Church of Christ at Wrexham, and printed in the Diurnal, Nov. 10, 1651), there is this malignant expression: —"Christ has revealed his own arm, and broke the arm of the mighty once and again, and now lastly at Worcester; so that we conclude (in Ezekiel's phrase) there will be found no roller to bind the late king's arm to hold a sword again," &c. And that you may know who these false prophets were, the letter was thus subscribed:—"Daniel Lloyd, Mor. Lloyd, John Brown, Edw. Taylor, An. Maddokes, Dav. Maurice;" men who measured causes by that success which fell out according to their evil desires, not considering that God intended, in his own good time, "to establish the king's throne with justice."*

After the "king had entered into the kingdom, and returned to his own land,"† the five brothers attended him at Whitehall, on Wednesday, the 13th of June, 1660, when his majesty was pleased to own their faithful service, and graciously dismissed them with a princely reward.

And soon after Mr. Huddleston and Mr. Whitgreave made their humble addresses to his majesty, from whom they likewise received a gracious acknowledgment of their service and fidelity to him at Moseley, and this in so high a degree of gratitude, and with such a condescending frame of spirit, not at all puffed up with prosperity, as cannot be paralleled in the best of kings.

Here let us with all glad and thankful hearts humbly contemplate the admirable providence of Almighty God, who contrived such wonderful ways, and made use of such mean instruments, for the preservation of so great a person. Let us delight to reflect minutely on every particular, and especially on such as most approach to miracle; let us sum up the number of those who were privy to this first and principal part of his majesty's disguise and concealment. Mr. Giffard, the five Penderels, their mother, and three of their wives, Colonel

* Prov. xxv. † Dan. i. 9.

Carlos, Francis Yates, and his wife, divers of the inhabitants of White Ladies (which then held five several families), Mr. Woolf, his wife, son, daughter, and maid, Mr. Whitgreave and his mother, Mr. Huddleston, Colonel Lane and his sister; and then consider whether it were not indeed a miracle, that so many men and (which is far more) so many women should faithfully conceal so important and unusual a secret; and this notwithstanding the temptations and promises of reward on the one hand, and the danger and menaces of punishment on the other.

To which I shall add but this one circumstance, that it was performed by persons for the most part of that religion which has long suffered under an imputation (laid on them by some mistaken zealots) of disloyalty to their sovereign.

And now, as we have thus thankfully commemorated the wonderful *preservation* of his majesty, what remains but that we should return due thanks and praises for his no less miraculous RESTORATION? Who, after a long series of misfortunes and variety of afflictions, after he had been hunted to and fro like a "partridge upon the mountains," was, in God's due time, appointed to sit, as his vicegerent, upon the throne of his ancestors, and called forth to govern his own people when they least expected him; for which all the nation, even all the three nations, had just cause to sing

Te Deum laudamus.

BOSCOBEL;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF THE MOST MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION OF

KING CHARLES II.

After the Battle of Worcester, September the 3rd, 1651.

PART II.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and will honour him.—Psal. xix. 15.

PREFACE.

THE First Part of this miraculous history I long since published, having the means to be well informed in all circumstances relating to it; the scene (whereon those great actions were performed) being my native country, and many of the actors my particular friends.

I did not then intend to have proceeded farther, presuming some of those worthy persons of the west (who were the happy instruments in this Second Part) would have given us that so much desired supplement; the rather, since the publication of the wonderful series of this great work, wherein the hand of God so miraculously appeared in preservation of "him whom the Lord hath chosen,"* must needs open the eyes and convert the hearts of the most disloyal.

But finding, in all this time, nothing done, and the world more greedy of it than ever young ladies were to read the conclusion of an amorous strange romance, after they had left the darling lover plunged into some dire misfortune, I have thus endeavoured to complete the history.

* 1 Sam. x. 24.

Chiefly encouraged hereunto by an express from Lisbon, wherein 'tis certified that (besides the translation of the first part of Boscobel into French) Mr. Peter Giffard, of White Ladies, has lately made it speak Portuguese, and presented it to the Infanta, our most excellent queen, who was pleased to accept it with grace, and peruse it with passion, intimating her royal desire to see the particulars how the hand of Providence had led the great monarch of her heart out of the treacherous snares of so many rebels.

In this I dare not undertake to deliver so many particulars as in the former; for though the time of his majesty's stay in those western parts was longer, yet the places were more remote, and my Lord Wilmot (the principal agent) dead. But I will again confidently promise to write nothing but truth, as near as a severe scrutiny can inform me.

And, perhaps, a less exactness in circumstantials will better please some who (as I have heard) object against my former endeavours on this royal subject as too minutely written, and particulars set down of too mean a concern, for which I have yet the example of that renowned historian, Famian Strada,* to protect me, who writing of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, mentions what meat he fed on such a day, what clothes he wore another time, and gives this reason, "that it pleases to know every thing that princes do," especially when by a chain of providences, whose every link seems small and weak in its single self, so great a "blessing" † will at last be drawn in amongst us.

That part of this unparalleled relation of a king, which here I undertake to deliver, may fitly, I think, be called, "The Second Stage of the Royal Progress," wherein as I am sure every good subject will be astonished to read the hardships and difficulties his majesty encountered in this long and perilous journey, so will they be even overjoyed to find him at last (by the conduct of Heaven) brought safe to Paris, where my humble endeavours leave him thus comforted by the prophet: "Fear not, for the hand of Saul shall not find thee, and thou shalt be king over Israel."

T. B.

* De Bello Belgico. † 1 Sam. xxiii. 17.

SECOND STAGE OF THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

He that well considers the admirable events particularized in the First Part of this History of his majesty's miraculous preservation, will be apt to think his evil genius had almost racked its invention to find out hardships and perils beyond human imagination, and that his good angel had been even tired out with contriving suitable means for his deliverance; yet, if you please (after you have sufficiently wondered, and blessed God for the preservation you read there), proceed and admire the strange stupendous passages you shall find here; which, when you have done with just and due attention, I cannot doubt but your thoughts will easily raise themselves into some holy ecstasy, and growing warm with often repeating their own reflections, break forth at last, and join your exclamations with all the true and hearty adorers of the divine providence, "Thou art great, O Lord, and dost wonderful things; thou art God alone!"*

I shall not need, I hope, to bespeak my reader's patience for any long introduction, since all the compliment I intend, is humbly to kiss the pen and paper, which have the honour to be servants of this royal subject, and without farther ceremony begin.

Colonel John Lane having (as it has been related) safely conveyed his majesty from Moseley to his own house at Bentley, in Staffordshire, on Tuesday night, the 9th of September, 1651, the Lord Wilmot was there ready to receive him, and after his majesty had eaten and conferred with my lord and the colonel of his intended journey towards Bristol the very next morning, he went to bed, though his rest was not like to be long; for at the very break of the day on Wednesday morning the colonel called up his majesty, and brought him a new suit and cloak, which he had provided for him, of country grey cloth, as near as could be contrived like the holyday suit of a farmer's son, which was thought fittest to carry on the disguise. Here his majesty

* Psalm lxxxvi. 10.

quitted his leather doublet and green breeches for his new grey suit, and forsook his former name Will. Jones for that of Will. Jackson.

Thus, then, was the royal journey designed; the king, as a tenant's son (a quality far more convenient for their intention than that of a direct servant), was ordered to ride before Mrs. Jane Lane, as her attendant, Mr. Henry Lassels (who was kinsman, and had been cornet to the colonel in the late wars) to ride single, and Mr. John Petre, of Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and his wife, the colonel's sister, who were then accidentally at Bentley, being bound homeward, to ride in the same company; Mr. Petre and his wife little suspecting Will. Jackson, their fellow-traveller, to be the monarch of Great Britain.

His majesty thus refreshed, and thus accoutred with all necessaries for a journey in the designed equipage, after he had taken leave of my Lord Wilmot, and agreed on their meeting within a few days after at Mr. George Norton's house at Leigh, near Bristol; the colonel conveyed him a back way into the stable, where he fitted his stirrups, and gave him some instructions for better acting the part of Will. Jackson, mounted him on a good double gelding, and directed him to come to the gate of the house, which he punctually performed, with his hat under his arm.

By this time it was twilight, and old Mrs. Lane (who knew nothing of this great secret) would needs see her beloved daughter take horse, which whilst she was intending, the colonel said to the king, "Will. thou must give my sister thy hand;" but his majesty (unacquainted with such little offices) offered his hand the contrary way, which the old gentlewoman taking notice of, laughed, and asked the colonel her son, "What a goodly horseman her daughter had got to ride before her?"

Mr. Petre and his wife, and Mr. Lassels, being also mounted, the whole company took their journey (under the protection of the King of kings) towards Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire. And soon after they were gone from Bentley, the Lord Wilmot, Colonel Lane, and Robert Swan, my lord's servant, took horse, with a hawk and spaniels with them for a disguise, intending to go that night

to Sir Clement Fisher's house at Packington, in Warwickshire, where the colonel knew they should both be as welcome as generosity, and as secure as fidelity could make them.

When the king and his small retinue arrived near Wotton, within four miles of Stratford, they espied a troop of rebels, baiting (as they conceived) almost a mile before them in the very road, which caused a council to be held among them, wherein Mr. Petre presided, and he would by no means go on, for fear of losing his horse, or some other detriment; so that they wheeled about a more indirect way; and at Stratford (where they were of necessity to pass the river Avon) met the same or another troop in a narrow passage, who very fairly opened to the right and left, and made way for the travellers to march through them.

That night (according to designment) Mrs. Lane and her company took up their quarters at Mr. Tombs's house at Longmarston, some three miles west of Stratford, with whom she was well acquainted. Here Will. Jackson being in the kitchen, in pursuance of his disguise, and the cook-maid busy in providing supper for her master's friends, she desired him to wind up the jack; Will. Jackson was obedient, and attempted it, but hit not the right way, which made the maid in some passion ask, "What countryman are you, that you know not how to wind up a jack?" Will. Jackson answered very satisfactorily, "I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane, in Staffordshire; we seldom have roast meat, but when we have, we don't make use of a jack;" which in some measure assuaged the maid's indignation.

The same night my lord, with the colonel, arrived safely at Sir Clement Fisher's house at Packington, where they found a welcome suitable to the nobleness of his mind, and a security answerable to the faithfulness of his heart.

Next morning my lord thought fit to despatch the colonel to London, to procure, if possible, a pass for the king, by the name of William Jackson, to go into France, and to bring it himself, or send it (as opportunity should be offered), to Mr. Norton's house, where my lord (as you have heard) was designed to attend his majesty.

On Thursday morning (11th of September), the king, with Mrs. Lane and Mr. Lassels, rose early, and after Mrs. Lane

had taken leave both of Mr. Petre and his wife (whose way lay more south), and of Mr. Tombs, the master of the house, they took horse, and without any considerable accident rode by Camden, and arrived that night at an inn in Cirencester, in Gloucestershire, distant about twenty-four miles from Long-marston. After supper, a good bed was provided for Mr. Lassels, and a truckle bed for Will. Jackson in the same chamber; but Mr. Lassels, after the chamberlain had left them, laid his majesty in the best bed, and himself in the other, and used the like due observance when any opportunity would allow it.

The next day, being Friday, the royal traveller, with his attendants, left Cirencester, and by the way of Sudbury rode to and through the city of Bristol (wherein they had once lost their way, till inquiry better informed them), and arrived that evening at Mr. Norton's house, at Leigh, some three miles from Bristol, and about thirty from Cirencester, which was the desired end of this perilous journey.

At this place his majesty still continued under the notion of one of Colonel Lane's tenant's sons, and, by a pre-settled contrivance with Mrs. Lane, feigned himself sick of an ague, under colour whereof she procured him the better chamber and accommodation without any suspicion, and still took occasion from thence, with all possible care and observance, to send the sick person some of the best meat from Mr. Norton's table; and Mrs. Norton's maid, Margaret Rider (who was commanded to be his nurse-keeper, and believed him sick indeed), made William a carduus posset, and was very careful of him; nor was his majesty at all known or suspected here, either by Mr. Norton or his lady, from whose knowledge yet he was not concealed out of any the least distrust of their fidelity (for his whole dominions yielded not more faithful subjects), but because such knowledge might haply at unawares have drawn a greater respect and observance from them than that exigent would safely admit of.

Under the disguise of this ague, his majesty for the most part kept his chamber during his stay at Leigh; yet, being somewhat wearied with that kind of imprisonment, one day (when his ague might be imagined to be in the intermission), he walked down to a place where the young men played at a

game of ball called fives, where his majesty was asked by one of the gamesters if he could play, and would take his part at that game; he pleaded unskilfulness, and modestly refused.

But behold an unexpected accident here fell out, which put his majesty and Mrs. Lane into some apprehension of the danger of a discovery. Mr. Norton's butler (whose name was John Pope) had served a courtier some years before the war, and his majesty's royal father in the war, under Colonel Bagot, at Lichfield, and by that means had the physiognomy of the king (then Prince of Wales) so much imprinted in his memory, that (though his majesty was in all points most accurately disguised), yet the butler knew him, and communicated his knowledge to Mrs. Lane, who at first absolutely denied him to be the king, but after, upon conference and advice had with his majesty, it was thought best to acknowledge it to the butler, and, by the bonds of allegiance, conjure him to secrecy, who thereupon kissed the king's hand, and proved perfectly honest.

On Saturday night (13th of September), the Lord Wilmot arrived at a village near Leigh, where he lay, but came every day to visit Will. Jackson and Mrs. Lane, as persons of his acquaintance; and so had the opportunity to attend and consult with his majesty unsuspected during their stay at Leigh.

Soon after, upon serious advice had with my lord, it was resolved by his majesty to go to Trent, the house of Colonel Francis Wyndham (of whose fidelity his majesty had ample assurance), which lies in Somersetshire, but bordering on the very skirts of Dorsetshire, near Sherburn, and therefore was judged to be conveniently seated in the way towards Lime and other port towns, where his majesty might probably take shipping for France.

In pursuance of this resolve, the Lord Wilmot (as his majesty's harbinger) rode to Trent on Monday, to make way for his more private reception there; and Tuesday morning (September 16), his majesty's ague being then (as was pretended) in the recess, he repaired to the stable, and there gave order for making ready the horses; and then it was signified from Mrs. Lane (though before so agreed), that William Jackson should ride single and carry the portmanteau; accordingly they mounted, being attended part of the way by one of Mr.

Norton's men as a guide, and that day rode through the body of Somersetshire, to Mr. Edward Kirton's house at Castle Cary, near Burton, where his majesty lay that night, and next morning arrived at Colonel Wyndham's said house, which was about twenty-six miles from Leigh.

His majesty was now at Trent, in as much safety as the master of the house his fidelity and prudence could make him; but the great work was how to procure a vessel for transportation of this great treasure. For this end his majesty, the Lord Wilmot, and Colonel Wyndham had several consults; and in pursuance of their determination, the colonel, with his trusty servant Henry Peters, posted to Lime, which is about twenty miles from Trent, where, after some difficulty, by the assistance of Captain William Elsden, a loyal subject (at whose house the colonel lodged), he hired a bark to transport his majesty for France, which bark was by agreement to attend at Charmouth (a little maritime village near Lime), at a time appointed, and returned with all speed to Trent with the good news.

The next day his majesty resolved for Lime, and Mrs. Jane Lane here humbly took her leave of him, returning with Mr. Lassels, by his majesty's permission, into Staffordshire, leaving him in faithful hands, and in a hopeful way of escaping the bloody designs of merciless rebels, which as it was all along the scope of her endeavours, so was it now the subject of her prayers; yet it was still thought the best disguise for his majesty to ride before some woman, and accordingly Mrs. Julian Coningsby, Colonel Wyndham's kinswoman, had the honour to ride behind his majesty, who with the Lord Wilmot, the colonel, and Henry Peters, came that evening to a blind inn in Charmouth, near which place the skipper had promised to be in readiness with his bark; but observe the disappointment.

In the interim (whilst Colonel Wyndham was gone back to Trent) it seems the rebels' proclamation for apprehending Charles Stuart (meaning in their impudent phrase) our then gracious king, and prohibiting, for a certain time, the transportation of any person without a particular license, had been published in and about Lime; and the skipper having acquainted his wife that he had agreed to transport two or

three persons into France, whom he believed might be cavaliers, it seems the grey mare was the better horse, for she locked up her husband in his chamber, and would by no means permit him to go the voyage; so that whilst Henry Peters staid on the beach most part of the night, his majesty and the rest of the company sat up in the inn, expecting news of the seaman with his boat, who never appeared.

The next morning, his majesty and attendants resolving to return to Trent, rode first to Bruteport, in Dorsetshire, where he staid at an inn, whilst Henry Peters was sent back to Captain Elsden, to see if there were any hope left of persuading the skipper, or rather of gaining leave of his wife, for him to undertake the voyage; but all endeavours proved ineffectual, and by that time Harry returned, the day was so far spent, that his majesty could conveniently reach no farther that night than Broad-Windsor; and (which added much to the danger) Colonel Heane (one of Cromwell's commanders) at this very time was marching rebels from several garrisons to Weymouth and other adjacent ports, in order to their being shipped, for the forcing the island of Jersey from his majesty's obedience, as they had done all the rest of his dominions; so that the roads of this country were full of soldiers.

Broad-Windsor afforded but one inn, and that the George, a mean one too, and (which was worse) the best accommodations in it were, before his majesty's arrival, taken up by rebel soldiers, one of whose doxies was brought to bed in the house, which caused the constable and overseers for the poor of the parish to come thither at an unseasonable hour of the night, to take care that the brat might not be left to the charge of the parish; so that his majesty, through this disturbance, went not to bed at all; and we may safely conclude he took as little rest here as he did the night before at Charmouth. Thus were "the tribulations of David's heart enlarged," and he prayed, "Deliver me, O Lord, from my distresses."

His majesty having still thus miraculously escaped dangers which hourly environed him, returned safe to Trent next morning, where, after some refreshment and rest taken, he was pleased to call my Lord Wilmot and Colonel Wyndham

(the members of his little privy council) together, to consider what way was next to be attempted for his transportation.

After several proposals, it was at last resolved that my lord (attended and conducted by Henry Peters) should the next day be sent to Salisbury to Mr. John Coventry (son to the late Lord Coventry, lord keeper of the great seal of England), who then lived in the close of that city, and was known to be both a prudent person and a perfect lover of his sovereign, as well to advise how to procure a bark for passing his majesty into France, as for providing some moneys for his present necessary occasions.

My lord, being arrived at Salisbury, despatched Henry Peters back to Trent, with intimation of the good reception he found there; for Mr. Coventry did not only furnish him with moneys, but was very solicitous for his majesty's safety; to which end he advised with Dr. Humphrey Henchman, a worthy divine, who, since his majesty's happy restoration, was with much merit advanced to the episcopal see of Salisbury.

The result of these two loyal persons' consultation was, that his majesty should be desired to remove to Hele (which lay about three miles north-east of Salisbury), the dwelling-house of Mrs. Mary Hyde, the relict of Laurence Hyde, Esq., eldest brother to Hon. Sir Robert Hyde, one of the justices of his majesty's Court of Common Pleas, whom they knew to be both as discreet and as loyal as any of her sex.

With this resolution and advice, Mr. Coventry despatched his chaplain, Mr. John Selleck, to Trent with a letter, rolled up into the bigness of a musket bullet, which the faithful messenger had order to swallow down his throat in case of any danger.

Meantime Mr. Coventry had found out a trusty seaman at Southampton, who undertook to transport whom he pleased; but on second thoughts and advice had with my Lord Wilmot, it was not held safe for his majesty to take shipping there, in regard of the so many castles by which the ships pass that are outward-bound, and the often examination of the passengers in them; so that some of the small ports of Sussex were concluded to be the safer places for effecting this great work of his majesty's delivery from the hands of such

unparalleled rebels, who even ravenously thirsted after royal blood.

In the interim Mr. Selleck returned with his majesty's resolution to come to Hele, signified by a like paper bullet; and by this time his majesty thought fit to admit of the service and assistance of Colonel Robert Philips (grandson to the famed Sir Edward Philips, late Master of the Rolls), who lived in those parts, and was well acquainted with the ways of the country, and known to be as faithful as loyalty could make him. This colonel undertook to be his majesty's conductor to Hele, which was near thirty miles distant from Trent.

During his majesty's stay at Trent (which was about a fortnight), he was, for his own security, forced to confine himself to the voluntary imprisonment of his chamber, which was happily accommodated (in case the rebels had searched the house) with an old well-contrived secret place, long before made (for a shelter against the inquisition of pursuivants) by some of the ancient family of the Gerhards, Colonel Wyndham's lady's ancestors, who were recusants, and had formerly been owners of that house.

His majesty's meat was likewise (to prevent the danger of a discovery) for the most part dressed in his own chamber, the cookery whereof served him for some divertisement of the time; and it is a great truth if we say, there was no cost spared, nor care wanting in the colonel, for the entertainment and preservation of his royal guest.

On the 3rd of October, his majesty (having given Colonel Wyndham particular thanks for his great care and fidelity towards him) left Trent, and began his journey with Colonel Philips, and personating a tenant's son of his, towards Hele, attended by Henry Peters (afterwards yeoman of the field to his majesty), and riding before Mrs. Coningsby. The travellers passed by Wincanton, and near the midst of that day's journey arrived at Mere, a little market-town in Wiltshire, and dined at the George Inn; the host, Mr. Christopher Philips, whom the colonel knew to be perfectly honest.

The host sat at the table with his majesty, and administered matters of discourse, told the colonel, for news, that he heard the men of Westminster (meaning the rebels), notwithstanding their victory at Worcester, were in a great maze, not knowing

what was become of the king; but (says he) it is the most received opinion that he is come in a disguise to London, and many houses have been searched for him there: at which his majesty was observed to smile.

After dinner, mine host familiarly asked the king "if he were a friend to Cæsar?" to which his majesty answered, "Yes." "Then," said he, "here's a health to King Charles," in a glass of wine, which his majesty and the colonel both pledged; and that evening arrived in safety at Hele. And his majesty, since his happy return, has been pleased to ask, "What was become of his honest host at Mere?"

In the mean time the Lord Wilmot (who took up the borrowed name of Mr. Barlow) rode to such gentlemen of his acquaintance in Hampshire, whom he knew to be faithful subjects, to seek means for (what he so much desired) the transportation of his majesty; and first repaired to Mr. Laurence Hyde (a name as faithful as fortunate in his majesty's service), at his house at Hinton d'Aubigny, near Catharington, then to Mr. Thomas Henslow, at Burhant, in the same county, to whom (as persons of known fidelity) my lord communicated his weighty business, and desired their assistance for procuring a bark for his majesty's transportation.

Mr. Henslow (in zeal to this service) immediately acquainted the Earl of Southampton (then at his house at Titchfield, and afterwards with much merit dignified with the great office of lord high treasurer of England) with this most important affair, my Lord Wilmot judging it fitter for Mr. Henslow (his neighbour) to do it, than for himself, in those circumstances, to appear at my lord's house, whose eminent fidelity and singular prudence, in the conduct of even the greatest affairs of state, being known both to them and all the world, and his great power and command at Bewly Haven, and the maritime parts of Hampshire, esteemed very favourable for their design, wherein his lordship was extremely active and solicitous.

Besides this, Mr. Laurence Hyde recommended my Lord Wilmot to Colonel George Gunter, who lived at Rackton, near Chichester, in Sussex, and was known to be both faithful and active, not unlike to be successful in this service, to whom therefore my lord hasted, and lay at Rackton one night,

where he imparted his great solicitation to the colonel and his kinsman, Mr. Thomas Gunter, who was then accidentally there.

All these persons had the like instructions from my lord, which made a deep impression on their loyal hearts, and excited them to use their utmost endeavours by several ways and means to procure the Noah's ark, which might at last secure his majesty from the great inundation of rebellion and treason which then did overspread the face of his whole dominions.

But to return to my humble observance of his majesty at Hele, where Mrs. Hyde was so transported with joy and loyalty towards him, that at supper, though his majesty was set at the lower end of the table, yet the good gentlewoman had much ado to overcome herself, and not to carve to him first; however, she could not refrain from drinking to him in a glass of wine, and giving him two larks, when others had but one.

After supper, Mr. Frederick Hyde (brother-in-law to the widow, who was then at Hele, and since created serjeant-at law) discoursed with his majesty upon various subjects, not suspecting who he was, but wondered to receive such rational discourse from a person whose habit spoke him but of mean degree; and when his majesty was brought to his chamber, Dr. Henchman attended him there, and had a long and private communication with him.

Next day it was thought fit, to prevent the danger of any discovery, or even suspicion in the house, that in regard his majesty might possibly stay there some days before the conveniency of a transportation could be found out, he should that day publicly take his leave, and ride about two miles from the house, and then be privately brought in again the same evening, when all the servants were at supper; which was accordingly performed, and after that time his majesty appeared no more at Hele in public, but had meat brought him privately to his chamber, and was attended by the good widow, with much care and observance.

Now, among the many faithful solicitors for this long-expected bark, Colonel Gunter happened to be the lucky man who first procured it, at Brighthelmstone, in Sussex, by

the assistance of Mr. Francis Mansel, merchant, of Chichester, and the concurrent endeavours of Mr. Thomas Gunter; and on Saturday night, the 11th of October, he brought the happy tidings to my Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips, who then lay, the one at Mr. Laurence Hyde's, the other at Mr. Anthony Brown's house, his neighbour and tenant.

The next morning, being Sunday, Colonel Philips was despatched to Hele, with the much-desired news, and with instructions to attend his majesty on Monday to the Downs, called Old Winchester, near Warnford.

Early in the morning his majesty was privately conveyed from Hele, and went on foot at least two miles to Clarendon Park Corner, attended by Dr. Henchman, then took horse with Colonel Philips; and at the appointed time and place, the Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, and Mr. Thomas Gunter, met his majesty, with a brace of greyhounds, the better to carry on the disguise.

That night, though both Mr. Laurence Hyde and Mr. Henslow had each of them provided a secure lodging for his majesty, by the Lord Wilmot's order, yet it was judged fittest by Colonel Gunter, and accordingly agreed unto by my lord, that his majesty should lodge at Mr. Thomas Symons's house at Hambledon, in Hampshire, who married the colonel's sister, in regard the colonel knew them to be very faithful, but chiefly because it lay more directly in the way from Hele to Brighthelmstone; and accordingly Colonel Gunter attended his majesty to his sister's house that night, who provided a good supper for them, though she had not the least suspicion or intimation of his majesty's presence among them.

The king and his small retinue arriving in safety at Mrs. Symons's house, on Monday night, the 13th of October, were heartily welcomed by Mrs. Symons, for her husband was not then at home; but by that time they had supped, in comes Mr. Symons, who wondering to see so many strangers in his house, was assured by his brother Gunter that they were all honest gentlemen; yet, at first interview, he much suspected Mr. Jackson to be a roundhead, observing how little hair William Penderel's scissors had left him; but at last being fully satisfied they were all cavaliers, he soon laid open his heart, and thought nothing too good for them, was sorry his

beer was no stronger, and, to encourage it, fetched down a bottle of strong water, and mixing it with the beer, drank a cheerful cup to Mr. Jackson, calling him, "brother roundhead," whom his majesty pledged; who was here observed to be clothed in a short juppa, of a sad-coloured cloth, and his breeches of another species, with a black hat, and without 'uffs, somewhat like the meaner sort of country gentlemen.

Mr. Symons, in the time of entertaining his guests, did by chance let fall an oath, for which Mr. Jackson took occasion modestly to reprove him.

His majesty, thus resting himself Monday night at Hambledon, early on Tuesday morning (October the 14th) prepared for his journey to Brighthelmstone, distant about thirty-five miles from thence. But having then no further use for Colonel Philips, dismissed him, with thanks for his fidelity and service, in this most secret and important affair; and then, having also bidden farewell to Mr. Symons and his wife, took horse, attended by my Lord Wilmot and his man, Colonel Gunter, and Mr. Thomas Gunter.

When they came near the Lord Lumley's house, at Sanstead, in Sussex, it was considered that the greatness of the number of horse might possibly raise some suspicion of them: Mr. Thomas Gunter was therefore dismissed, with thanks for the service he had done, and his majesty held on his journey without any stay; and being come to Bramber, within seven miles of the desired port, met there some of Colonel Herbert Morley's soldiers, who yet did neither examine, nor had they, as far as could be discerned, the least suspicion of the royal passengers, who arrived at last at the George Inn, in Brighthelmstone, where Mr. Francis Mansel, who assisted Colonel Gunter in this happy service, had agreed to meet him.

At supper, Mr. Mansel sat at the upper end of the table, and Mr. Jackson (for that name his majesty still retained) at the lower end. The innkeeper's name was Smith, and had formerly related to the court, so that he suspected Mr. Jackson to be whom he really was; which his majesty understanding, he discoursed with his host after supper, whereby his loyalty was confirmed, and the man proved faithful.

The next morning, being Wednesday, October the 15th (the same day on which the noble Earl of Derby became a royal

martyr at Boulton), his majesty, having given particular thanks to Colonel Gunter for his great care, pains, and fidelity towards him, took shipping with the Lord Wilmot, in the bark which lay in readiness for him at that harbour, and whereof Mr. Nicholas Tetersal was owner; and the next day, with an auspicious gale of wind, landed safely at Fecamp, near Havre de Grace, in Normandy; where his majesty might happily say with David, "Thou hast delivered me from the violent man; therefore will I sing praises to thy name, O Lord."

This very bark, after his majesty's happy restoration, was by Captain Tetersal brought into the river Thames, and lay some months at anchor before Whitehall, to renew the memory of the happy service it had performed.

His majesty, having nobly rewarded Captain Tetersal in gold for his transportation, lodged this night at an inn in Fecamp, and the next day rode to Rouen, still attended by the faithful Lord Wilmot, where he continued, incognito, several days at Mr. Scot's house, since created baronet, till he had sent an express to the queen, his royal mother, who had been long solicitous to hear of his safety, and the court of France, intimating his safe arrival there, and had quitted his disguised habit for one more befitting the dignity of so great a king.

Upon the first intelligence of this welcome news, his highness the Duke of York sent his coach forthwith to attend his majesty at Rouen, and the Lord Gerard, with others his majesty's servants, made all possible haste, with glad hearts, to perform their duty to him; so that on the 29th of October, his majesty set forward towards Paris, lay that night at Fleury, about seven leagues from Rouen; the next morning his royal brother, the Duke of York, was ready to receive him at Magnie, and that evening his majesty was met at Mouceaux, a village near Paris, by the Queen of England, accompanied with her brother, the Duke of Orleans, and attended by a great number of coaches, and many both English and French lords and gentlemen on horseback, and was thus gladly conducted the same night, though somewhat late, to the Louvre, at Paris to the inexpressible joy of his dear mother the

queen, his royal brother the Duke of York, and of all true hearts.

Here we must again, with greater reason, humbly contemplate the admirable providence of Almighty God, which certainly never appeared more miraculously than in this strange deliverance of his majesty from such an infinity of dangers, that history itself cannot produce a parallel, nor will posterity willingly believe it.

From the 3rd of September, at Worcester, to the 15th of October, at Brighthelmstone, being one-and-forty days, he passed through more dangers than he travelled miles, of which yet he traversed in that time only near three hundred (not to speak of his dangers at sea, both at his coming into Scotland, and his going out of England, nor of his long march from Scotland to Worcester), sometimes on foot with uneasy shoes; at other times on horseback, encumbered with a portmanteau; and which was worse, at another time on the gall-backed, slow-paced miller's horse; sometimes acting one disguise in coarse linen and a leather doublet, sometimes another of almost as bad a complexion; one day he is forced to skulk in a barn at Madeley, another day sits with Colonel Carlos in a tree, with his feet extremely galled, and at night glad to lodge with William Penderel in a secret place at Boscobel, which never was intended for the dormitory of a king.

Sometimes he was forced to shift with coarse fare for a bellyful; another time in a wood, glad to relieve the necessities of nature with a mess of milk, served up in a homely dish by good-wife Yates, a poor country-woman; then again, for a variety of tribulation, when he thought himself almost out of danger, he directly meets some of those rebels who so greedily sought his blood, yet, by God's great providence, had not the power to discover him; and (which is more than has yet been mentioned) he sent at another time to some subjects for relief and assistance in his great necessity, who, out of a pusillanimous fear of the bloody arch-rebel then reigning, durst not own him.

Besides all this, 'twas not the least of his afflictions daily to hear the Earl of Derby, and other his loyal subjects, some murdered, some imprisoned, and others sequestered in heaps,

by the same bloody usurper, only for performing their duty to their lawful king. In a word, there was no kind of misery (but death itself) of which his majesty, in this horrible persecution, did not in some measure, both in body, mind, and estate, bear a very great share; yet such was his invincible patience in this time of trial, such his fortitude, that he overcame them all with such pious advantage to himself, that their memory is now sweet, and "it was good for him that he had been afflicted."

Of these his majesty's sufferings and forced extermination from his own dominions, England's great chancellor * thus excellently descants:

"We may tell those desperate wretches, who yet harbour in their thoughts wicked designs against the sacred person of the king, in order to the compassing their own imaginations, that God Almighty would not have led him through so many wildernesses of afflictions of all kinds, conducted him through so many perils by sea, and perils by land, snatched him out of the midst of this kingdom when it was not worthy of him, and when the hands of his enemies were even upon him, when they thought themselves so sure of him, that they would bid so cheap and so vile a price for him. He would not in that article have so covered him with a cloud, that he travelled even with some pleasure and great observation through the midst of his enemies. He would not so wonderfully have new modelled that army; so inspired their hearts, and the hearts of the whole nation, with an honest and impatient longing for the return of their dear sovereign, and in the mean time have exercised him (which had little less of providence in it than the other) with those unnatural, or at least unusual, disrespects and reproaches abroad, that he might have a harmless and an innocent appetite to his own country, and return to his own people, with a full value, and the whole unwasted bulk of his affections, without being corrupted or biassed by extraordinary foreign obligations. God Almighty would not have done all this but for a servant whom he will always preserve as the apple of his own eye, and always defend from the most secret machinations of his enemies."

* Edward, Earl of Clarendon. See p. 291 of the Appendix to his lordship's "History of the Grand Rebellion."

Thus the best and happiest of orators.

Some may haply here expect I should have continued the particulars of this history to the time of his majesty's happy restoration, by giving an account of the reception his majesty found from the several princes beyond the seas, during his exile, and of his evenness of mind and prudent deportment towards them upon all occasions; but that was clearly beyond the scope of my intention, which aimed only to write the wonderful history of a great and good king, violently pursued in his own dominions by the worst of rebels, and miraculously preserved, under God, by the best of subjects.

In other countries, of which his majesty traversed not a few, he found kindness and a just compassion of his adversity from many, and from some a neglect and disregard; yet, in all the almost nine years abroad, I have not heard of any passage that approached the degree of a miracle like that at home; therefore I may, with faith to my own intentions, not improperly make a silent transition from his majesty's arrival at Paris, on the 13th day of October, 1651, to his return to London on the 29th of May, 1660; and, with a *Te Deum laudamus*, sum up all, and say with the prophet: "My lord the king is come again in peace to his own house." * "And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king!" †

* 2 Sam. xix. 30. † 1 Sam. xx. 21.

INDEX.

Anne of Austria, notice of, 84, 328.
Aremberg, Prince d', 88.
Arlington, Lord, his character, 143; his interview with Miss Stewart, *ib.*; notices of, 364; sends to Holland for a wife, 144, 364.
Arscot, Duke d', 88.
Arran, Earl of, notice of, 107, 344; admirer of Lady Shrewsbury, 119; his remarks on Miss Hyde, 163, 164; plays the guitar, 174.
Arras, siege of, 85, 330.

Bagot, Miss, 217; her acquaintance with Miss Hobart, 220; married to Lord Falmouth, 221; notice of, 382.
Bapaume, notice of, 93, 331.
Bardou, Mad., maid of honour, 210; quits the court, 216.
Barker, Mrs., notice of, 385.
Barry, Mrs., notice of, 385.
Batteville, Baron de, notices of, 55, 327.
Bellenden, Miss, maid of honour, 210; quits the court, 216.
Berkley, Sir George, governed the Duke of York, 106, 343.
Bidache, campaign at, 42, 327.
Blague, Col., notice of, 498.
Blague, Miss, plotted against by Miss Hamilton, 125; notice of, 358; intrigues with the Marquis de Brisacier, 128; at the masquerade, 135; her eyes called 'marcassins,' 218; marries Sir Thomas Yarborough, 218.
Blood, Col., anecdotes of, 440.
Bold, John, assisted Charles II. 497.
Boscobel, origin of the name, 483; oak of, 515.
Boynton, Miss, alluded to, 217; falls in love with Talbot, 247; her fainting fits, 279; marries Talbot, 320; notice of, 386, 415.
Brice, Gregorio, defended Lerida, 152.
Brinon, valet de chambre to Count Grammont, 41; leaves Paris with the Count, 43; reprimanded by the Count, 44; tries to persuade the Count from gaming, 47.
Brisacier, Marquis de, intrigues with Miss Blague, 126, 128.
Brissac, Duke de, duped by Grammont, 201.
Bristol, Earl of, his parties, 171, 368.
Brooks, Miss, notices of, 105, 350; intrigues with the Duke of York, 171; marries Sir John Denham, 172. *See* Denham.
Brounker follows Miss Jennings, 259; notices of, 392.
Buckhurst, *See* Dorset.
Buckingham, Duke of, dissipates his estate, 106, 343; his familiarity with Miss Stewart, 142; his buffoonery with Lady Muskerry, 272; intrigues with Lady Shrewsbury, 297; kills her husband in a duel, 299; notices and anecdotes of, 361, 404; his talent for ridicule, 425; his proposal for stealing the queen, 431; reproved by Charles II., 453; escapes with Charles from Worcester, 491.
Buckingham, Duchess of, notice of, 299, 404.
Bussi, his description of Grammont, 35; Voltaire's account of, 323.
Byron, Lady, notice of, 429.

Cæsars de Vendôme, notice of, 40, 326.
Cameran, Count de, invited to supper by Grammont, 51; loses at quinze, 52.

Careless, Major, alluded to, 462.
Carlingford, Lord, his stories to Miss Stewart, 308; notice of, 406.
Carlis, Colonel, kills a sheep for the king, 504; family of, 514.
Carnegy, Lady, *See* Southesk.
Castlemaine, Countess of, her character, 108, 347; intrigues with Jacob Hall, 118; endeavours to regain the king's affections, 146; desires to appear in the king's carriage, 149; her partiality for Lord Chesterfield, 159; quarrels with the king about Jacob Hall and Jermyn, 250; created Duchess of Cleveland, 255; fondness for the Duke of Monmouth, 295; brought to bed, 309; intrigues with Churchill, 310; informs the king of Miss Stewart's intrigue with the Duke of Richmond, 312; hated by Catharine of Braganza, 437; lost 25,000*l.* at gaming, 443; her children by Charles, 446.
Catharine, the Infanta of Portugal, her reception, 105, 339; her appearance at court, 109, 350; her court, 110; endeavours to please the king, 125; her severe illness, 145, 365; desires to appear in the king's carriage, 149; her maids of honour, 210; her residence at Tunbridge, 268; her melancholy fate, 299; visits Bristol, 300, 405; intercedes for Miss Stewart, 315; her marriage to Charles, 436; her reception at Portsmouth, 437; hatred to Lady Castlemaine, 437.
Cerisè, master of the hotel at Lyons, 44.
Charles I., his execution, 422.
Charles II., Personal Memoir of, 419; his birth and education, *ib.*; leaves England and joins his mother at Paris, 421; departs for Holland, 422; invited to Scotland, 424; crowned at Scone, 481; heads the Scottish army, 426; proclaimed king at Worcester, 484; the battle and defeat, 427, 489; escapes, 455, 483; White Ladys, 456, 493; disguises himself, 457, 494; stays in the wood of Boscobel, 458, 494, 498; his adventure with a miller, 459, 501; concealed by Mr. Woolf, 460, 502; his concealment in an oak, 503; cooks the mutton, 505; concealed by Mr. Pitchcroft (Whitgreave), 462, 506; attended by the Penderells, 507; by Colonel Lane, 463; adventure with a blacksmith, 464; attended by Mrs. Lane's sister, 464, 513; adventure at Mr. Tombs', 522; stops at Mr. Norton's, 465, 523; adventure with the butler, 466, 524; concealment at Trent, 469, 524; disappointed in a ship, 469, 471, 525; goes to Burport, and adventure with an ostler, 470; goes to Mrs. Hyde's, 471, 530; goes to Mr. Symons', 531; visits Stonehenge, 472; is provided with a ship and proceeds to Brighton, 473; embarks at Shoreham, 474, 533; reaches Rouen, 476, 533; residence on the continent, 427; his mistresses and matrimonial projects there, 429; adventures at the Hague, 430; communications with Monk, 432; proclaimed king at Whitehall, 433; his restoration, 104, 332, 434; his coronation, 105, 333; touches for the evil, 435; marries Catherine of Braganza, 436; sells Dunkirk, 438; invites Lady Muskerry to the masquerade, 127; attachment to Miss Stewart, 141; his court described, 173; intrigues with Miss Wells, 216; his attentions to Miss Jennings, 225; his affection for Lady Castlemaine on the decline, 250; neglects the queen, 299; coldness of Miss Stewart, 311; jealous of the Duke of Richmond, 312; discovers the duke with Miss Stewart, 314; sends a squadron to Guinea, 317; pardons Miss Stewart, 316; his illness and death, 444; his children enumerated, 446;

miscellaneous anecdotes of the king, 447.
Chesterfield, Lord, description of, 159, 367; his jealousy excited, 160, 174; tells Hamilton of his wife's green stockings, 182; of her indiscretions with the Duke of York, 182; his conduct exposed in ballads, 189.
Chesterfield, Lady, notices of, 109, 305; her intrigue with Hamilton, 144; intrigues with the Duke of York, 158; with Hamilton, 160; her advances to the Duke of York, 173; her guitar, 174; her green stockings, 178; her billet to Hamilton, 180; her indiscretions with the Duke of York, 182; carried by her husband into the country, 184; writes to Hamilton, 193; her trick upon him, 195.
Chiffinch, alluded to, 313; notices of, 413.
Churchill, intrigues with Lady Castlemaine, 309; banished the court, 310; notices of, 406.
Churchill, Miss, intrigues with the Duke of York, 274; her adventure, 282; notices of, 398.
Clarendon, Earl of, prime minister, 106, 341; his poverty at Brussels, 429; his disgrace, 439; anecdote of, 450.
Cleveland, Earl of, attempts to escape from Worcester, 497.
Cleveland, Duchess of, *See* Castlemaine.
Colepepper, Lord, quarrels with Prince Rupert, 422.
Comminge, the French ambassador, 148, 365.
Condé, Prince de, notice of, 83, 328; visited by Grammont, 90; defeated by Turenne, 93; besieges Lerida, 152, 366.
Corbeta, Francisco, the Italian musician, 174; his saraband, 190.
Cornwallis, Lord, his memory respected by Grammont, 209; notice of, 379.
Coventry, Sir John, anecdote of, 440; advises Charles on his escape, 527; finds a ship for the king's escape, 527.
Crofts, William, notices of, 308, 406.
Cromwell, his government, 103; defeats Charles I. at Worcester, 427, 486; plots against him, 428.
Cromwell, Richard, proclaimed protector, 431; pamphlet concerning him called "Oliver's Ghost," 431.
Cromwell, Frances, Charles II.'s attachment to, 429.
Crosby, Mr., preaches before Charles at Worcester, 485.

Davis, Miss, alluded to, 311; notices and anecdotes of, 412; her children by Charles, 446.
Denham, Sir John, marries Miss Brooks, 172; notice and anecdotes of, 369.
Denham, Lady, her discovery of Lady Chesterfield's indiscretions, 182; poisoned by her husband, 192, 374.
Derby, Earl of, reaches Boscobel, 483; taken prisoner and tried by a court-martial, 495.
Dillon, alluded to, 120.
D'Olonne, Count, notice of, 114, 354.
Dongan, notice of, 218; loved by Miss Price, 219.
Dorset, Lord, exposes Lord Chesterfield in ballads, 189; notices and anecdotes of, 371; debauches Nell Gwynn, 310.
Downing, Sir George, his adventure with Charles II., 431.
Dryden, anecdote of, 452.
Duncan, notice of, 132, 359.
Du Plessis Pralin, notices of, 37, 324.
Duppa, Brian, tutor to Prince Charles, 420.
Durfort, Earl of Feversham, notices of, 219, 382.

Elliott, Mr. Humphrey, lends the Earl of Derby 10*l.*, 484.

Etherege, Sir George, exposes Lord Chesterfield in ballads, 189; notices and anecdotes of, 373.

Fairfax, alluded to, 421.
Falmouth, his love for Miss Hamilton, 140; brings an offer of a pension to Grammont from the king, 147; advises the Duke of York on his marriage, 163; marries Miss Bagot, 221.
Fielding, Miss, notice of, 217.
Fiesque, Countess de, notice of, 114, 354.
Flamarens, Marquis de, attempts to rival Grammont, 204; notices and anecdotes of, 375.
Fox, Sir Stephen, notices of, 209, 379.
France, its position in the time of Grammont, 36.
Francisco, *See* Corbeta.

Gaboury, alluded to, 95.
Garde, Mad. de la, maid of honour, 210, 380; her charge to Miss Stewart, 211; marries Mr. Silvius, 216.
George, Prince of Denmark, anecdote of, 447.
Gibbs, Miss, alluded to, 320, 415.
Giffard, Mr., takes the king to White Ladys, 493; taken prisoner, but escapes, 495; his loyalty, 510.
Gigeri, expedition of, 317, 415.
Gloucester, Duke of, his death, 105, 338.
Grammont, Count, his first campaign, 36; his qualities admired and imitated, 37; his acquaintance with Matta, *ib.*; fondness for play, 38; gives an account of his life to Matta, 40; plays at backgammon with the horse-merchant, 45; invites Count de Cameran to supper, 50; visits Marshal Turenne, 54; wins fifteen horses, 55; goes to Turin with Matta, 56; intrigues with Madame de St. Germain, 58; and with the Marchioness de Senantes, 68; plays a trick on Matta, 70; plans for arresting Matta and the Marquis de Senantes, 79; returns to France, 83; joins Turenne, 87; visits Condé, 90; pursued by the enemy near Bapaume, 94; his reception by Mazarine, 96; banished from the French court, 101; visits England, 103; his reception there, 110; intrigues with Mrs. Middleton, 115; is rivalled by Montague, 121; falls in love with Miss Hamilton, *ib.*; invited by the king to the masquerade, 124; rivalled by the two Russells, 137; advised by St. Evremond, and answers him, 141; receives an offer of a pension from the king, 147; presents a magnificent calash to the king, 149; story of his link-boy, 150; story of Poussatin, his chaplain, 152; adds verses to Francisco's saraband, 187, 190; his story of Madame de l'Orme, 200; the only foreigner in fashion, 204; is rivalled by Talbot, 206; his way of refreshing memories, 209; mediates between the king and Lady Castlemaine, 251; recalled to France, 283; adventure on his journey, 287; his adventure at Vaugirard, 293; returns to England, *ib.*; adventure in a gaming-house, 302; persuades Hamilton against Miss Stewart, 304; marries Miss Hamilton, 320; Hamilton's epistle to, 18; notices and anecdotes of, 415.
Grammont, Marshal de, notice of, 152, 366; meets the Count, 291.
Granville, Sir Jas., his interviews with Monk, 433.
Guinea, expedition to, 305, 406, 319, 415.
Guise, Duke of, notice of, 149.
Gunter, Col., alluded to, 472-3; assists Charles in his escape, 529; rewarded for his loyalty, 533.
Gwynn, Nell, alluded to, 269, 311;

notices of, 407 ; anecdotes of, 410 ; her children by Charles, 446.

Hall, Jacob, the rope dancer, 118, 356.
Hamilton, James, intrigues with the Countess of Chesterfield, 144, 365 ; cured by her of his regard for Lady Castlemaine, 159 ; jealous of the Duke of York, 173 ; taken into Lord Chesterfield's confidence, 176; hears of Miss Stewart's legs, 179 ; writes to Lady Chesterfield, *ib.* ; advises Lord Chesterfield to take his wife to the country, 184 ; receives a letter from Lady Chesterfield, 193 ; follows her to her retreat, 195 ; his adventure, 196 ; is duped and undeceived, 199 ; his attentions to Miss Stewart, 301 ; meets Grammont in a gaming-house 303 ; persuaded to relinquish Miss Stewart, 304 ; holds two candles in his mouth, 306 ; causes of his love for her, 307.
Hamilton, George, intrigues with Mrs. Wetenhall, 266 ; marries Miss Jennings, 320 ; notices of, 394.
Hamilton, Anthony, memoir of, 1.
Hamilton, Duke of, raises an army, 421 ; killed at Worcester, 489.
Hamilton, Miss, notice of, 109 ; attracts Grammont, 121, 357 ; plots against Lady Muskerry, and Miss Blague, 125 ; attracts the Duke of York, 137 ; proposal made her by Russell, 156 ; her portrait by Lely, 191 ; refuses the proposals of Tambonneau, 205 ; is loved by Talbot, 206 ; returns to London, 262 ; visits Lord Muskerry, 268 ; dresses Lady Muskerry for the ball, 271 ; marries Count Grammont, 320.
Harvey, Dr. W., anecdote of, 421.
Henchman, Dr. his loyalty, 527.
Henrietta of Orange, Charles II.'s proposals to, 430.
Henrietta, daughter of Charles I., notices of, 292, 399.
Henrietta Maria, the queen dowager, her state in France, 108, 346 ; returns to England, 61 ; asks Grammont concerning his equipage, 150.
Henry IV. alluded to, 40.
Henslow, Mr. his loyalty, 529.
Hobart, Miss, notice of, 217 ; her character, 220 ; insinuations concerning her, 221 ; advises Miss Temple, 228 ; overheard by Miss Sarah, 236 ; frustrated by Rochester. 240 ; her disgrace, 245 ; in the confidence of the Duchess of York, 275.
Hobbes, instructed Prince Charles, 420.
Hôpitat, Mad. de, alluded to, 293.
Hortensia, niece to Mazarine, proposals to, by Charles II., 430.
Howard, Henry, notices of, 140, 360.
Howard, Thomas, a lover of Lady Shrewsbury 119, 356 ; his duel, 120.
Huddleston, Mr. John, alluded to, 445, 462, 499, 511 ; changes the king's dress, 508 ; family of, 513.
Hughes, Miss, intrigues with Prince Rupert, 269 ; notices of, 397.
Humieres, Marquis de, commanded under Turenne, 87, 331.
Hurlston, Father, alluded to, 445.
Hyde, Miss, acknowledged by the Duke of York, 106, 340 ; taken with Jermyn, 108, 347 ; her marriage, 162. *See* Duchess of York.
Hyde, Mrs., intrigues with Jermyn, 118, 356.
Hyde, Mr. Laurence, his loyalty, 529 ; his wife recognizes Charles, 530.
Hyde Park, the promenade of London, 148, 365.

Jennings, Miss, description of, 222 ; notices and anecdotes of, 383 ; refuses the Duke of York, 224 ; loved by Talbot, 247 ; offends him, 249 ; falls in love with Jermyn, 253 ; disguises herself as an orange-girl and visits Rochester with Miss Price, 257 ; meets Sidney and Kille-

grew, 258; meets Brounker, 259; illness of her lover, 278; refuses Talbot, 279; refuses Jermyn, 318; marries George Hamilton, 320.
Jermyn, Henry, notice of, 108, 347; intrigues with Miss Hyde, 118; intrigues with Lady Shrewsbury, 119; his duel, 120; notice of, 163; his conquest of Miss Jennings, 253; his wager, 277; refused by Miss Jennings, 318; marries a country girl, 320.
Jones, Mr., intrigues with Mrs. Middleton, 115.

Katharine of Braganza, *See* Catharine.
Killegrew, Thomas, his observations on Miss Hyde, 163, 165; his cousin falls in love with Miss Warmestré, 212; marries her, 215; employed by Rochester to undeceive Miss Temple, 240; meets Miss Jennings, 258; intrigues with Lady Shrewsbury, 296; wounded by an assassin, 298; notices and anecdotes of, 402.
Killegrew, Elizabeth, notice of, 429.
Kirk, Miss, *See* Warmestré.

La Motte Houdancount, maid of honour, 101, 332, 513.
La Motte, recognized by Grammont, 88.
Lane, Colonel, alluded to, 463, 501.
Lane, Mrs., journeys with Charles II., 464, 521; leaves Mr. Lassells with him, 468; parts with the king, 525.
Lassells, Mr., accompanies Charles II. in his escape, 465, 521.
La Venerie, entertainment at, 60; description of, 328.
Lely, Sir Peter, paints Miss Hamilton's portrait, with other court beauties, 191; notices of, 374.
Leopold, the Archduke, 85, 330.
Lesley, commander of the Scottish troops, 424; retires to Scotland, 492.
Leti, Gregorio, anecdote of, 449.
Levingston, Miss, notice of, 217.
L'Orme, Madame de, Grammont's story of, 200; notice of, 375.
Louis XIII., notice of, 36, 323.
Louis XIV., his marriage, 99, 332.
Lussan, alluded to, 90.
Luynes, alluded to, 204.
Lyttleton, Sir Charles, his partiality for Miss Temple, 232; marries her, 320.

Mallett, Eliz., alluded to, 320, 415.
Mansel, provides a bark for Charles II.'s escape, 473, 531.
Marshall, Mrs., loved by the Earl of Oxford, 230, 384.
Mary, the Princess Dowager, her death, 105, 339.
Mary, the Princess Royal, is attracted by Jermyn, 108.
Matta, his acquaintance with Count Grammont, 37; anecdotes of, 326; his dream, 39; his jest with Count de Cameran, 53; goes to Turin with Grammont, 56; intrigues with the Marchioness de Senantes, 58; sups with the Marquis, 72; sups with him a second time, 77; arrested by the contrivance of Grammont, 79.
Mazarine, Cardinal, his policy, 84, 329; his death, 99.
Mazarine, Peter, allusion to, 30, 97.
Melo, Francisco de, alluded to, 109.
Meneville, notices of, 101, 332.
Middlesex, *See* Dorset.
Middleton, Mrs., notice of, 109, 355; intrigues with Grammont, 115.
Monk, effects the king's restoration, 433.
Monmouth, Duke of, natural son of the king, 294; retires from Lady Castlemaine, 295; marries, 296; notices and anecdotes of, 399; employs Sands to waylay Coventry, 440.

Montague, intrigues with Mrs. Middleton, 121, 351 ; made the queen's master of horse, 280 ; notices of, 398.
Montmorency, Duke of, notice of, 91, 331.
Muskerry, Lord, notice of, 127 ; his seat at Summer-hill, 268, 395 ; endeavours to prevent his lady's dancing, 270.
Muskerry, Lady, plotted against by Miss Hamilton, 125 ; notice of, 358 ; goes to the ball, 134 ; her pregnancy, 270 ; dressed for the ball, 271 ; adventures at the ball, 272.

Newcastle, Earl of, governor of Prince Charles, 420.
Newcastle, Duchess of, notice of, 135, 359.
Norton, Mr., harbours Charles II., 465, 521.
Norton, Mrs., her miscarriage, 467.

Oates, Titus, anecdotes of, 441.
Ormond, Duke of, notice of, 106, 341 ; offended by Talbot, 207, 379.
Ormonde, Marquis of, subdued by Cromwell, 423.
Ossory, Earl of, notice of, 107, 165, 344.
Oxford, Earl of, his cruelty to Roxana, 230, 384 ; his unjust marriage, 231.

Panétra, Countess de, alluded to, 109.
Pau, the college of, 40, 326.
Peg, Catherine, notice of, 429 ; her children by Charles II., 446.
Penderells, family of, 456, 514 ; attend Charles on his escape, 507 ; on his restoration, 515 ; Richard, assists Charles in his escape, 459, 493 ; obtains him some victuals, 498 ; William, receives the Earl of Derby, 483 ; shaved the king, 504 ; loyalty of, 515 ; steals a sheep for the king, 505 ; John, assists Lord Wilmot, 499 ; Humphrey, alluded to, 504 ; the old good-wife, alluded to, 500.
Penn, Wm., anecdote of, 448.
Pepys, his account of Charles II.'s escape from Worcester, 455.
Peronne, notice of, 85, 330.
Petre, Mr., accompanies Charles on his escape, 521 ; disappointed in meeting the ship, 525.
Philips, Col. alluded to, 471, 472, 532.
Pitchcroft, Mr., harbours Charles II., 462.
Pope, the butler at Mr. Norton's, 465 ; discovers the king, 466, 524.
Portsmouth, Duchess of, her children by Charles II., 446.
Portuguese attendants on the Infanta, 109.
Potter, John, alluded to, 470.
Poussattin, story of, 152.
Price, Miss, her variance with Miss Blague, 131, 136 ; notice of, 217, 359 ; provokes Lord Rochester, 218 ; her love for Dongan, and her love trinkets discovered, 219 ; her acquaintance with Miss Jennings disliked by Talbot, 249 ; her maid visits Rochester, 256 ; disguises herself as an orange-girl, and visits him with Miss Jennings, 257 ; they meet Sidney and Killegrew, 258 ; meet Brounker, 259.
Progers, notices of, 217, 381
Pyrenees, peace of, 99, 331.

Richelieu, Cardinal de, notice of, 36 ; Hume's description of, 324.
Richmond, Duke of, falls in love with Miss Stewart, 211 ; notice of, 380 ; his intrigue with Miss Stewart discovered by the king, 313 ; banished the court, 315 ; marries her, 320.
Robarts, Lord, his character, 170.
Robarts, Lady, intrigues with the Duke of York, 170 ; notice of, 368 ; taken by her husband to Wales, 171.
Roberts, Mrs., notice of, 109.
Rochester, Lord, exposes Lord

Chesterfield in ballads, 189; notices and anecdotes of, 370; is provoked by Miss Price, 218; intrigues with Miss Bagot, 221; intrigues with Miss Temple, 226; she is warned of him by Miss Hobart, 232; hears of Miss Hobart's falsehoods from Miss Sarah, 237; meets Miss Temple, 238; undeceives her by means of Killegrew, 240; banished the court, 246; his residence in the city, 254; sets up for a German doctor, 255; visited by the chambermaids of the maids of honour, 256; marries a melancholy heiress, 320; intrigues with Miss Barry, 246, 385; his speech as a mountebank, on Tower-hill, 387; his jest on Charles II., 447.

Rowley, nickname of Charles II., 450.

Roxana, an actress loved by the Earl of Oxford, 230; her pretended marriage, 231, 384.

Royale, Madame, her disposition, 57; orders Matta and the Marquis de Senantes to be arrested, 79.

Rupert, Prince, notices of, 129, 358; intrigues with Miss Hughes, 269; sent to Guinea, 317; anecdotes of, &c., 396; quarrels with Colepepper, 422.

Russells, the uncle and nephew, rivals of Grammont, 137; notices of, 360; uncle, proposes to Miss Hamilton, 156; leaves the court, 158.

Russell, Lord, his execution, 443.

Rye-house plot, discovery of, 443.

Saucourt, his amour, 293.

Savoy, the Duchess of, gives an entertainment, 60.

Scoto, Lady Anne, notices of, 295, 402.

Sedley, Sir Charles, exposes Lord Chesterfield in ballads, 189; notices and anecdotes of, 372.

Selleck, his message to Charles II., 528.

Senantes, Marquis de, is piqued with Matta, 61; invites Matta to supper, 70; invites Matta and Grammont to supper, 77; arrested by the contrivance of Grammont, 79.

Senantes, Marchioness de, her intrigue with Matta, 58; her rondeau, 66; listens to Count Grammont, 68.

Shaftesbury, Lord, anecdotes of, 440. 451.

Shrewsbury, Lord, killed by Buckingham in a duel, 299.

Shrewsbury, Lady, notices of, 109, 349; her lovers, 119; intrigues with Killegrew, 296; with the Duke of Buckingham, 297.

Sidney, the beau, notice of, 107, 346; follows Miss Jennings, 259; intrigues with the Duchess of York, 275; appointed master of horse to her, 281.

Sidney, Algernon, his execution, 443.

Silva, Pedro de, called Peter of the Wood, 109.

Silvius, Mr., marries Mad. de la Garde, 216; notice of, 380.

Snead, Mr., brings the Earl of Derby to Boscobel, 483.

Southampton, Lord, offers his services to Charles II., 473.

Southesk, Lord, his jealousy, 167; his revenge on his wife, 169.

Southesk, Lady, intrigues with the Duke of York, 167; discovered by her husband, 169.

Spring Gardens, notice of, 119, 357.

St. Albans, Earl of, notice of, 106, 342; anecdote of, 448.

Staunton, Mr., his sheep stolen by Penderell, 505; refuses to receive payment, 514.

St. Chaumont, Mad. de, recals Grammont, 283; her indiscretion, 292.

Stewart, Miss, notice of, 109; loved by the king, 117, 141; her childishness, 142; her hopes on the death of the queen, 145; desires to

appear in the king's carriage, 149; discussion about her legs, 178; jealousy of Miss Jennings, 225; alluded to, 269; meridian of her glory, 296; goes with the court to Bristol, 300; attracts the attentions of Hamilton, 301, 304; her childish amusements, 306; her coldness to the king, 311; discovered with the Duke of Richmond by the king, 313; receives pardon from the queen, 315; marries the Duke of Richmond, 320; her marriage related by Evelyn, 414; her form representing Britannia, 451.
St. Evremont, his description of Grammont, 35, 111, 352; his advice to Grammont, 112, 138; his solid wit, 205.
St. Germain, Madame de, intrigues with Grammont, 58.
Stillingfleet, anecdote of, 443.
Summer-hill, the seat of Lord Muskerry, 395.
Suze, Countess de la, notices of, 204, 377.
Symons, Mr., harbours the king, 531.

Taafe, Lord, intrigues with Miss Warmestré, 211; forsakes her, 213; notice of, 380.
Talbot, his remarks on Miss Hyde, 163, 164, 367; attends the Duke of York on a visit to Lady Southesk, 168; falls in love with Miss Hamilton, 206; notices of, 378; offends the Duke of Ormond, 207, 379; sent to the Tower, 208; loses 300 guineas to Grammont, *ib.*; returns from Ireland, 246; attracts Miss Boynton, 247; falls in love with Miss Jennings, *ib.*; advises her to beware of Miss Price, 249; renews his acquaintance with her, 278; marries Miss Boynton, 320.
Talbot, Peter, notices of, 207, 379.
———, Thomas, notices of, 207, 379.
———, Lord, alluded to, 492, 497.
Tambonneau, attempts to rival Grammont, 204; proposals to Miss Hamilton, 205; notice of, 377.
Tanes, Count de, notice of, 57.
Tauravédez, *See* Silva.
Temple, Miss, description of, 222; notice of, 384; her wit and person, 226; intrigues with Lord Rochester, 227; acquaintance with Miss Hobart, *ib.*; warned by her against Rochester, 228; discovers that she has been deceived, 240; adventure with Miss Hobart at midnight, 244; her maid visits Rochester, 256; marries Littleton, 320.
Termes, valet to Grammont, 124; sent by Grammont to France, 129; his story of the quicksand, 133; his roguery discovered, 287; his explanation, 290.
Tettershall, Captain of the bark by which Charles II. escaped, 473, 533.
Thanet, Lord, notice of, 129, 355.
Thomas, Prince, commander of the army, 36, 324.
Tombs, Mr., Charles II.'s adventure at his house, 523.
Toulongeon, brother of Grammont, notices of, 139, 141, 360.
Trino, siege of, 36, 37, 324; surrenders, 55.
Turenne, Viscount, notice of, 37; is visited by Grammont, 54; commands the army against Condé, 86; defeats Condé, 93; Voltaire's character of, 325.

Vendôme, Cæsar de, notices of, 40, 326.
Viner, Sir Robert, anecdote of, 449.

Walters, Lucy, notice of, 429; her children by Charles, 446.
Walton, Isaac, alluded to, 498.
Warmestré, Miss, attracts Grammont, 116; brought to bed, 139; intrigues with Lord Taafe, 211; loved by Killegrew, 212; brought

to bed, 214; forsaken by Taafe, and marries Killegrew, 215.
Warner, Sir John, anecdote of, 451.
Wells, Miss. intrigues with the king, 216.
Wetenhall, Mr., his ecclesiastical history, 262, 393.
———, Mrs., a relation of Miss Hamilton, 262; goes to London, 265; intrigues with Hamilton, 266; returns to Peckham, 267; visits Lord Muskerry, 268; notice of, 393.
Whitgreave, Mr., harbours Lord Wilmot, 500; family of, 513.
William, Prince of Orange, anecdote of, 441.
Wilmot, Lord, his escape after the Battle of Worcester, 458; harboured by Mr. Pitchcroft, 461; his loyal devotion, 509; assisted by John Penderell, 499; meets the king at Bentley, 520; seeks means for Charles's escape, 529; escapes to France, 475, 533.
Windham, Frank, his advice to Charles II., 463; harbours the king, 524.
Woolfe, Mr., harbours Charles II., 460, 502.
Wren, Sir C., anecdote of, 450.
Yarborough, Sir Thos., marries Miss Blague, 218; Yates, assists Charles in his escape, 498.
York, Duke of, commanded under Turenne, 87, 331; his character, 105, 340; his attentions to Miss Hamilton, 137; falls in love with Lady Chesterfield, 158; his marriage, 162, 367; intrigues with Lady Southesk, 167; discovered by her husband, 169; intrigues with Lady Robarts, 170; with Miss Brooks, 171; fondness for the guitar, 174; criticises Miss Stewart's legs, 178; renews his attentions to Miss Hamilton, 191; intrigues with Lady Denham, *ib.*; proposals to Miss Jennings, 223; journeys to the other side of London, 273, 398; intrigues with Miss Churchill, 274; sends to Charles on his escape to France, 434.
York, Duchess of, notices of, 110, 352; description of, 162; employs Sir Peter Lely, 191; her maids of honour, 217; defends Miss Hobart, 245; fondness for eating, 274; intrigues with Sidney, 275.

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